

B
H 797
S

PAGES & PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST



Presented to the

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

by the

ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE
LIBRARY

1980



PAGES & PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST



SIR WILLIAM HOTHAM, G.C.B., ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET
*From a picture in the possession of Sir Charles Hotham, G.C.B., G.C.I.O.,
Admiral of the Fleet*

43585 52882

PAGES & PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST

BEING THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF
SIR WILLIAM HOTHAM, G.C.B.
ADMIRAL OF THE RED
& BY A. M. W. STIRLING &
WITH 32 ILLUSTRATIONS
TWO VOLUMES—VOLUME TWO

1369
H

“Il serait à désirer que les fléaux de la guerre fussent tempérés plus souvent par de semblables adoucissements ; mais il n'est pas donné à tous les hommes de savoir saisir le point où l'honneur des armes doit faire taire les procédés sociaux. On ne se battrait pas moins bien mais les plaies deviennent moins douloureuses.”

Vol. I, page 186.

HERBERT JENKINS LIMITED
YORK STREET, ST. JAMES'S
LONDON, S.W. 1 & MCMXIX

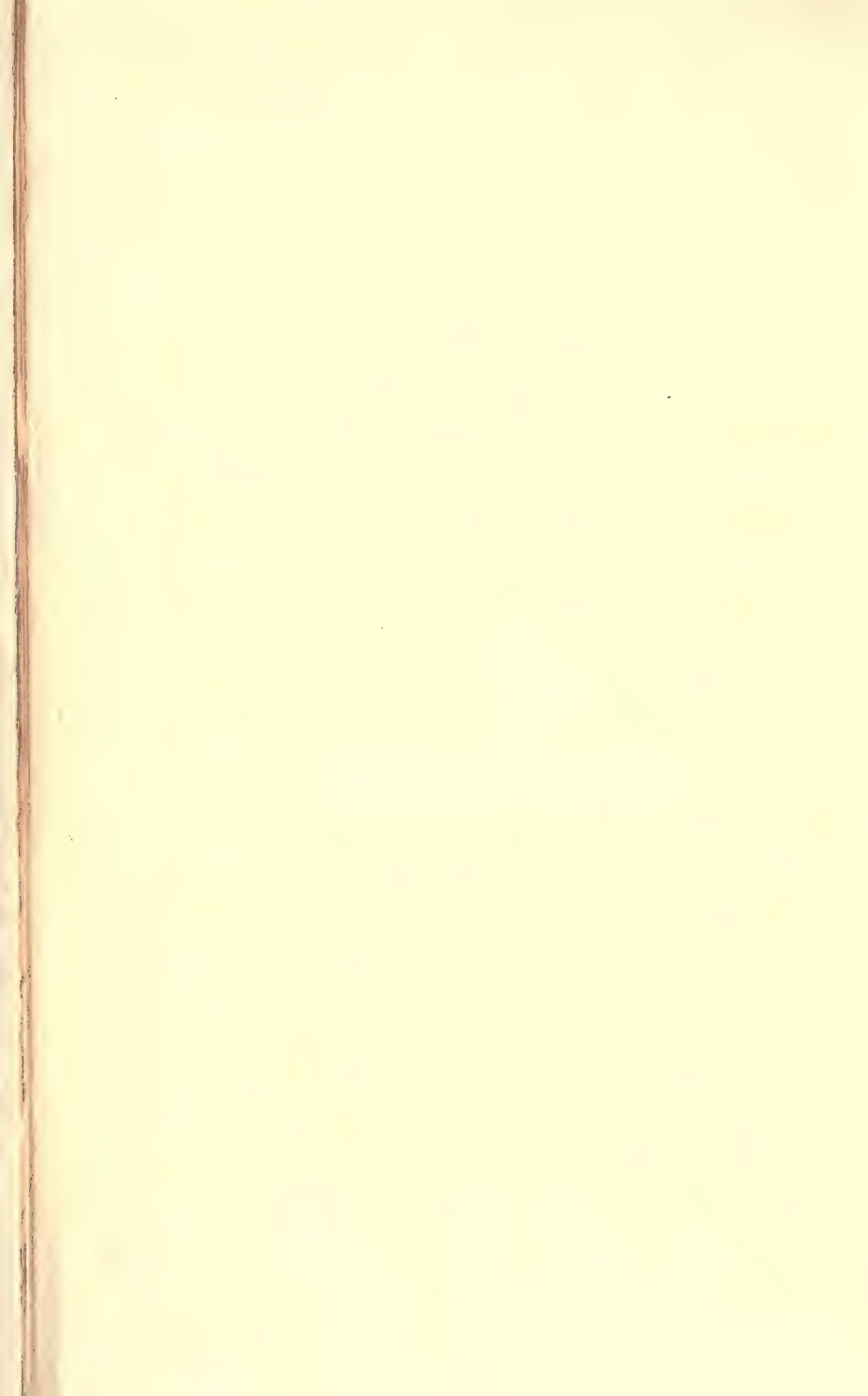




DA
88
.1
H67As
1919
v.2

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
IX. THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON (<i>concluded</i>) . . .	I
X. PORTRAITS AFTER WATERLOO . . .	37
XI. PORTRAITS UNDER GEORGE IV . . .	100
XII. PORTRAITS UNDER GEORGE IV (<i>continued</i>) . .	152
XIII. PORTRAITS UNDER WILLIAM IV . . .	210
XIV. PORTRAITS UNDER WILLIAM IV (<i>continued</i>) . .	242
XV. THE DAYS OF VICTORIA . . .	283



ILLUSTRATIONS

SIR WILLIAM HOTHAM, G.C.B., ADMIRAL OF THE RED . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HENRY HOTHAM	TO FACE PAGE 4
AN ORIGINAL SKETCH OF NAPOLEON 1ST	14
<i>Taken at St. Helena by Captain George Hotham.</i>	
SNUFFBOX PRESENTED BY NAPOLEON TO VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY HOTHAM, THE 15TH JULY, 1815	26
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOOD, ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN	44
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND PRINCE LEOPOLD GOING TO ESHER CHURCH	60
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AT WINDSOR, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 19TH, 1817	62
PIUS VII (CHIRAMONTI)	64
GEORGE HOTHAM (BROTHER TO SIR WILLIAM HOTHAM) WHEN A WESTMINSTER SCHOOLBOY AT THE AGE OF TWELVE; AFTER- WARDS IN THE 3RD GUARDS. IN HIS DRESS AS PAGE OF HONOUR TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE	74
GEORGE III, IN THE 74TH YEAR OF HIS AGE	98
MARIE-CAROLINE AND HER FAMILY	140
THE LAST SHOOTING EXCURSION OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK	160
FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK, AND GEORGE IV SILHOUETTED AT BRIGHTON	208
HENRY ADDINGTON, 1ST VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH	222

viii PAGES AND PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST

	TO PAGE	PAGE
CHARLES, 2ND EARL GREY		226
SIR FRANCIS BURDETT		232
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA . .		250
PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER		252
VICE-ADMIRAL THE HONOURABLE SIR HENRY HOTHAM, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. BORN 19TH FEBRUARY, 1777; DIED 19TH APRIL, 1833, AT MALTA, WHILE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE MEDITERRANEAN		258
THE MONUMENT TO VICE-ADMIRAL THE HONOURABLE SIR HENRY HOTHAM, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., AT MALTA		264
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELDON		288
SIR SIDNEY SMITH IN PRISON		300
MRS. COSWAY.		302

CHAPTER IX

THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON (*concluded*)

1815

IT was fortunate for Hotham that he had left the Continent before the startling events of 1815, and thus did not share the alarm which many unlucky travellers experienced when the reappearance of Napoleon in France on March 1st of that year heralded a renewal of hostilities. The decisive campaign began with the defeat of Blücher at Ligny, June 16th, while Ney attacked the English at Quatre Bras; but on June 18th the battle of Waterloo resulted in the defeat of the French and the final overthrow of Napoleon, who was again forced to abdicate on June 22nd.

After the battle, and while the ex-Emperor's fate still hung in the balance, William Hotham's cousin, Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, was commanding the squadron in the Bay of Biscay. It was known that, hard pressed by the Government in Paris, Napoleon contemplated making his escape to America, and Sir Henry sent orders to Captain Maitland, Commander of the 'Bellerophon,' to use his utmost endeavour to circumvent this. Through the Admiral's promptitude and his knowledge of the station, the flight of the

fugitive was rendered impossible ; and on July 14th, Napoleon sent the fateful, but cunning, letter to the 'Bellerophon,' off Rochefort, throwing himself upon "the hospitality of the English people." Sir Henry, whose flag was on board the 'Superb,' learnt that Bonaparte had signified his intention to embark on board the 'Bellerophon' if he could be received between the hours of four and five in the morning of July 15th; and on that day the Admiral stood on deck watching the momentous passage of the French brig 'Epervier,' which conveyed upon the first stage of a final captivity the man before whom Europe had so recently trembled. At the moment when Napoleon quitted the brig, for the last time cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" rent the air, but these were hushed to silence ere he reached the 'Bellerophon,' visibly Emperor no more. Later that same day Sir Henry visited and dined with the prisoner, while the following morning, July 16th, Napoleon returned the visit, arriving by arrangement on board the 'Superb' to breakfast with Sir Henry. In a communication, copied by Sir William Hotham, which was written by Captain Senhouse (afterwards Vice-Admiral Sir H. F. Senhouse), Flag-Captain to Sir Henry, that officer describes graphically this memorable event.]

Captain Senhouse to his wife, Mrs. Senhouse.

15th July, 1815.

Before you receive this, I fancy you will be acquainted with what I can now tell you, that I have

just returned from dining with Napoleon Bonaparte !
Can it be possible ?

I mentioned in my letter of to-day the reason of our coming here, which was to strengthen the force off Rochefort. Yesterday Captain Maitland received another letter from one of Bonaparte's suite, to enquire whether he had heard from the British Government, or from the Admiral. This he answered in the negative, and another communication was made requesting to be received on board the 'Bellerophon,' and to beg that one of the Ex-Emperor's staff might be immediately sent off to England with a letter to the Prince Regent. This letter was short and rather abrupt. It was as follows :—

ALTESSE ROYALE,

En butte aux factions qui divisent mon pays, et à l'inimitié des plus grandes puissances de l'Europe j'ai terminé ma carrière politique et je viens comme Themistocle m'asseoir sur le foyer du Peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection des lois que je réclame de son Altesse Royale, comme au plus puissant, au plus constant, et au plus généreux de mes ennemis.

Rochefort, 13 Juillet, 1815.

Signed NAPOLÉON.

The ex-Emperor signified his intention to embark on board the 'Bellerophon' between the hours of 4 and 5 this morning, if he could be received. At the hour appointed we saw, from the 'Superb' Flag-Ship, the 'Epervier' French Brig conveying the Ex-Emperor on board the 'Bellerophon.' At 10 a.m. we anchored and soon afterwards Captain

Maitland came on board. At 12 he returned to the 'Bellerophon,' to signify Sir Henry Hotham's intention of visiting Bonaparte. At 2 Marshal Bertrand came to pay his respects to Sir Henry Hotham, and after treating him very civilly, the Admiral with his Secretary (Mr. Irving) and myself returned on board the 'Bellerophon' with Marshal Bertrand.

On our arrival we were introduced in the front cabin to Madame Bertrand,¹ the Duke of Rovigo, the Count de Montholon and his wife, and the Count Las Casas. After waiting there a few minutes we were ushered into the after-cabin, and introduced to Napoleon.

We were received by the ex-Emperor with all his former dignity; and the party consisting of Napoleon, Bertrand, Sir Henry Hotham, Captain Maitland, Mr. Irving and myself, were kept standing the whole time.

Napoleon's person I was very desirous of seeing, but on doing so, I was disappointed. His figure is bad, he is short with a large head, his hands and legs small, and his body so corpulent as to project very considerably, his coat made very plain, as you see it in most prints, and from being very short in the back it gives his figure a more ridiculous appearance than it has naturally. His profile is good and is exactly what his busts and portraits represent him, but his full face is bad. His eyes are a light blue,

¹ Fanny, second daughter of Colonel the Honourable Arthur Dillon, who, like so many of his family, was in the French service. He was guillotined in Paris, April 13th, 1794. (Note by Sir W. Hotham.)



VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HENRY HOTHAM
From a miniature by Engleheart
In the possession of Robert Hotham, Esq.

heavy and totally contrary to what I had expected, his teeth are bad, but the expression of his countenance is versatile, and expressive beyond measure of the quick and varying passions of the mind. His face at one moment bears the stamp of good humour and again immediately changes to a dark, penetrating, thoughtful scowl denoting the character of the thought that excites it. He speaks quick, and runs from one subject to another with great rapidity. His knowledge is extensive and very various, and he surprised me much by his remembrance of men of every character in England. He spoke much of America and asked many questions concerning Spanish and British America, and also of the United States.

After an interview of nearly an hour, during which time the Ladies and attendants were all kept in the front cabin, dinner was announced to Napoleon by his Maître d'Hôtel.

He plays the Emperor in everything, and has taken possession of Maitland's after-cabin. As a specimen, he sent this morning to Captain Maitland to request the pleasure of his company to breakfast at Maitland's own table. In consequence of this assumption Napoleon walked into the dinner cabin as into his own palace, and Marshal Bertrand was left to usher in the strangers and staff. Dinner was served entirely in the French style by Napoleon's domestics. Without any ceremony, he commenced eating, no notice was taken of any individual, and we had all only to eat and drink as fast as the Servants plied our plates and glasses with food and

wine. Directly after dinner we had coffee and then adjourned to the after-cabin ; very little conversation took place : afterwards we were principally amused by seeing a very compact Camp bed of Napoleon's set up and his bed made by 3 or 4 of his valets. It was rather singular that from the want of height in the cabin there was no room for the ornament for the top of the bed—a golden ball. A small portable library was brought with his other luggage, in which I saw a Bible.

Soon after this we went to the Quarter Deck, by Napoleon's desire, with the Ladies, and remained until $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 7, when Sir Henry Hotham, Mr. Irving and I returned on board. At dinner Napoleon said little, but ate very heartily ; as little was said afterwards, and on going on deck he amused himself much in talking with the subordinate officers and midshipmen by turns, and in walking the deck with Bertrand. At an early hour he retired to bed, apparently much fatigued.

Bertrand is married to a niece or near relative of Lord Dillon's : she is a very pleasant woman and still speaks her mother tongue. The Marshal I like much. He has been always faithful to his Patron, and seems a sensible, steady, amiable man. He has 3 children. The Duke de Rovigo is a handsome, fine-looking figure, imposing in appearance, and seems to possess much knowledge of the world. I had much of his conversation on the Quarter Deck. He is an Enthusiast on behalf of Bonaparte, and most inveterate against the Bourbons ; Count Mont-holon, Count Las Casas, General Lallemand and

a few other officers compose the whole of the suite.

The particular causes that induced Bonaparte to throw himself on the British Nation for protection cannot be known exactly, but I fancy it has been occasioned chiefly by the fear of being captured by the numerous cruisers sent to intercept him and so well disposed by Sir Henry Hotham. From not being able to proceed in the Frigates, he had determined to sail in 2 "Chasse-Marées" with his friends, and two were actually prepared. His plan was to sail by night, and to lower his sails down in the day time, until he had gone a sufficient distance. The day before yesterday the White Flag was hoisted at Rochelle and I fancy that circumstances must have hastened his departure. To-day it floats entirely round us. How he will be received at home is very problematical, but I think his life must be saved by his surrender. I was in great hopes that we should have carried him to England. I would have sacrificed a little of convenience to have seen more of this man's character. Sir Henry Hotham, however, was determined not to do so, but to leave him with the 'Bellerophon' and 'Myrmidon' to repair to Torbay. To-morrow Napoleon is to breakfast on board the 'Superb' (Flag-Ship of Sir H. Hotham) at 10, and if there be time I will tell you a longer history.

July 16th. We are preparing to receive the ex-Emperor, but I fear I shall not have much time to give you an account of the morning visit, after he has left us, before the 'Bellerophon' sails, by which ship I shall send this.

July 18th. Napoleon came to breakfast on the 16th at the hour appointed, with the officers and Ladies of his suite, and was received with our yards manned and with every attention customary with Generals Commanding-in-Chief. As usual he immediately went into the after-cabin and requested that the officers of the Ship might be presented to him. He had many little remarks to make during the presentation, and the moment it was concluded he requested to see the interior of the 'Superb.' I was fully prepared for this and had everything in good order for him. The Admiral attended when I showed Napoleon round, who asked a thousand questions, and made numerous observations, which showed him to be well versed in everything relative to the Naval Service. He was particularly struck with the healthy and youthful appearance of the Ship's Company, Officers as well as the Men, and continually gave his opinion of the good order the Ship was in, crying out constantly "Bon ordre," "bien soigné," as he passed on. He expressed himself very sensible of the superiority of the British Navy at present, but, considered the French Navy were increasing rapidly in good discipline and in number of vessels. He went through the whole of the Ship, even the Store Rooms, but seemed to move with painful sensations as if he were afflicted with gout ! I was obliged to assist him up and down the ladders with the Count de Montholon, and his weight was rather more than convenient.

What a lesson does Napoleon's state afford us ! showing so forcibly the instability of all human

greatness ! After completing this inspection, he returned to the Quarter Deck, when he made a long enquiry respecting the victualling of the Ship, etc., and pleased the "Jhonnys" much by asking, "Whether all Parsons were not great Rogues?" He then asked a great deal about the religion of the Ship's Company and about the different sects in England ; in short he talked of all things and to all men.

I afterwards accompanied Mme. Bertrand round the Ship ; on reaching the lower-deck, she stopped me to make some enquiries (which I think the Marshal, her husband, had desired her to do). They were relative to Napoleon, and she was very desirous of knowing what would be done with him, where he would be sent, how provided for, etc.—and she entered into a very long history of all their circumstances and transactions for some time before. Napoleon, she told me, had only with him a million of Francs, a mere nothing to support him, that he had not a sou in any other country, that Talleyrand had large sums in different places, but that Napoleon had not ; —that the ex-Emperor had lost a large portion of his property at the Battle of Waterloo.

We were now summoned to breakfast. Napoleon was perfectly the Emperor, I assure you. He eats very heartily, but talks little at meals, very soon retires, and it is astonishing the respect and attention paid him by those who were about him.

I could not avoid remarking his apparent sovereign contempt for females. They had no part in his attention. They did not even presume to

intrude themselves into the same apartment where he was, and when, on going away, I asked whether the Ladies would proceed, or get into the boat afterwards, he answered very coolly that the Ladies might come afterwards in another boat, and so they did with only one gentleman, who would not have remained if I had not given him a hint to do so.

After the breakfast Napoleon retired to the Stern Gallery, where he continued to walk, conversing occasionally with different persons, and displaying a great deal of Good Humour and pleasantry. He gave me an account of the works he had erected on l'Isle d'Aix, and knew perfectly well the depth of water about the whole anchorage in that intricate roadstead. He remained chatting in different groups until $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 1, when he took his leave, leaving a very favourable impression on our minds, from the peculiarity of his manners and perhaps from the compassion naturally felt for one who had fallen from so high a state.

Napoleon on this occasion showed no dark, clouded looks—his face was the picture of good-humour, conciliation and pleasantry, and his spirits were surprisingly good for the circumstances under which he was placed. I cannot enter into all that was said—everything was interesting, and in the contemplation of so great a man fallen from so high a station, paying so handsome a compliment to the Country we belong to, conciliating the minds of all around him, it was impossible not to forget, in some degree, the darker shades of his character through life, and feel nothing but benevolence towards him and his

followers *at the moment* : though had he been opposed to us again, not a sword but would have sprung from its scabbard to annihilate him. It is strange that anyone should suppose that this man would not win the hearts of his old soldiers who so frequently were victorious with him, when he makes such impressions on his enemies.

Signed H. SENHOUSE.

[Sir William Hotham was naturally extremely curious to hear from his cousin's own lips the impression created by the great Corsican upon those who saw him thus in the moment of his supreme reverse of fortune : and he relates as follows :—]

Napoleon Bonaparte. Emperor of the French. When Napoleon Bonaparte came off to the 'Bellerophon,' Sir Henry Hotham, whose flag was on board the 'Superb,' went to dine with Captain Maitland (Commander of the 'Bellerophon') and the next morning Napoleon returned the visit, breakfasted with the Admiral, and inspected the ship.

I was naturally inquisitive to learn from such a quarter an opinion of the little that was then seen of that extraordinary man, and Hotham's reply to me was that Napoleon always appeared to him to be acting a part—that "*he was not natural, and that he had very little the manners of what we should call a gentleman.*" He was civil, and, under existing and very trying circumstances, good-humoured ; but not a gentleman."

Some time afterwards I attended the Court Martial upon Sir Murray Maxwell for the loss of the

‘Alceste,’ while coming with Lord Amherst from China.¹ His Lordship attended as evidence, and whilst the Court was cleared, previous to the Sentence being passed, Lord Amherst, who was exceedingly anxious for his friend, begged to have my opinion (I was not a member) of the probable result of the trial. I told him I hoped from the evidence there was nothing to fear. In the meanwhile the conversation became general, and I requested of Lord Amherst to be allowed to ask his opinion of Napoleon Bonaparte in the few hours he saw him at St. Helena. His Lordship replied he was astonished at Bonaparte’s general information and at the shrewdness of his questions relating to China, but that during the interview, he put on a sort of manner *that did not seem natural; and that he had nothing of the manner of a real gentleman about him.* These corroborating evidences on one material point were conclusive, for no two men living were more competent to give the opinion those did.

Mr. Glover, Secretary to Sir George Cockburn, lent me the diary he kept in the ‘Northumberland’ on the passage to St. Helena, and a very interesting one it was; it appeared by that, generally speaking, that Napoleon was good-natured, but upon one or two occasions sulky and unkind in his manner, even

¹ See pages 271–2. Sir Murray Maxwell (1775–1831) entered the Navy in 1790. After landing Lord Amherst at Pei-ho in 1816, he explored the Gulf of Pechili, the west coast of Corea and the Loo-Choo Islands, an account of which was published in 1818; but in 1817, with Lord Amherst on board, he was wrecked in the Straits of Gaspar, and was in charge of the crew, who were all saved, on Pulo Leat. He was tried by court-martial that same year and acquitted.

to Madame Bertrand, who had generously sacrificed everything to him.

The heat in crossing the Equinoctial had been too much for Madame Bertrand, and she was for a fortnight or three weeks indisposed and confined to her cabin. Upon her recovery, which was a *jour de fête* (for she was very much beloved and respected by everybody on board) she took her former place next to Napoleon at table, but whilst the Admiral and the rest of the Officers testified their joy at seeing her again, the man from whom she had a right to expect the most kindness, roughly asked her how she came there and why she had been so long absent. It overcame her and she soon retired from the table.

Yet Napoleon must have been good-natured and forbearing sometimes. Upon an occasion when a man who was then a favourite but afterwards a conspirator against his throne and life, was in his company, Rapp,¹ at that time the confidential aide-de-camp of the Emperor, not only did not pay this friend of his master the least attention, but was positively rude to him. After the man had gone out of the room, Napoleon took Rapp to task and asked him how it was that he treated a friend of his with so much incivility, and that he insisted upon an explana-

¹ Jean, Comte de Rapp (1772-1821); he entered the French Army in 1788, early distinguished himself and became aide-de-camp to Napoleon. For his brilliant charge at Austerlitz in 1805 he was made a General, in 1809 he became a Count of the Empire. He accompanied the Emperor on the Russian expedition, defended Danzig for nearly a year, and on its surrender was sent a prisoner to Russia. He did not return till 1814, and in 1815 he went over to Napoleon, but after the restoration he was made a peer.

tion. "*He is a Corsican,*" said Rapp bluntly, "*that is quite enough for me !*" Napoleon merely smiled, and turning round to those who were near him said, with a shrug of the shoulders—"There is no making anything of this fellow Rapp !"

In crossing the Line, he recollected the custom of forfeiture, and directed General Bertrand to share out to Neptune and Amphitrite and their subjects 500 Napoleons. The General naturally protested against this and overruled it, pointing out that 5 Napoleons or any similar sum would be quite sufficient. Bonaparte immediately refused to give anything if he might not do it in a manner suited to his station.

My nephew George in the Engineers was returning from the Cape of Good Hope by St. Helena, and the Captain he was with was one of the Squadron that took Napoleon out. On Bonaparte asking some questions relating to passengers on board, the Captain told him Mr. Hotham was one. Bonaparte immediately recollected the name and asked if he was any relation of the Admiral's. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he desired to see him, and proceeded to ask him many questions about Woolwich, adding he supposed Mr. Hotham knew it was in that line (the artillery) he commenced his own professional career. After some good-natured conversation, he said: "*Eh bien, mon ami, vous êtes jeune, soyez sage. Adieu ; bon voyage.*"

He said once that he ought to have fallen before Laon and, before that, at Moscow ; but the reason



AN ORIGINAL SKETCH OF NAPOLEON 1ST

Taken at St. Helena by Captain George Hotham

(Captain Hotham concealed himself behind a fellow-officer, and, resting the paper on his friend's back, sketched Napoleon in close proximity to the ex-Emperor, while the latter was occupied conversing with his visitors.)

he gave, as far as the latter was concerned, was extraordinary and unexpected. It was naturally imagined that he alluded to the feelings of a soldier and to the fit closing of a career of military glory, but not in the least ! The reason he gave was one of simple vanity, that, had he died then, the dreadful disasters which happened to the French retreating Army would have been attributed to other causes, and it would have been said alike by the present generation and posterity—"If the Emperor Napoleon had been alive this would never have happened."

He two or three different times on board voluntarily began the subject of the Duc d'Enghien,¹ which he vindicated upon the principle of the existing conspiracies at that time against him. The Admiral at one time asked him how he justified the infraction of neutrality in the territories of the Elector of Baden. Napoleon said that was a separate affair and had nothing to do with the actual judgment of the Prisoner.

It appears from every information I have been able to collect that the ex-Emperor would have borne his privations more patiently if those about him had not continually instigated him to a con-

¹ Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, only son of the Duc de Bourbon. At the Peace of Lunéville 1801 he went to reside in Baden. When Cadoudal's conspiracy was discovered, Bonaparte chose to believe in d'Enghien's complicity, and on March 14th, violating the neutral territory of Baden, he captured the Duke and carried him to Vincennes. In the early morning of the 21st of March he was sentenced by a military commission and was shot in the Castle moat. Fouché said of this act that it was worse than a crime—it was a blunder.

trary line of conduct. That Sir Hudson Lowe's manner was not very conciliatory appears beyond doubt, but in the general complaints against the Government made by Las Casas and Montholon they appear to have been unjust.

It was not, after all, possible for the peace of Europe that anything else could have been done with this formidable enemy to it, and she stood in need of repose, from the Deserts of Siberia to the Sands of Egypt.

The fact is that—I speak of Bonaparte as a military Despot—he should have stood the hazard of the die and have headed the Imperial Guard in their last charge at Waterloo. He would then have either become the prisoner of the Duke of Wellington, or would, if he had fallen, in the loss of his crown and his life have finished consistently a course of the most brilliant military fame that ever fell to the lot of any human being.

It was, however, for the best that he acted as he did; in the first case Europe would have been puzzled to have known what to have done with him, and in the last the interest his fate would have excited for a longer space of time have kept alive those embers of the attachment and admiration of the military which now will be soon extinguished, but which then, perhaps, would have again burst into flame.

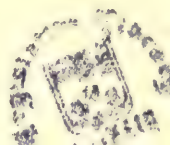
[In another account preserved by Sir William is described the embarkation of Napoleon for St. Helena. It was on the 26th of July that orders

came for the 'Bellerophon' to proceed to Plymouth, and rumours were already being circulated respecting the captive's ultimate destination. On July 31st Sir Henry Bunbury, Secretary to the Admiralty, and Lord Keith, Admiral in command at Plymouth, laid before Napoleon in writing the decision of our Government that, in order to prevent any further disturbance to the peace of Europe, it had been decided to restrain his liberty "to whatever extent may be necessary for securing that first and paramount object." St. Helena, therefore, he was informed would be his place of residence, as it was healthy and would admit of a smaller degree of restraint than might be necessary elsewhere.]

*The Embarkation of Napoleon for St. Helena,
August 10th, 1815.*

The dispatches which announced the transshipment of Bonaparte from the 'Bellerophon' to the 'Northumberland' were brought by Lord Viscount Lowther, who had proceeded in her from Portsmouth, and who, with the Honble. Mr. Lyttelton, M.P. for Worcestershire, remained two hours in earnest conversation with Bonaparte after such of his suite who were not to accompany him had left him.

The 'Northumberland' sailed from Portsmouth on Friday last, and on nearing Torbay on Sunday, perceived two line of battleships approaching her, which proved to be the 'Bellerophon' with Bonaparte and the 'Tonnant' with Lord Keith. In



a few hours the 'Northumberland' hailed them and asked after Bonaparte, who, she was informed, had not come out of his cabin for some days. The ships came to an anchor off Torbay.

General Bertrand went first on board the 'Tonnant,' where he dined with Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn. He is a man about fifty years of age and extremely well behaved. At dinner Sir George Cockburn gave him a general explanation of his instructions with respect to Bonaparte, one of which was that his baggage must be inspected before it was received on board the 'Northumberland.' Bertrand expressed his opinion strongly against the measure of sending the Emperor (as he and all the suite constantly styled him) to St. Helena, when his wish and expectation were to live quietly in England under the protection of the English laws. Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn did not enter into any discussion on the subject.

After dinner Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn, accompanied by Bertrand, went on board the 'Bellerophon.' Previously to their arrival Bonaparte's pistols and arms were taken away from him, not without considerable altercations and objections on the part of the French Officers.

Those who were not to accompany him were sent on board the 'Eurotas,' Frigate; they expressed great reluctance at the separation—especially the Polish Officers. Bonaparte took leave of them individually. A Colonel Pistowski was peculiarly desirous of accompanying him. He had

received seventeen wounds in the service of Bonaparte and said he would serve in any capacity, however menial, if he could be allowed to go with him to St. Helena. The orders for sending off the Polish Officers were peremptory and he was removed to the 'Eurotas.' Savary and Lallemand, however, were not amongst those sent on board the frigate; they were left in the 'Bellerophon.'

When Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn went on board the 'Bellerophon,' Bonaparte was on deck to receive them, dressed in a green coat with red facings, two epaulettes, white waistcoat and breeches, silk stockings, the Star of the Legion of Honour, and a chapeau with the tricoloured cockade. His face is remarkably plump and his head rather bald at the top. After the usual salutations, Lord Keith, addressing himself to Bonaparte, acquainted him with his intended transfer from the 'Bellerophon' to the 'Northumberland.'

Bonaparte immediately protested with great vehemence against this act of the British Government. He did not expect it; he did not conceive that any possible objection could be made to his residing in England quietly for the remainder of his life.

No answer was returned by either Lord Keith or Sir George Cockburn. A British officer who stood near him remarked to him that if he had not been sent to St. Helena he would have been delivered up to the Emperor of Russia. "Dieu me garde des Russes!"—in making this reply he looked at General Bertrand and shrugged up his shoulders.

Sir George Cockburn: "At what hour to-morrow morning shall I come, General, and receive you on board the 'Northumberland'?"

Bonaparte with some surprise at being styled merely General: "At ten o'clock."

Bertrand, Madame Bertrand, Savary, Lallemand, Count and Countess Montholon were standing near Bonaparte.

Sir George Cockburn asked him if he wanted anything more before they put to sea. Bertrand replied—twenty packs of cards, a backgammon board, and a domino table, and Madame Bertrand desired to have some necessary articles of furniture which it was said should be furnished forthwith.

One of Bonaparte's officers, the nephew of Josephine Beauharnais, complained that faith had not been kept with the Emperor, who expected to reside with his suite in Great Britain.

Bonaparte questioned Lord Keith on various points. His Lordship replied, briefly, that he personally had to obey the orders he had received from his Government. Bonaparte then desired another interview with his Lordship. Lord Keith declined it, alleging that it could not but be unsatisfactory—that he had no discretion to act on his own responsibility to alter anything previously decided upon.

An officer who stood near Bonaparte said: "You would have been taken if you had remained another hour at Rochefort, and sent off to Paris." Bonaparte turned his eye keenly upon the speaker, but did not say a word. He next addressed himself

to Sir George Cockburn and asked several questions about St. Helena.

“Is there any hunting or shooting there? Where am I to reside?” He then abruptly changed the subject and burst into more invectives against the Government, to which no answer was returned.

Whether he had any idea of a Writ of Habeas Corpus or no we do not know, but he was particularly desirous of going on shore.¹ He then expressed some indignation at being styled General, saying: “You have sent Ambassadors to me as a Sovereign Potentate. You have acknowledged me as First Consul.” He took a great deal of snuff whilst speaking.

After reminding him that the ‘Northumberland’s’ Barge would come for him the next morning, Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn retired.

Early on Monday Sir George Cockburn went on board the ‘Bellerophon’ to superintend the inspection of Bonaparte’s baggage. It consisted of two services of plate, several articles of gold and a superb toilette of plate, books, beds, etc.; they were all sent on board the ‘Northumberland’ at eleven o’clock. Bonaparte had brought with him from France about forty servants, amongst whom were a

¹ In Keith’s letter of August 1st, in “F. O.,” France, No. 123, he says: “The General and many of his suite have an idea that if they could but put foot on shore, no power could remove them, and they are determined to make the attempt if possible: they are becoming most refractory.” An attempt was made even to deliver a subpoena from the Court of King’s Bench to compel Lord Keith and Captain Maitland to produce the person of Napoleon at a likely trial which was impending.

groom, postillion, and lamplighter ; two-thirds of these were sent on board the 'Eurotas.'

At half-past eleven Lord Keith, in the barge of the 'Tonnant,' went on board the 'Bellerophon' to receive Bonaparte and those who were to accompany him. Bonaparte, before their arrival and afterwards, addressed himself to Captain Maitland and the officers of the 'Bellerophon.' After descending the ladder into the barge he pulled off his hat to them again. Lord Keith received in the barge the following persons—Bonaparte, General and Madame Bertrand and children, Count and Countess of Montholon and child, General Gourgaud, nine men and three women servants. Bonaparte's surgeon refused to accompany him and the surgeon of the 'Bellerophon' offered to supply his place.

Bonaparte was this day dressed in a cocked hat much worn, with the tricoloured cockade ; his coat was buttoned close round him—a plain green one with a red collar. He had three Orders, two crosses, and a large silver star with the inscription—"Honneur et Patrie," white breeches, silk stockings, and gold buckles.

Savary and Lallemand were left behind in the 'Bellerophon.' Savary seems to be in a great dread of being given up to the French Government, repeatedly asserting that the honour of England would not allow of his being landed again on the shores of France.

About twelve o'clock the 'Tonnant's' barge reached the 'Northumberland.' Bertrand stepped

first upon deck, Bonaparte next mounting the side of the ship with the alacrity of a seaman. The Marines were drawn out, but merely received him as a General, presenting their arms. He pulled off his hat. As soon as he was on deck he said to Sir George Cockburn: "Je suis à vos ordres." He bowed to Lord Lowther and Mr. Lyttelton, who were near the Admiral, and spoke a few words to them, to which they replied. To an officer he said: "Dans quel Corps servez-vous?" The officer replied in the Artillery. Bonaparte immediately rejoined: "Je sors de cette service moi-même." After taking leave of the officers who had accompanied him from the 'Bellerophon,' and embracing the nephew of Josephine, who was not going to St. Helena, he went into the after-cabin, where, besides his principal companions, were assembled Lord Keith, Lord Lowther, Mr. Lyttelton, Sir George Cockburn, etc.

Bertrand: "I never gave in my adhesion to Louis XVIII. It is therefore palpably unjust to proscribe me—however, I shall return in a year or two to superintend the education of my children."

Madame Bertrand appeared much distressed and said she was obliged to leave Paris in a hurry without clothes or other necessaries. She had lived in the house now occupied by the Duc de Berri. She spoke most flatteringly of her husband—said the Emperor was too great a man to be depressed by circumstances and concluded by expressing a wish for some Paris papers. Count Montholon spoke of the improvements made in Paris by Napoleon

and alluded to his bilious complaint, which required much exercise.

The Countess is a very interesting woman—she said little. Bertrand asked what we should have done if we had taken Bonaparte at sea? “As we are doing now,” was the reply.

Lord Keith took leave of Bonaparte in the afternoon and returned on board the ‘Tonnant.’

Lord Lowther and the Honble. Mr. Lyttelton now entered into very earnest conversation with him, which continued nearly two hours. As he was very communicative and desirous of a free conversation with these accomplished young noblemen, they availed themselves of the opportunity and entered into a review of much of his conduct. At the expiration of two hours Lord Lowther and Mr. Lyttelton went on shore.

Bonaparte’s cabin in the ‘Northumberland’ is fitted up with great elegance; his bed is peculiarly handsome and the linen upon it very fine. His toilet is of silver. Among other articles is a magnificent snuff-box, upon which is embossed in gold an Eagle flying from Elba with a crown to the Coast of France, the eagle just seeing the coast, and the respective distances admirably executed.

The valets-de-chambre are particularly fine men; they and all about him always address him by the title of Emperor.

The ‘Bellerophon,’ ‘Tonnant,’ and ‘Eurotas’ returned to Plymouth Sound last Tuesday. The ‘Northumberland’ was laying-to off Plymouth on Tuesday, though the wind was fair; but it is sup-

posed she is waiting for the 'Weymouth,' store-ship, which was taking in stores, etc., and was to complete them by the next day.

So departs for ever from the scene of European politics and from political life (at least let us trust that it is so decreed) one of the most extraordinary characters that has ever appeared, whether we regard his elevation or his fall—the talents he possessed and the talents he abused—the crimes he committed, countless, enormous, and unnecessary—the difficulties he had to overcome, the means by which he overcame them—the great skill with which he built up a fabric of colossal power and the greater skill with which he destroyed it. To no one tyrant that ever lived can he be closely compared, we shall find in him some feature, some resemblance to each.

If pity were a discriminating feeling we should be more surprised than we are at the sympathy some have expressed for him in his humiliation and his fall, but we should request those who are disposed to yield to this feeling not entirely to forget upon whom they are disposed to bestow it, we desire them to remember that when they look at him they behold the cause of the death of hundreds of thousands of human beings, not cut off in the fight for independence or freedom, but cut off for the gratification of his own personal pride and ambition—that they behold in him the assassin of some of the noblest of human creatures—of the Duc D'Enghien, whose whole life had been a life of honour—of that confiding but virtuous black

Toussaint L'Ouverture—of Pichegru, who refused to execute the orders of the Jacobin butchers to give no quarter to the English and Hanoverians—of our own brave countryman, Captain Wright—of that noble Tyrolean Hofer—of many others whose names are known only to that Being who will not suffer their blood to be shed in vain ; that when they survey him they survey a tyrant who threatened to make this great and glorious country a territory unfit for the residence of human beings ; that to pity his fall is to be sorry that cruelty is deprived of the power of torturing the human race—that tyranny is shorn of its strength and that he who poured out the blood of man like water is unable longer to spill any but his own. It is to repine at the merciful dispensation of providence and to question that goodness which has at last delivered us from a visitation more awful than plague, pestilence, or famine !

[Thus Napoleon set forth on the final phase of his marvellous career, and thus Sir William, in his brief description of the ex-Emperor, all unconsciously substantiates the opinions of others of his contemporaries. For Wellington complained that Napoleon was “not a Gentleman,” while Moreau had prophetically remarked, “What characterises him is a mixture of falsehood and of the love of life : when he is beaten you will see him fall at your feet and ask his life.” Chateaubriand further endorsed this opinion by emphasising, “He is like the rebel



SNUFFBOX PRESENTED BY NAPOLEON TO VICE-ADMIRAL SIR
HENRY HOTHAM, THE 15TH JULY, 1815
(On the lid being opened it plays "Partout pour la Syrie")

angels, at one time he can contract into a dwarf, at another expand into a giant."

So it befell that the supreme egoist of Europe, the man who had waded to triumph through the blood and tears of humanity, himself shrank from the death which he had meted out to thousands. As yet hope was not dead in the breast of Napoleon; St. Helena to him but presented a second Elba from which he would eventually return to dominate the world; but with all nations at last leagued to encompass his overthrow, the dream was futile. Hitherto his dramatic instinct had proved his greatest asset, and in lacking the courage to die at the psychological moment he committed a dramatic blunder. Thereby he secured to himself but a few pitiful years of humiliating captivity and physical suffering; and thereby he ultimately provided a sententious world with the spectacle of a picturesque retribution, when the erstwhile Conqueror of Europe was himself conquered by a microscopic foe, the organism of a fell disease—contemptible—minute—invisible to the naked eye—but so all-powerful that it could accomplish that which the united armies of Europe had long striven in vain to achieve.

In such fashion peace was finally secured to an exhausted generation, which speedily forgot the crimes of Napoleon to wrangle over the problem whether the greatest robber and murderer of the age had, during the last drab years of his existence, been treated with any lack of courtesy and tenderness. Sir William touches upon this subject in a description of Napoleon's jailer, and while his

remarks throw no new light on a threadbare controversy, they are of interest as a contemporary and dispassionate verdict on this vexed question.]

Lt.-General Sir Hudson Lowe,¹ K.C.B.
(1769-1844.)

I first became acquainted with this Officer in the Mediterranean in 1794, but have seen very little of him till latterly. He appears to have been an active, intelligent and talented man; and was on this account selected by the Government to command at St. Helena and have the very responsible charge of Napoleon Bonaparte's security, after it was decided by the Allies that that Island was to be his place of banishment. The immense importance attached to the fulfilment of this unprecedented and arduous duty required in the officer appointed to it a more than usual share of suspicion and vigilance—of consideration and feeling combined. It is generally supposed that the trust reposed in him was harshly executed, so that the ex-Emperor, and, in a still greater degree, those who were about him, were loud and frequent in their complaints of Sir Hudson's conduct. But if on his part there was an absence of that high-minded chivalrous confidence we sometimes read

¹ Born in Galway in 1809 he helped to conquer Zante and Cephalonia, and for nearly two years was Governor of Santa Maura, Ithaca and Cephalonia. He was afterwards attached to the Prussian Army of Blücher. On April, 1816, he became Governor of St. Helena, where Napoleon had landed in October of that year. His strictness has exposed him to severe attacks from Napoleon's admirers, especially O'Meara. His defence may be read in Forsyth's *Napoleon at St. Helena* (1853).

of in history, and an apparent and severe disregard of his Prisoner's feelings and wishes, it must be conceded that little of that principle either was likely to actuate the conduct of Napoleon himself, had anything like a generous relaxation of confinement been indulged in towards him : the deep game he had to play—the utter confusion and calamity into which civilised mankind was likely to be plunged if ever he should have again returned to Europe—must all be taken into the account. His conduct to the Spanish Bourbons at Bayonne gave a pretty convincing proof to Europe that nothing like a sense of personal honour or magnanimity was likely to influence him : and that any restraint taken off his person would as certainly have been followed by his escape from a prison, confined and galling as was St. Helena, owing to its locality and isolation.

From all the information I have been able to collect, and from hearing a good deal on both sides of the question from those who were able to judge, I am persuaded that Bonaparte would have borne with comparative resignation the fate that befell him, if he had not had his misfortunes aggravated by the perpetual and ill-judged querulousness of Bertrand, Montholon and Las Casas—not to mention Mr. O'Meara, the surgeon, whose conduct, whether it proceeded from humanity, or weakness, or factiousness, was unbecoming an officer in the English service. It was very true, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, the Admiral,¹ was in favour with, and

¹ Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm (1768–1838) was Commander-in-Chief on the St. Helena Station 1816–17.

made himself agreeable to, the ex-Emperor, but he had no responsibility and therefore deserved no credit on this account.

I have seen some very entertaining letters from Lady Malcolm at St. Helena, who was quite fascinated with the former Emperor. She used to go out driving with him in his carriage, and said he was extremely kind and attentive to her and Sir Pulteney. But, she asserted, he was very much neglected by his own people, who appeared to her a really bad set, and were too much occupied by their own misfortunes to attend to his comfort or interest. The provisions even that were intended for his table hardly ever reached it, but were devoured by his servants. The only complaint he made upon this subject was, one day, after having had roast pig for fourteen consecutive dinners, he exclaimed, "*Encore cochon au lait, c'est trop fort !*" But this was the mismanagement of members of his own staff.

Upon the whole it is evident that when the character, the situation and the influence of the Prisoner are considered, a vigilance bordering upon severity in guarding him was unavoidable, and a consequent odium would have equally fallen upon any person who had performed strictly so painful and important a duty.

In general conversation, Sir Hudson Lowe is a particularly well-informed man ; and I have always found him gentlemanly and agreeable in his manners. Like his captive, he is short in stature and his countenance is not much in his favour. He seems

to me, however, to have been "more sinned against than sinning," and to have had a great deal of ignorant animadversion and unjust prejudice against him in his unpleasant task.

[Of the two other men who were closely involved in the last transit of Napoleon, Sir William, at a later date, gave a brief account.]

Vice-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, G.C.B. and Privy Councillor.

My first acquaintance with this Officer was in the Mediterranean when he commanded the 'Speedy,' Brig; he was soon afterwards posted into the 'Meleager' and we were in Frigates together in the unsuccessful attack next year upon the French Fleet in Georgian Bay. He was subsequently appointed to the 'Minerve,' a large Frigate that Lord St. Vincent intended for me.

Sir George Cockburn stands deservedly high in professional estimation and has had frequent opportunities of displaying zeal, spirit, and knowledge. He was selected as a fit person to take Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena, and though he never relaxed from the strictness of his duty, he gave satisfaction to the wonderful prisoner he had the charge of. In landing, Napoleon said to a gentleman of my acquaintance that though the Admiral (Cockburn) and himself had occasionally differed, Cockburn was just that sort of man who, if ever he were in power again, he should like to have in his own employ.

Cockburn was a long time, in conjunction with Lord Melville and the Lord High Admiral,¹ the most efficient person at the Board of Admiralty, and if sometimes his manner was thought high and overbearing, it proved more *manner* than anything else, and he was generally looked up to both as an Officer and a man of business. He was a great favourite of Lord Nelson's. I consider him as one of the fittest men upon the Navy List to have the command of a large Fleet. He is a fine-looking man in his person.

Admiral Viscount Keith, G.C.B.,² etc. (1746-1823.)

His Lordship had been long and frequently employed, but seems to have been more indebted to his rank and family connexions for his commands than to that experience and partiality for the Naval Service that so particularly distinguished the last-mentioned Officer. He, however, deservedly bore the character of a very zealous and brave man ; but of the two men—whom I knew well—Sir John Jervis and Lord Keith, though the one was strict and the other the reverse, it was pleasantest to serve with the first than the last. In his person Lord Keith was tall and very active—with the appearance of what he really was, a man of rank in society and accustomed to Courts.

It is curious considering his connection with

¹ The Duke of Clarence.

² George Keith Elphinstone, son of the 10th Lord Elphinstone. He entered the Navy in 1761 and saw service in most parts of the world, and fought in the American and French wars. He was made Baron Keith in 1797 and a Viscount in 1814.

Napoleon that his daughter Margaret should, a couple of years after Waterloo, have married the man who was Napoleon's aide-de-camp on that occasion. The Comte de Flahault was a very handsome man with a beautiful voice, and became a great favourite among Whig circles in England. His reputed father had been guillotined during the French Revolution, and his mother, by her second marriage, became Madame de Souza, who was known as the author of various novels. It was rumoured, however, that the real father of the Comte de Flahault was the Prince de Talleyrand, and I have heard a story that on one occasion when it was remarked to Talleyrand that Flahault had treated him with scant courtesy, he replied with a shrug of his shoulders—"Que voulez vous—je l'ai si mal élevé!" Lord Keith greatly objected to his daughter's marriage, but was at last constrained to give a reluctant consent, and it took place in 1817.

She was a great heiress. Her mother was Jane, daughter and sole heiress of William Mercer, of Aldie, Perth. She died in 1789, and left this only daughter, on whom the Barony of Keith devolved from her father, while from her mother she inherited the Barony of Nairne. It is a solitary instance of a female inheriting two Baronies in her own right.

Lord Keith's second wife was the eldest daughter and heiress of Henry Thrale and his wife, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi.

Lord Keith was in his 73rd year when he died, and a letter came to me franked by him by the same post that announced his death!

[Many years afterwards Hotham added an account of two members of Bonaparte's family.]

The Comte de Survilliers; Joseph Buonaparte. (1768-1844.) The Prince de Canino; Lucien Buonaparte. (1775-1840.)

When I was in the Pays de Vaud in 1814 Madame de Staël gave me a letter of introduction to this gentleman (Joseph Buonaparte), at that time living not far from Coppet. He was absent from home and I did not see him. In 1835 he visited at Langley Park, and my daughter, to whom I gave it, showed him the letter in question. I subsequently called upon him in Cavendish Square, and after I had sat some time with him, his brother—the Prince de Canino, Lucien, came in, and I remained with them some time. The former had sufficient resemblance to his extraordinary brother to enable one to decide in a moment who he was. He had a great deal of good-nature both in his countenance and manner, and with much more the appearance of a country gentleman than a King of Spain. He talked a good deal about the country he was settled in, America; and expressed his surprise that there should still remain so much of that discreditable feeling of national resentment between the two countries. He seemed to think Mrs. Trollope¹ and those who published their travels there, very much exceeded

¹ Frances Milton (1780-1863) married Thomas Anthony Trollope, barrister, and Fellow of New College. During a three years' residence in the United States she amassed the materials for her *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, published in 1832 and much resented by Americans.

the bounds either of liberality or truth. The fact is, the most part of those who publish their tours or their travels are in such a hurry to do so that they have not time enough amongst the various classes of inhabitants of the countries they visit to justify their giving to the public any opinion that may be depended upon.

Lucien is a very different man in every way from his brother Joseph, and has played a much more active and important part in the great Drama of the times. He appears from the first to have acted upon principle, and, at the cost of his brother Napoleon's favour and protection, to have persevered honourably in it. He seems also to have been very superior to them all in acquired attainments—is a man of literary talent, and upon the very important occasion of the 18 Brumaire showed more real courage than even Napoleon himself. He conducted himself with a great deal of prudence and moderation when he was a sort of Prisoner on Parole, in Worcestershire,¹ and was held in great respect by country gentlemen in the neighbourhood. He is very estimable in private life.

Louis,² whom I saw occasionally at Secheron,

¹ He denounced the arrogant policy of his brother towards Rome, and was "advised" to leave Roman territory. In 1810 he took ship for America but fell into the hands of the English and was kept in honourable captivity at Ludlow and Thorngrove, in Worcestershire, till 1814.

² The third brother of Napoleon (1778-1840), who was made King of Holland in 1806, but resigned in 1810. He married Hortense Eugénie Beauharnais, the stepdaughter of Napoleon I, and the third son of this union became Emperor of the French as Napoleon III.

had the same honourable feeling against the unbounded and impolitic ambition of his imperial brother as Lucien, though a man very inferior to him. He lost the Crown of Holland by it, but retained the goodwill of the people and the approbation of Europe. I never was introduced to him. He was in ill-health, without anything remarkable either in his person or his features, both of which were rather mean than otherwise.

The Prince de Canino's appearance is far from being in his favour, and there is an indifference about personal appearance and *propreté* which is always unpleasant but in a case of this sort lowers the person many degrees in the estimate we are predisposed to form of him. He is residing in this country, and I called upon him at a very dirty and obscure lodging in a Square at Brompton. Perhaps with the exception of the Prince de Benevento (Talleyrand) no public man's memoirs of his own times would be more interesting than the Prince de Canino's; and it is probable that the Buonaparte dynasty would have maintained its position had his counsel been followed. But Napoleon was guilty of the folly we may every day witness in common life—grasping at the shadow and losing the substance.

CHAPTER X

PORTRAITS AFTER WATERLOO

1816-1820

SHORTLY after Waterloo Hotham again went abroad, and from his old haunts at Lausanne he penned a long letter to his friend, Lady Charlotte Campbell.

I should sit down with great pleasure to give you a little journal of our occupation [he wrote], could I fancy that a description of theatres and public buildings, and roads and inns, could afford you any amusement. We have seen much, but conversed little, and of course have acquired few ideas which you may not find in the "Picture of Paris" and "Duten's Itinéraire."

May I quiet my apprehensions by supposing that the interest you take in the fate of travellers, will make you read this ill-written scrawl with greater pleasure than the fair *print* of those learned books?

And he proceeded to give a description of the Paris which he had been visiting—a new Paris rising like a Phoenix from the ashes of her past—drained of her bluest blood through the guillotine, of her bravest blood through the wars which followed—no longer dazed by the witchery of Napoleon's glory, *Paris after Waterloo* reconstructing herself on a saner and more prosaic basis, with much of the old leaven left and less of the old charm.

On our arrival in Paris, we soon observed that there are two ways of living there ; the one, to stay a short time in an hotel, to devote the morning to seeing pictures, palaces, etc., and the evening to theatres and balls ; the other to reside for a longer time in lodgings and endeavour to be introduced into private society. We had no hesitation in choosing the former ; and, having hired a chariot, began our labours by visiting the gallery of the Louvre.

I need not attempt to describe all the finest statues of antiquity, and nine hundred and fifty of the finest pictures, which are collected in that receptacle of the works of genius. I never was so much delighted by any production of art as by the statue of the Apollo Belvidere. . . .

In general Paris is now distinguished by the magnificence of its public buildings, the narrowness and dirtiness of its streets, the splendid apartments of the rich, and the miserable hovels of the poor. The rage for spectacles is so great that above twenty theatres are filled every evening by people of all descriptions. The opera seems as fashionable here as in London. The ballets excel everything I ever saw before, and the orchestra is extremely good ; but the singing is very poor. Almost every day gives birth to some new "*petite piece de théâtre*," chiefly stolen from the old Italian and English plays. . . . They are acted with great spirit, but the violent gestures and extravagant declamation of their tragedians I could not bear. . . .

There are a great many beautiful women in Paris who dress with great taste, and I am told at immense expense ; but the race of gentlemen seems totally extinct. Everybody seems intent upon leading what is called a life of pleasure ; and the gaming tables, among other expedients, are much frequented. We were one night at a ball given by the Duchess of Gordon. In one room we found people dancing French dances—Lady Georgina even danced a gavotte and minuet with old Vestris. And the room was occupied by a gaming table and its votaries, among whom her Grace and other ladies were now and then observed.

We were several times at Lord Whitworth's, where we met only English society.

Two of our pleasantest days were spent at Versailles and Marli. One of the oldest customs at Paris, and not the most agreeable, is that at all the great suppers which follow the balls there are seats for the women only—the men acting the part of waiters all the time, and reckoning their gallantry sufficiently rewarded by a crust of bread or a half-picked bone thrown to them. The quantity of rouge the Parisian ladies wear is to an English eye very disagreeable. The tournure of their throat and person is, with few exceptions, extremely elegant, and said to be greatly improved since the revolution by the disuse of stays, and by other contrivances which have succeeded them. The affectation of domestic manners and customs has for a year been totally laid aside. Luxury and all its attendants are as prevalent as in former days; but the imposing splendour of rank, and the polished manners of the ancient nobility, which in some degree softened the rude features of vice, are now exchanged for splendour without taste and pride without dignity. The expense of living at an hotel at Paris is enormous. Our lodging alone cost eight guineas a week, besides fire, etc. The French people are fond of the English just now. I saw our great hero, Wellington, there, receiving the homage of all the prettiest women, who were pulling caps, in no gentle manner, for a smile of approval, or a courteous recognition from that great man. . . .

[And then Hotham reverted to news of the country which he always connected with the thought of his present correspondent—to Switzerland the land dear to his heart—in describing which his pen gained fresh eloquence.]

We were detained in Paris by a fall of snow, which was said to have rendered Mount Jura impassable; we did not set off till the 24th of last month. The weather had then for a week been as hot as our summer, and it

still continues so. One can travel about sixty miles a day without difficulty. From Poligny the scenery becomes interesting. I wish I could give you some idea of the grandeur of the view as we saw it in a thunderstorm. It was evening, and the road led among lofty hills and deep glens; the sky became densely overcast, and the most vivid flashes of lightning every instant illumined the scene. The tall black pines on the mountains, the deep rocky glens, and the rushing of the torrent beneath us, mingled with the thunderclaps;—the moon, now darkened by passing clouds, now shining with all its splendour, with the angry glare of the lightning, all combined to produce one of the most impressive and extraordinary appearances in nature I ever saw. I must tell you that we had alighted to walk up a hill, when suddenly a light appeared for an instant behind us, and we soon saw a figure quickly advancing. It was impossible to resist the idea that it was a fit and likely place to be robbed in; and we made haste to regain the carriage which had got on some way before us, and we prepared our pistols for a vigorous resistance. After a short period of suspense, “*bon soir, messieurs,*” uttered by an old woman, relieved our apprehensions.

The first *coup d'œil* of Geneva, and the wide extent of the lake, bounded by all the magnificence of alpine scenery, instantly recalled all the feelings of enthusiasm which had long been connected in my mind with the idea of Switzerland.

Monsieur de Saussure is all politeness to us, and I am not disappointed with “*l'imperceptible Genève*” as Benjamin Constant had the impertinence to call it. I have met with much kindness from everyone. . . . I have lived much with Madame de Staël and Sismondi, and as little as I could with the English. I have become acquainted with Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, a droll mad German. . . . I spent a fortnight at Coppet, with the dear Madame de Staël. It is very odd, but I do not think (to use a vulgar English saying) Sismondi and she *put up their horses* well together. He told me that his friend-

ship for her had cooled at one time, and that it was only lately returned to its pristine warmth. I ventured to question him on the subject, which brought back some particulars of Madame de Staël's life, that I own did not leave a favourable impression on me. Sismondi found great fault with her passion for Rocca, and said he particularly did so on account of her having carried Rocca to England with her. There was truth in what Sismondi said, but perhaps there was a little envy also. I think the fault of Madame de Staël seems to be a want of tenderness. The melancholy error of falling from one attachment into another is too often the crime of those who seek an exalted sentiment which they do not find in others ; and it must be confessed that, unless reason and self-esteem come to woman's assistance, the noblest nature's degenerate when they fall from one attachment to another. . . .

I am quite ashamed of the length of this letter. . . . A thousand apologies for having prosed so long.

[Unfortunately few of Hotham's letters have survived, but the quotation here given serves to show the interest of his correspondence, and his fluency when addressing a friend with whom he felt himself to be in sympathy. A year later we find him writing once more to Lady Charlotte.]

I passed a very pleasant evening yesterday at Mrs. Holroyd's, where, notwithstanding the music and the conversation, which were both good, I was reminded naturally enough of Lord Sheffield and Gibbon, and Lausanne, and a thousand circumstances of past times, which distracted me from attention to the present. The period when the friendship which I formed at Secheron was in embryo reverted to me ; and I felt a wish that many hours I passed there should return. But alas ! one's retrospections upon happiness, of which we never know the value whilst we possess it, are sometimes as

painful as they are unavailing ; and the phantoms of other times which flit before our imaginations vanish from us like the illusions of a morning's dream. My ties and attachments in this country are strong, very strong, and they ought to be so ; but many a wistful glance is cast towards the Alps and the shores of the Mediterranean. I want *soul*, and there is little of that article to be met with, either in the splendour of a court, or the intoxication of military glory, or, what is worse than all, and more frequent than either here—the insufferable arrogance of newly acquired wealth. It would be delightful to be able to divide one's time between the majestic sublimity of nature, and the society and conversation of those whom we could love.

[In the same letter Hotham relates the death of his former Commander, Lord Hood, of whom, at that date, he wrote the following “ Character.”]

*Admiral Lord Viscount Hood,*¹ G.C.B.
(1724–1816.)

In this month, June 27th, I lost my old Commander-in-Chief and friend, Lord Hood. He had at Xmas Eve entered his 93rd year. I had been in the habit of visiting him almost daily for some time before his death ; but, although latterly declining in strength and appetite, he did not appear to labour under any specific complaint, or to suffer any bodily pain.

¹ Samuel Hood entered the Navy in 1741 and became Post-Captain in 1756. In 1780 he was promoted to flag rank, and in 1781 fought an action with de Grasse, whom he outwitted the following year off St. Kitts. For his distinguished services he was made Baron Hood in the Irish peerage, and in 1796 Viscount Hood. In 1784 he stood against Fox for Westminster and was elected. In 1788 he became a Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1793 appointed to the Mediterranean. He directed the occupation of Toulon and the operations in the Gulf of Lyons.

He took me by the hand soon after I entered the profession and never quitted his hold till he had placed me on the Post List. On the Public Service, as well as in private life, I always found him a steady friend ; and I am persuaded he never forsook anybody he was once disposed to serve, as long as that attention to duty was paid which every man with feelings of honour will perform. I never saw an Officer of more intrepid courage or warmer zeal ; no difficulties stood in his way, and he was a stranger to any feeling of nervous diffidence of himself : without the least disposition to severity there was a something about him, nevertheless, which made his inferior Officers stand in awe of him. He was so vigilantly watchful upon his Post himself, that those who acted with him were afraid to slumber, and his advanced age at the time he was last employed, appears neither to have impaired the vigour of his understanding nor in any way cooled the ardour of his zeal.

His judgment seems somewhat to have forsaken him at the time he evacuated Toulon. The approaching probability of this event gave him time to have made arrangements for the destruction of the Arsenal and Ships at that Port. This very important duty, however, being suddenly left under the charge of an inferior, though very gallant, officer, who was not at that time even serving with the Fleet, it was inevitable that it should be hastily and imperfectly performed. Had, on the contrary, sealed orders been given to and arrangements made in time with the different Officers in the

Fleet, the Arsenal and French Navy in Toulon would have been effectually destroyed.

His decision respecting Bastia, unsupported by General Dundas and the Army,¹ was a bold, and turned out a successful, one; and his intended manœuvre, for which the signal was already made, to attack the French Fleet in the Bay of St. Marguerite (11th June, 1794) was, at that time, one of the most daring that had ever been practised. It falling quite calm and the great increase of force of Gunboats, etc., which accumulated before the breeze sprung up again, induced him, at the instance of the advice of the Flag Officers, to relinquish the undertaking.

Mr. Pitt had a very high opinion of him, and I have heard him regret the difference of opinion that took place between Lord Spencer and himself.

Lord Hood's name was first upon the list of those who were made Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, but though he applied for leave to wear the decoration without undergoing, at his advanced age, the ceremony of the Investiture, it was refused him! Yet his long life had been devoted, and successfully devoted too, to the Public Service, and more Officers were promoted by him than any other Officer in command who had ever gone before him.

He was exceedingly liberal, and never was, or would have been, a rich man. Two years before his death he never saw any dinner company, but lived entirely upon arrowroot. He was very attentive to his religious duties, and talked of and viewed

¹ See Vol. I, pp. 59-60.



Printed by L. F. Abbott

Engraved by N. Green

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOOD, ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE AND
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

his approaching dissolution with the courage of a strong man, and the hope of a religious one.

He fell on his hearth soon after coming from his accustomed drive ; but he recovered temporarily from the shock, and desired Mrs. Hood, his daughter-in-law, not to be alarmed. In the afternoon, however, he told her that he must go to bed early, and that he believed the accident of the morning would prove to be " the finishing blow." The next day he was in a state of insensibility, and the morning after he sank quietly into his last sleep. I was in the house while he was dying, and afterwards went into the room where his remains lay, and it was gratifying to me to perceive that there was nothing upon his placid and unruffled countenance that indicated his having suffered the least pain in his last moments. He was buried at Greenwich.

Lord Hood used to relate that at the close of the American war a very considerable party in the French Court were in favour of d'Estaing having the command of the Fleet in the West Indies, in opposition to the King and the Ministers, who gave that appointment to the Comte de Grasse. The latter having been defeated and taken prisoner [off Dominica under Rodney and Hood in 1782], the King, seeing the old Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, asked him what, in his opinion, would be the best means to repair the shame and the disgrace of that disastrous reverse of April 12th. The Duc replied : " Il faut, Sire, rendre Grasse à Dieu, et s'abandonner au d'Estaing " (Destin).

Lord Hood's motto was "Ventis secundis." When Admiral Christian,¹ with a great deal of perseverance and much danger, struggled against the tempestuous weather in the Atlantic, and was at length forced to return with the loss of many of the transports, and the narrow escape of his own ship, he had the red ribband given him. Lord Hood told my poor friend Montgomery that after he had arranged with the Heralds' Office about supporters he ought to take for his motto at least "Ventis adversis."

The lamented Sir George Campbell and myself were walking the 'Terrible's' quarter-deck when a split sheave off a block fell from the mast-head, and he said would have killed either of us if it had struck. Lord Hood on hearing this observed that the wood would then have changed its name from "lignum vitæ" to "lignum mortis."

*Admiral Sir Roger Curtis,*² *Bart., K.B.* (1746-1816.) The same year died this officer who was Commander of Lord Howe's flagship in 1777, my first introduction to him having been when he had a Guard-ship at Portsmouth (the 'Ganges') in

¹ Sir Hugh Cloberry Christian (1747-98), Rear-Admiral. Served chiefly in the Mediterranean 1761-73, but served in the West Indies 1779-82, and was Commander-in-Chief there 1796, and at the Cape 1798.

² A naval officer of distinguished bravery who, having attained the rank of Admiral of the Red, was created a Baronet 10th September, 1794, in consideration of his heroic achievements under Lord Howe in the celebrated engagement on the 1st of June, having been previously Knighted for his conduct at the Siege of Gibraltar in 1782.

1785. I afterwards served in the Fleet with Lord Howe in 1790 of which he was Captain, and in '97 he came into the North Sea with a reinforcement for Admiral Duncan. His Flag was on board a ship that had been lengthened, the 'Prince,' 98. He soon afterwards was appointed to the command at the Cape of Good Hope, where I saw a great deal of him, his Flag occasionally flying on board the 'Adamant.'

I always saw in him a very zealous and attentive Officer, and, in a very unusual degree, a good-tempered one. His natural talent was strong, and he had cultivated it. He was very well calculated for office, for his information was very general and his habits early and temperate, his arrangement of time methodical, and his pen clear and quick. His favour with Lord Howe excited a great deal of jealousy and malevolence against him. He was caricatured by a very able but severe brother officer¹ bowing to Howe and "*What a Cur 'tis*" written underneath; but I knew him and think this severity unjust.

I saw a very decided instance of his disinterested benevolence at the Cape of Good Hope. A young midshipman with me, who supported his mother, the widow of a Master on half pay, had his hand blown off by the bursting of an overloaded fowling piece, on the Island of Madagascar. I mentioned this misfortune to Sir Roger Curtis on my return to

¹ Captain Thomas Hamilton. He died one of the Commissioners of the Navy. He was a man of great but misapplied talents. (Note by Sir W. Hotham.)

the Cape and the character of the young man, and begged he would allow him to go on the quarter-deck of the flagship, the 'Lancaster,' and in time give him a Master's warrant if his conduct and abilities entitled him to one, for he was utterly friendless, and was now incapacitated from the active part of his duty. The Admiral said he would give orders for his being received on board, but that there could be little hopes of any promotion when so many young men of family and interest were sent to him purposely for it.

A short time after, Lieutenant Walker of a cutter in Algoa Bay unfortunately lost his life in going on board her ; and when the intelligence of it came to head-quarters the Admiral sent for me and told me that, upon mature consideration, and when he recollected the boy's filial duty and unbefriended situation, he thought he could not give the commission where it was more merited, or with greater personal satisfaction, than to Mr. Knight. He added that he had great pleasure in doing this, and now being able to tell me that the youth in whom I was interested was at least secure of a Lieutenant's half pay for life.

This, with a great deal of rank and consequence on board the flagship, was not the act of a time-serving Courtier.

He closed his professional career as Port Admiral of Portsmouth, and died a few years afterwards upon his property near it. He had passed a long and constant routine of service creditably to himself and beneficially to his country.

From the situation he held he acted as Prosecutor on the trial of Captain Molloy for misconduct on the first of June, 1794.

In his person Sir Roger Curtis was rather above the middle size, his countenance very pleasing, and in society he had the manners and conversation of a gentleman.

I cannot close this sketch of a very pleasant acquaintance without repeating a very extraordinary story he used to tell of what happened to him in early life. He was lying in the North River, New York, commanding a sloop of war and, having occasion to speak to the Purser upon some business, he sent for that officer at breakfast, who at once told him he had had a lucky dream for him, for he had dreamt that the Admiral had sent for Captain Curtis to make him Post Captain. A few hours afterwards one of the wood vessels coming down the river with the tide hailed the sloop and said the Commander-in-Chief desired Captain Curtis would go up in his boat with the flood tide, leaving the sloop at her anchorage. He did so, and received from Lord Howe his commission as Post Captain and appointment to the 'Eagle,' the Flagship.

I remember his assuring General Dundas and myself of this fact; and that he was at that time fully aware that Lord Howe was not well disposed towards him, therefore he had not the least expectation that this good fortune was so near at hand.

He had a great deal of entertaining anecdote, was generally well-read, particularly in history, and

was upon the whole as pleasant a companion as I almost ever remember.

[On July 7th, 1816, died Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and at his funeral on the 13th of that month the Dukes of York and Sussex were chief mourners, while the pall was supported by the Dukes of Bedford and Argyle, Lords Lauderdale, Mulgrave, and Holland, and the Bishop of London. "The coffin," says a writer in the *Universal Review*, "was borne to its resting-place in Westminster Abbey by a crowd of titled and illustrious mourners, whose homage to departed genius offered rather a suggestive contrast to their late neglect of its living owner. No circumstance of splendid woe was wanting to the burial of him whose last illness had been embittered by the falling away of friends and the growing pressure of pecuniary troubles, and whose last hours were passed under his own roof only through the kindness or calculating fears of a sheriff's officer."

Sir William transcribes some of the verses on this event which, amongst other comments, contained a scathing attack upon the Regent.]

Oh ! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born,
To think what a long line of Titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn.

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of him whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow,
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by Nobles to-morrow.

And thou too, whose life a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross even grosser had passed,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast.

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon foppery's shrine ;
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
For that would make Europe's whole opulence mine,

Would I suffer what e'en in the heart that thou hast,
All mean as it is, must have consciously burned,
When the pittance which shame had wrung from thee at last
And which found all his wants at an end, was returned . . .

Was this then the fate—future ages will say,
When some names shall live but in history's curse—
When truth will be heard and those Lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools or remembered as worse——

Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall—
The orator, dramatist, minstrel—who ran
Thro' each mode of the lyre and was master of all ? . . .

Yes, such was the man and so wretched his fate,
And thus sooner or later shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beam of the great
And expect its return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh—
Oh, Genius ! thy patrons more cruel than they
First feed on thy brains and then leave them to die.

“ These lines,” comments Sir William, “ would
be admirable for the pointed severity they contain
if it were just—but like many others of the same

sort which are continually produced, have the merit only of clothing abuse in its most fascinating garb. The personage whom they aim at degrading, like all others in his exalted situation, stands perpetually exposed to the attacks of malevolence and falsehood as well as those of merited reproof.

The high-gifted man whose loss they affect to deplore, had long ceased to be the "pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall," and for many years had incapacitated himself from the performance of the most important duties by a disgraceful surrender of everything that could adorn reason as well as dignify it, to a low and stupefying sensuality. This infirmity, it is true, will be sought to be forgotten, and no generous mind unnecessarily rakes for the imperfections of human nature amongst the ashes of the dead unless they are called upon to do so in justice to the living.

Chacun se dit ami,
Mais, fou qui s'y repose,
Rien n'est plus commun que le nom,
Rien plus rare que la chose.

Admiral Sir Richard Onslow,¹ G.C.B. This same year, 1817, died this gallant officer. Admiral Onslow was Captain of the 'Magnificent,' a Guardship at Portsmouth, when I first became acquainted with him in 1790; and was Senior Captain that year in the Fleet with Lord Howe.

¹ Born 1741, the second son of General Onslow. He became Vice-Admiral and was created a baronet in consideration of his gallant participation in the victory of Camperdown, where he was second in command under Lord Duncan.

The next time I met him was in the North Sea in '97, when his Flag was on board the 'Nassau,' 64, at that time commanded by Sir Herbert Sawyer,¹ and shortly afterwards by the lamented and gallant Admiral Edward O'Bryen. In consequence of the conduct of her People, Sir R. Onslow shifted his flag to the 'Adamant,' where it remained during the summer months, till the 'Monarch' joined in order to bear it, in the latter end of July. . . .

Onslow was, against his will, created a Baronet after the action of the 11th of October, in which he pre-eminently distinguished himself, and the proportionate honours bestowed between his Admiral and himself were scarcely just. As before pointed out, if Admiral Duncan was to be called to the House of Peers as an English Viscount, Onslow ought, at least, to have had his Irish Barony.

He was, sometime afterwards, Port Admiral at Plymouth, but died in very indifferent circumstances and with his faculties impaired.

He was below the middle stature in person, and florid, and not unlike our Royal Family in countenance. His manner was abrupt and not very prepossessing to strangers, but his ideas and his disposition were alike generous.

I remember a circumstance occurring on board the 'Adamant' at dinner, which distressed me much at the time, but which gave the Admiral an opportunity of displaying a high-minded feeling of

¹ Admiral (Herbert) Sawyer (1731-98). He served on the coast of France, in the West Indies, and at the relief of Gibraltar. He was Commodore and Commander-in-Chief at Halifax, and Admiral 1795.

conscious rectitude. A Captain W., who was exceedingly partial to the sound of his own voice, was wondering loudly what Officer it was who, having the lead of the British Flag on both tacks, had it taken from him when the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Howe, joined. Having served in this Fleet and being quite aware of the circumstance, I made every effort I could to turn the conversation, but, whilst doing this, Admiral Onslow, in the presence of everybody, said, “ I was that person, Captain W. The lead which Admiral Barrington had given to me on both tacks was taken from me on the one, and given to Captain Molloy of the ‘ Cæsar ’ with His Lordship’s opinion of me ; Lord Howe was right and acted conscientiously ; but I hope, old as I am, yet to have an opportunity of showing the profession that my Lord Howe’s prejudices were sometimes hasty, and, in my case, unjust.” That opportunity was not long after given, and he nobly availed himself of it, when he cut through the Dutch line at Camperdown.¹

Soon after that action, a Nobleman very unkindly insinuated to the King that it was *a lucky thing for Sir Richard Onslow that he had Captain O’Bryen for his Captain on that occasion*. His Majesty, with that usual high-minded liberality for which he was remarkable, at once reproved the nobleman who made this observation and said, “ Not at all so—those officers were both equally brave men and were useful to each other ! ” This circumstance was mentioned to me by a gentleman who was

¹ See Vol. I, p. 137.

present, with liberty given to me to repeat what had been said to O'Bryen. I did so ; and with that manly sense of honour which was a characteristic trait in my gallant friend's conduct, he solemnly assured me that, from the time in which the enemy appeared to the hour at which the action at Camperdown ceased, Sir Richard Onslow was his *own Captain*, and that when he (O'Bryen) expressed a doubt whether it would be possible to break the line or not, Onslow replied, " I *insist* upon it that not a shot is fired till we have separated the Dutch Vice-Admiral from his second astern." This was, for I saw it, most gallantly done, and this circumstance altogether proves that the King's assertion of their both being brave men was a correct one.

I took care to report this statement of O'Bryen's through the same channel, whence I well knew it would go to the King.

Sir Richard Onslow's family and ours were connected, and old Lord Onslow always called me kinsman.

I remember to have heard of a fine piece of advice being given by the Speaker, Arthur Onslow,¹ to my Uncle Sir Charles Hotham, who was then in the Guards, and going to join the Army in Germany under Prince Ferdinand. He went to pay his respects previous to his departure, and the old

¹ The son of Foot Onslow, of 1710, and grandson of Sir Arthur Onslow, Bart., M.P. for Bramber in the reign of Charles I. Arthur Onslow was elected Speaker of the House of Commons January, 1726-8, and continued till March, 1761. He was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Cranley of Imber Court. His son became 1st Viscount Cranley of Cranley and Earl of Onslow.

gentleman, taking him by the hand, said : " Good-bye t'ye, young gentleman, fare you well. You are going upon the Service of your King and Country ; never forget that it is a solemn duty you owe both, to take all the imaginable care you possibly can of your health and the least of your person."

Onslow was not very partial to Sir Henry Trollope ; and at the thanksgiving at St. Paul's when that Officer took hold of the Fly of Vice-Admiral de Reingk's flag, Onslow remarked bluntly, " There is some mistake and you had better go elsewhere ! " I was close to him when this happened. It must be confessed that Trollope was too fond of talking of himself and his prowess. He was a brave man, but wanted the tact and modesty that belongs to those who are completely so.

This same year died Rear-Admiral Bligh. This Officer's professional character was brought out by his intrinsic merit as a Circumnavigator and Astronomer, and by the very extraordinary circumstance of the mutiny of one of the midshipmen and most of the crew of the ' Bounty.'

William Bligh, born about 1753, sailed under Captain Cook in his second voyage round the world ; and in 1787 was sent as Commander of the ' Bounty' off Tahiti to collect plants of the Bread-fruit tree. Owing to his harsh treatment, his men mutinied and, with eighteen of his crew, Bligh was cast adrift in a boat twenty-three feet long, without a chart and with very scanty provisions, while the

mutineers returned to Tahiti and eventually settled on Pitcairn Island. Bligh navigated his frail craft 3618 miles, and, after incredible hardships, arrived at Timor near Java on the 14th of June. In 1811 he was promoted to be an Admiral.

His narrative after having been sent adrift from the 'Bounty' at Otaheite will some time hence be considered as fable, and ranks first amongst the wonderful events of the kind that have ever occurred.

It will be remembered that when Admiral Onslow reasoned with the Mutineers at Yarmouth, their refusal to listen to his advice was summed up in the expression, "We are too far gone in Hell." Christie, the leader of the mutiny on the 'Bounty,' made use of the same expression. When he had sent Captain Bligh and those who were with him into the boat, he took leave of Mr. Fryer, the Master, who had always been good to him, with considerable feeling and perturbation. Fryer thereupon reasoned with him for a few moments; but Christie, putting a stop to him by warmly pressing his hand and praying God to bless him, said, "It is no use, Fryer, I am too far gone in Hell and I cannot retreat." I heard this from Fryer himself.

Perhaps no man was ever more universally disliked than the Captain of the 'Bounty,' or with more reason. He appeared to me of all the men I ever saw the least fit to be dressed with any authority, however little or brief; but his talents were very consummate, and his conduct in the boat during the whole of that miraculous voyage proved them

to have been so. In this very trying instance it must be allowed that he conducted himself with extraordinary prudence and judgment, and acquired from the first that unlimited and despotic authority over the minds of those with him which made them subservient to his own wishes and instrumental to their future welfare. He established such a control over them as to make them say their prayers every morning, before he issued out the very small pittance of food or water that they were famishing for the want of, and he was, in consequence, enabled to carry into execution every order he gave for the navigation of the boat in this wonderful peril. One of the crew, however, during this dangerous and eventful voyage, roused perhaps by delirium, just before they made the Coast of New Holland became unruly and troublesome, and was brought, many months afterwards, to a Court Martial at Spithead. Allowances were made by the Court for the lapse of time, and peculiarity of circumstances, and with stronger feelings of humanity than appeared to belong to Captain Bligh, the prisoner was acquitted.

Captain Bligh commanded the 'Director' in the action off Camperdown, and I fancy took more merit for engaging the Dutch Admiral's ship after she had been disabled by the 'Venerable,' than he was, in the judgment of others, entitled to.

His ship joined the rest in the Mutiny at the Nore, and, independent of this, he was a very unpopular man in the profession and could ill resist the temptations of brief authority. He was afterwards appointed Governor of New South Wales, but was

suspended by the Lieutenant-Governor and Civil Authorities¹ and died soon afterwards.

In his appearance Admiral Bligh was a short, active man, with a very quick and penetrating eye. His natural understanding was very strong, and he had cultivated it by close and unwearied application to the theoretical parts of his profession. His manners were gentlemanly.

Barker, the artist of some beautiful Panoramas upon a large scale, married his daughter. Once, when I was at Lausanne, Barker showed me his drawings for one of his finest Panoramas of that place, and on my remarking that, attentive as he was to minutiae, he must frequently have recourse to the india-rubber, he told me that his eye *never* deceived him, and that upon no occasion whatever was he ever under the necessity of using any eraser. His father, I believe, was the first artist who produced his Panorama for public view.

[The close of 1817 was saddened by the tragic and unexpected death of Princess Charlotte, who had occupied the position of heiress to the British throne. The unhappy child of the future King, George IV, and his mad wife, Caroline of Brunswick, the Princess was born at Carlton House on January 7th, 1796; and twenty years later, in 1816, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. For a few months her melancholy girlhood had blossomed into an existence of quiet domestic

¹ His conduct was so overbearing that he was arrested and was kept in prison for two years.

contentment. Leopold, though perhaps not an exhilarating companion, was kind and attached to her, and of both kindness and affection the Princess had hitherto known but little. Her first taste of happiness, however, was brief, and, on November 15th, 1817, the ill-starred Princess expired after giving birth to a stillborn child. Sir William relates :—]

Princess Charlotte of Wales. Amongst many other anecdotes equally illustrative of the amiable disposition and good sense of this lamented Princess, I remember hearing one (from a person who was present) that was particularly so.

Her Royal Highness was now and then apt to give way to a high flow of animal spirits, natural at her time of life, and, from carelessness more than unkindness, to ridicule others. In one of these sallies of inconsiderate mirth she perceived the Prince (her husband) sombre and cold, taking no apparent notice of what was going on, or, if he did, evidently displeased. She at length spoke to him about it, and he at once manifested reluctance to join in the conversation, saying that though he had been a tolerably apt Scholar in many things, he had yet to learn in England what pleasure was derived from the exercise of that faculty he understood to be called *quizzing*; that he could by no means reconcile it to himself according to any rule either of good breeding or benevolence. The tear instantly started in her eye, and feeling at once the severity and justice of the reproof, she assured him most affectionately that, as it was the first



THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND PRINCE LEOPOLD GOING TO ESHER CHURCH
Published by Thomas Kelly, Paternoster Row

time she had ever merited H.R.H.'s reproof on this subject, she promised most solemnly it should be the last.

Amongst the Establishment dismissed from her service some time before, by order of the Prince her father, was an old Nurse for whom she had a great affection, and, after she married, hearing that this woman was very ill, the Princess ordered Dr. Bailey and Mr. Cline to attend her. The report after a time was decided that the complaint from which the poor woman was suffering was, at her time of life incurable, and that there was nothing to be done for her but a comfortable apartment and kind attention. "She shall never want either," was Her Royal Highness's reply, "whilst I have a house at Claremont." She sent for the Nurse immediately and the latter remained at Claremont carefully tended till she died.

Sir Robert Gardiner told me, that, independent of any partiality caused by the kindness and attention he received from his illustrious friends, he was perfectly persuaded that if he had been asked where, according to his observation and experience, he had observed domestic happiness approaching the nearest to perfection, he should, with the most scrupulous adherence to truth, have pronounced it to have been at Claremont.

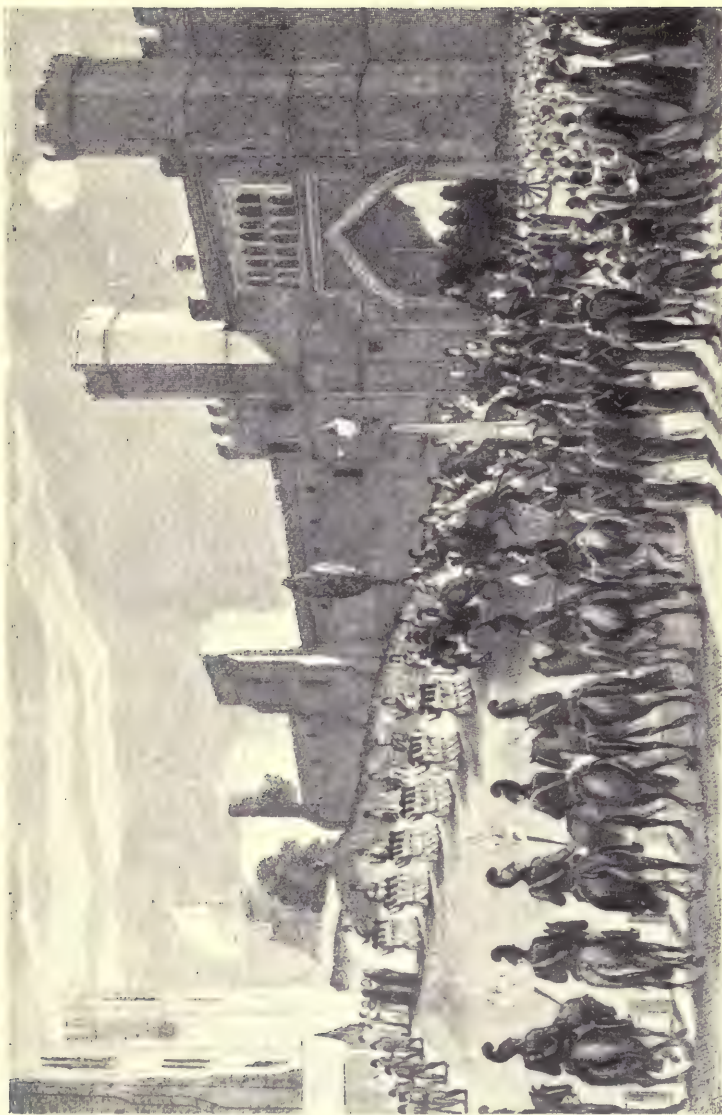
Most of the resemblances of this Princess are like her, except as to figure, in which they generally flatter her; she was born, as far as manner was concerned, between two opposite extremes; her father being, without exception, the finest gentle-

man in Europe, and the mother having very little of anything like dignity about her.

[Not long after this event Hotham appears again to have gone abroad, and at first travelled to Florence. There he was presented to Francis I, Emperor of Austria, the son of Maria Theresa. In 1792 Francis had succeeded his father on the throne, but renounced the title of Holy Roman Emperor in 1806 on the foundation of the Confederation of the Rhine, and retained that of Emperor of Austria. Hotham says:—]

I was presented to this Sovereign at Florence in 1818, and afterwards attended his Levées at Rome in the Quirinal Palace (where I was also presented to the Empress) and afterwards at Naples. He was very gracious in his manner, but noticed my not seeming to understand what he said; Mr. Gordon, our Minister, explained my misfortune of deafness and His Majesty altered his tone of voice and set me at ease. He was marked in his attention to the English, and seemed as popular personally as his Government was otherwise.

In his person he is thin, about the middle height, with very little dignity in his appearance, or anything in his manner or countenance that is commanding. In Italy, where the Austrian Government is detested, he nevertheless went constantly about without the least precaution or sense of danger whatever. This appears in crowned heads, in every way, the best policy, since if it is deemed worth the risk and danger to strike the blow, it is scarcely



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AT WINDSOR, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 10TH, 1817
Published by J. Kelly, Paternoster Row, January 15th, 1818



possible, as Society is constituted, to ward it off. The perpetual apprehension, at all events, must be dreadful.

[From Florence Hotham journeyed to Rome, where he was fortunate in securing an audience of the Pope. One great desire of all the English visitors there at this date was to see the famous Gregorio Chiaramonti, Pius VII, who had returned thither on the downfall of Napoleon, and to whom the Congress of Vienna had restored the papal states which France had wrested from him. Long months of weary imprisonment, of perpetual mental anxiety and physical privation under his jailer Napoleon, had broken the health of the aged Pontiff ; but one recollection alone embittered the joy of restitution. In a moment of dire physical weakness at Fontainebleau, severed from his friends, deceived by false counsellors, harassed by his enemies, the keen, clear judgment of Chiaramonti had become clouded, and he had set his signature to the Concordat cunningly designed by Napoleon. In that one fatal lapse, he, the Custodian of the Holy See, had betrayed his birthright, he had departed from the course of right to which in all else he had so rigidly and so bravely adhered throughout his tribulations. By and by the wheel of Fortune was reversed, and the Conqueror had become the conquered. On Chiaramonti's re-entry into Rome, freed from captivity, Kings and Princes had followed meekly in his train ; a band of white-robed men and maidens had met him bearing palm branches, golden in the glowing sunlight ; at the Ponte Milvio

thirteen young nobles took the horses out of his coach and drew him in triumph to St. Peter's, while the city resounded with the cries of a joyful people, "Blessed is he that cometh (to us) in the name of the Lord!" But the centre of this rejoicing, the frail old man bowed by the weight of years and sorrows, had turned to bless the kneeling multitudes with profound humiliation in his breast. He had failed in the trust divinely committed to his charge, and the thought tormented his recollection.

The day after his return, a noble who had signed the memorandum presented at Cesena by Murat sought an audience of Pius to crave forgiveness for this act. "Do you think *we* are without reproach?" was the Pontiff's humble response. Yet in the fragile figure which once more occupied the throne of St. Peter the world saw only the Pontiff who had defied the great Emperor, who had excommunicated the robbers of the Holy See, who, even in his prisons of Savona and Fontainebleau, had preserved his saintly indifference to a course of ill-treatment—little short of torture—by which Napoleon had so long striven to break his indomitable spirit.]

Pope Chiaramonti.

I was presented to this Pontiff in 1818. He was at that time in delicate health, and appeared bending under the pressure of infirmity and years. His manners were mild and cheerful.

He was dressed very simply, was in a small room, and had not the least appearance of state about him, diminutive in his person, but with a quick and



NO. 1. P. VI. (PIUS VI.)

PIUS VI. (CHIRAMONTI)

NO. 2. P. VI. (PIUS VI.)

intelligent eye. One of the most striking things in his appearance was his coal black hair, wholly unmixed with grey.

When the French Authorities dispossessed him of his temporalities, the General commanding in Rome, in attending him to his carriage at his final departure from the Quirinal Palace to go a Prisoner to France, said something personally respectful in allusion to the unpleasant nature of the duty he had to perform. The Holy Father in acknowledging this, assured him that it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether he mounted the steps of a scaffold or the steps of a throne, as long as he felt conscious he was doing his duty to his God and to the people which that God had committed to his care.

He told me that the French offered that he should return to his Government from Marseilles by sea if he wished it, but he suggested the possibility of his being taken by some of the English Cruisers off Toulon. He was told this was not likely to be the case *whilst under the protecting security of the French Flag*. He asked me, smiling, if he was right or wrong in not altogether putting confidence in this assertion and proceeding by land.

He at all times showed the greatest partiality for the English, so much so as to excite the jealousy of his own countrymen; at all spectacles the English were unhesitatingly admitted where the Italians could with difficulty procure entrance, and I have frequently heard an Italian plead "Inglese" in order to be allowed to pass where he would other-

wise have had no hope of admission. In St. Peter's seats were always reserved for the English ladies, and the result was they made of it a fashionable parade, till they all but elbowed his Holiness out of his chair.

Much was done under the Government of Chiaramonti in the classification and arrangement of the Museum in the Vatican. He was very popular and disinterested in his conduct, having rather leant to the unusual extreme of not enough serving those who were nearly connected with him.

He was fortunate in having a man of very popular manners and decided talent as Minister and Friend, in the person of Cardinal Conzalvi.

This Minister was on all occasions exceedingly attentive to the English at Rome and was generally popular. He had his public days, and I attended some of them. We generally sat down between 60 and 70 at his apartments in the Quirinal Palace. I remember the first time mistaking the directions I had received and going into those of the Emperor of Austria. As I was in an Admiral's Uniform, I was permitted to get as far as the anteroom of the Chamberlain, who knew me, smiled, and asked me if I was going to dine with the Emperor? and very politely sent a gentleman with me to show me the way.

During the Holy Week all its various ceremonies were carried on at Rome in compliment to its august visitor with more than usual pomp and ceremony. The illumination of St. Peter's was magic, and the entertainment given by the Papal

Government to Francis—a Concert, Ball, Supper, and Fireworks—at the Campidoglio, was the most magnificent thing that could be imagined. Here, as indeed everywhere else, the bad English made themselves conspicuous. A horse-shoe table, containing about 18, was laid for the Emperor and Empress and different Princes of the Blood Royal of Europe who happened to be present, and there was some difficulty in preventing an English party from taking possession of it. I happened to be near Conzalvi at this moment and hoped his Eminence distinguished between the good and the bad of my Countrymen. He saw immediately what I felt and begged I would not distress myself at what had occurred, for that it was very easy to distinguish between those who had better have remained at home, and others who flattered the inhabitants of the Countries they visited.

At one of the State Dinners I sat between two Cardinals, and the conversation turned upon the possibility of the Holy Father having been taken by the British Cruisers, if he had come by sea from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. I assured their Eminences that I did not fancy any Potentate in Europe would have treated the Holy Father with more respect than the Prince Regent of England, and in this His Royal Highness would only have been acceding to the wishes of the Nation. They said they were perfectly aware of this.

I was a good deal surprised at their Eminences attending the Parties and looking over the Card Tables, and not thinking it inconsistent with their

dignity and situation to attend a dance. The Cardinals did not generally appear to keep up that State I had expected.

I had a sort of petition from Chiappa, the tutor to my sons, to get his brother leave of absence for some period of time, from the Convent to which he belonged, and was told this would be a very difficult object to obtain. I made the application through Cardinal Conzalvi, and as I was then going to Naples, received from him on my return to Rome, not only a compliance from the Pope with the request I had made, but a very polite letter announcing that it gave His Holiness pleasure in having done so.

The Cardinal was tall, very handsome in his person, and easy and dignified in his manner. He did not long survive his Master and Friend Chiaramonti.

[In July 1823, the Holy Father, as the result of trying without assistance to reach a bell, had a fall which seriously affected him. A few days later the Church of St. Paul, in the convent of which he had passed many years as a humble Benedictine monk, was totally destroyed by fire. The news of this catastrophe was an additional shock to the Pontiff's exhausted frame, and he himself recognised unhesitatingly that the end was approaching. A few hours before his decease a priest addressed him as "your Holiness." "How can you call me Holiness?" said the dying Pope, "I am only a poor sinner." And almost with his last breath he murmured the words which still tortured his recollection—"Savona—Fontainebleau"—scenes of his

Calvary and his humiliation. He was aged eighty-one years and six days when he died on August 20th, 1823, after a Pontificate of twenty-three years and five months, having survived his former jailor, Napoleon, for nearly two years and four months.

At the Vatican at the date of Hotham's visit, many stories were current respecting another famous son of the Church, Cardinal François Bernis, who had died shortly before the French took possession of Rome.

Of a noble but impoverished family, Bernis was known in his youth as *le joli petit Abbé*, and had been celebrated alike for the elegant verses by which he won the favour of Madame de Pompadour, and for his unruffled cheerfulness, which neither poverty nor the reverses of fortune ever diminished.

Throughout his life he likewise remained indifferent to flattery as he was to disaster. One day, it is said, when he remarked to Monsieur le Duc de Crillon that his head was always filled with poetry and that he remembered all the agreeable poets he had ever read during the last forty years as though it were yesterday, the Duc remarked blandly: "To recall a truly delightful poet your Eminence has only to remember yourself!" "That is the only one I would wish to forget!" responded the Cardinal with a joyous laugh.

A curious romance had dominated his entire life. Passionately in love with the Princesse de Rohan, who for long had reciprocated his attachment, he learnt that her husband was dying, and aware that,

the moment she was free, she would ask him to marry her, he was seized with a panic lest the inferiority of his rank and fortune would render him unworthy of this happiness. In order therefore to put it out of his power to succumb to a proposition which he believed would be detrimental socially to the woman he loved, he took orders as a priest ; and the Princess recognising and admiring the motive which had actuated his conduct never wavered in her affection for him, and at her death left him all her wealth. This, however, he nobly returned to her family, retaining for himself only a ring, which he always wore in memory of her.

At certain periods of his career his fortunes fluctuated strangely in accordance with the unsettled times in which he lived. Amongst other vicissitudes, at a date when he was Prime Minister and apparently at the height of his power, he fell out of favour with the party in the state and at Court who were gaining the ascendancy, and although he then received the Cardinal's hat through the influence of the King, he knew that this was but the prelude to his downfall which had been decided upon. Hotham relates:—]

François Joachim Pierre de Bernis was created *Ministre des Affaires étrangères* in June, 1757, from which place he was ejected, November, 1758, having first been created a Cardinal. One of his friends hastening to Rome to congratulate him on his newly acquired ecclesiastical dignity, and ignorant that he had been subsequently disgraced, Monsieur de Bernis received these ill-timed complimentary

speeches with a whimsical smile, and at length explained placidly : “ Mon chapeau de Cardinal, mon ami, c’est un parapluie que le Roi a bien voulu me procurer pour me défendre contre le mauvais temps ! ” ¹

But while Bernis, like those prelates who survived him, Chiaramonti and Conzalvi, remained imperturbable to the changes and chances of this mortal life, his master, Louis XV, found it impossible to emulate his example. Louis at one time was greatly perturbed at certain “ entreprises parlementaires ” which he held were designed to curtail his Royal Power, and it took all the eloquence of Bernis to calm him. Once reassured, however, that there would be no infringement of his divine prerogative, the King invariably concluded these oft-recurring interviews with the same remark : “ Eh bien, Monseigneur, oui ; vous avez raison. Je crois bien que tant que je vivrai je resterai toujours le maître de faire ce que je voudrai ;—mais, ma foi, après moi, Monsieur le Duc de Bourgogne n’a que de bien tenir ! ”

Still more Louis dreaded the ultimate loss of that earthly power to which he clung tenaciously. “ Monsieur ” [Hotham relates that he said one day condescendingly to one of his commanders], “ vous vieillissez—où voulez-vous qu’on vous enterre ? ” “ Sire,” was the loyal reply, “ aux pieds de votre Majesté.” This response, it was observed, left the King “ triste et rêveur.”

¹ Miss Cornelia Knight tells a different and somewhat pointless version of this story in her autobiography.

But Bernis personally regarded the end of existence as philosophically as he had viewed its continuance. He often remarked that he wondered how anyone could fear death, for, quoth he, "ce n'est rien de fort difficile car je vois que chaqu'un doit y subir !"

[The following anecdote of the Maréchal de Saxe, which Hotham records at this date, is also of interest. Monsieur de Chevert, who had entered the army as a common soldier, died in January, 1769, a Lieutenant-General, and decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Louis. The Duc de Richelieu one day speaking of the dead General referred to him in somewhat disparaging terms as a "soldier of fortune." "Monsieur le duc," replied the Maréchal de Saxe who was present, "you inform me of what I was previously ignorant. I always felt for M. de Chevert a certain esteem, now I regard him with the profoundest respect."

Another man whom Hotham saw in Italy at this date was Antonio Canova, created Marquis of Ischia. In 1802 he had been appointed by Pius VII curator of works of art ; subsequently he was called to Paris to model a colossal statue of Napoleon. At a later date Hotham recorded :—]

I saw Canova twice when I was in Rome and visited him in his studio. I found him gentlemanlike and communicative. He was short in stature but had a benevolent countenance and an intelligent eye. He appears to have done a great deal of good with his wealth, and to have been in every way as amiable

a man in private life as he was an artist of pre-eminent talent.

I remember at Terni, whilst changing horses, seeing an outline in black chalk upon the white-washed wall of an Inn. It represented Mucius Scævola in the Camp of Porsenna, and I was much struck with the beautiful correctness of the drawing. I made immediate inquiries, and the aubergiste told me that it, and others about the town, had been drawn by a beggar who stood waiting for Travellers' carriages, and whose name was Polinori. I heard afterwards that it attracted the notice of Canova and that he sent the pauper to Paris to study.

At the time of his death Canova had commissions upon his hands which it is scarcely possible he could have accomplished had his life been prolonged to the extremest term of mortal power and faculty.

[Not long after Hotham's return to England, on November 17th, occurred the death of Charlotte, Queen of England for fifty-seven years.¹ Having survived her luckless granddaughter and namesake for little over twelve months, she ended her narrow, exemplary life mourned by few and unmissed by the husband to whom she had proved a devoted wife. The permanent mental aberration of George III now left him impervious to the bludgeonings of Fate, and he remained placidly unaware of the loss

¹ Charlotte-Sophia, Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, born 1744, married to George III September 8th, 1761; died November 17th, 1818.

which he had sustained in that once-loved partner of vanished joys and sorrows.]

Queen Charlotte. The last time I had the honour of seeing Her Majesty was at Bath. She had quitted it for a short time upon the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, but returned to it again. I presented Lady Hotham¹ to her at this time, and she was kind and gracious.

My elder brother² was, for nine years, Page of Honour to Her Majesty, and my father attached to the person of the King. These circumstances gave me opportunities of being known to her. I was presented at Court whilst yet only a Lieutenant.

My father formally made application, through the King, for my mother³ to be one of the women of the Bedchamber, but without success, nor do I believe there was much inclination in this instance on the part of the Queen, who was pronounced and immovable in her prejudices and predilections.

In her manner Her Majesty was very dignified, and she had the talent of keeping up every portion of consequence belonging to her rank without its being in any degree offensive to others. Her temper in private life was said to have been changeable, and her behaviour to those immediately about her capricious. She was as little beloved by her

¹ Sir William Hotham's first wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Jeynes. She died August, 1827.

² George Hotham, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guard, who was born in 1770, and died 23rd May, 1823.

³ Diana Pennyman, youngest of the seven daughters and co-heiresses of Sir Warton Pennyman (afterwards Warton), Bart. She married in 1769, and died in 1817.



GEORGE HOTHAM (BROTHER TO SIR WILLIAM HOTHAM) WHEN A
WESTMINSTER SCHOOLBOY AT THE AGE OF TWELVE ; AFTERWARDS
IN THE 3RD GUARDS. IN HIS DRESS AS PAGE OF HONOUR TO
QUEEN CHARLOTTE

Painted by George Romney in 1782

attendants and her servants as her husband was adored. The Court underwent a great change after the illness of the King, and the ways and inclinations of the Heir Apparent were more evidently given way to ; and this, with some of the old Courtiers, lost her popularity. She was benevolent and had the reputation of being penurious without actually being so, for she died poor, and did many acts of benevolence and charity that were not known. Her memory, like the King's, was retentive.

In her person Her Majesty was short and never could have had much pretension to beauty, but her smile was pleasing and her manners were particularly calculated for her exalted rank. She had a remarkably beautiful hand and arm. She and the Princess Royal do not appear to have understood each other well.

Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, died December 13th, 1818. He was born in 1750, became Attorney-General in 1801, and in the following year succeeded Lord Kenyon as Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In 1802 he was made a peer.

I have dined in company with this able man at the house of his brother, Mr. Law, who married the eldest daughter of my friend, the Archbishop of York ; and I met him occasionally at His Grace's. Whilst Attorney-General he married the beautiful Miss Towry,¹ sister of my old friend and brother Officer, by whom he had a large family. He was

¹ Anne, daughter of George P. Towry, Esq., Captain R.N. The marriage took place in 1789.

considered a very able lawyer, but impetuous and overbearing in his manner, with the power however, when he chose to exert it, of making himself very agreeable in Society by his talented conversation. I certainly was not much prepossessed in his favour when I occasionally met him. In his person, as well as his countenance, he was heavy, and had very little the appearance of what he really was, a man of very superior endowments of mind. He seems to have been more feared than loved upon the Bench, and could have spared some of the *fortiter in re*, for a little of the *Suaviter in modo*.

In 1807 there appeared the following advertisement :—

LOST last Monday night from the House of Lords, Lord E—nb—gh's mastiff Dog "Temper." Some people assert that the dog must be mad, but the report is hereby declared to be as "false as Hell," a "Miscreant Imputation."

The said Mastiff is a kind feeder, but very fierce and ungovernable; not much used to sporting, although he has lately been at two Hunts, and though his Prize escaped once or twice, he secured them at last, gave tongue in a very fine style, and pinned them with great courage and fierceness till they were secured by the Whippers In.

He is very savage against beggars, but seldom barks or snaps at his feeder. His well-known bark was lately heard from a stage in Covent-Garden. . . .

Any Person wishing to communicate with his Lordship on the subject will be sure to find him at home at Billingsgate.

Any Person harbouring the said lost "Temper" after this notice will be prosecuted with the utmost severity, as his Master is determined not to part with him while *Law* is to be found in the King's Bench.

It was generally imagined that Sir Vicary Gibbs would have succeeded Lord Ellenborough. He was, however, called to the House of Peers and made Master of the Rolls. In his person he was diminutive, but he had one of the most intelligent countenances and almost the sharpest eye I ever knew. He was a remarkably pleasant man in society, and it was my good fortune to meet him frequently at the house of Lady Louisa Lennox,¹ whose son Charles, 4th Duke of Richmond,² met with a tragic death in 1819.

I once passed a good deal of my time with this amiable Nobleman when he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 35th at Gibraltar. There he had some difference with the then Governor (O'Hara), whose temper, as already stated, left much to be desired. Colonel Lennox appeared upon parade with the Officers of his regiment in crape for the death of an Officer who had been killed in a duel by a purser of the Navy, and which it seems was against garrison orders. In consequence he returned home upon leave.

His own unfortunate difference and duel with the

¹ Louisa, daughter of William Henry, 4th Marquis of Lothian, married Lord George Lennox and was the mother of Colonel (Charles) Lennox, who succeeded his uncle the 4th Duke of Richmond in 1806.

² The only son of Lieut.-General Lord George Henry Lennox succeeded his uncle the 3rd Duke in 1806. He married in 1789 Charlotte, daughter of Alexander 4th Duke of Gordon (and in her issue co-representative of the Dukes of Gordon). The Duke was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland 1807-13; and was appointed Governor-General of Canada May 9th, 1818, but he died on August 28th of the following year from the effects of a bite from a dog, according to Burke, but in reality a tame fox.

Duke of York in early life never influenced his Royal Highness's conduct towards him.

I saw him occasionally afterwards when he went to Ireland, and upon his return from it, and at Brussels. He was the whole of the day with the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo, and at his mother's shortly afterwards gave the most soldierlike and interesting account possible of that wonderful day to General Champagne, Mr. Livingstone, and myself. The last time I ever saw him he was caressing a very ill-tempered dog of his sister's, Lady Mary, and upon my remarking what courage he must have to do this (for the animal was growling and snapping the whole time) he advised me never to be afraid of a dog. The real history of his death, when Governor-General in Canada, is yet an obscure one, but Sir John Harvey, the then Adjutant-General there, told me he had been bitten by a tame fox ; his own state of blood, however, may have produced something like hydrophobia, though the animal may not have been mad.

In his person the Duke was a remarkably well-made man and fond of manly exercises, but he was not well set up, and his clothes never appeared well made. He had a large family and was careless in his expenses, kind and good-natured to everybody, but too fond of conviviality, not only in the spirit but in the letter.

Later. The story of the Duke's death is now well known. He had a tame fox which one day was playing

with his dog upon the hearth when the animals got angry and began to fight. The Duke separated them, but while so doing the fox bit him. He thought nothing of the incident, and subsequently seemed in perfect health, so much so that when he went to visit some settlements a few days later he walked thirty miles without any appearance of fatigue. At one point in this expedition, however, it was necessary to cross a stream, and as the Duke was seating himself in a small boat for this purpose he was observed to change countenance. He next sprang up and rushed from the water exclaiming, "I cannot bear this!" After certain violent spasms, however, the attack seemed to pass off and he appeared again to be perfectly well; he ate his dinner and talked composedly; but he shuddered convulsively at the sight of water and from the first he never had any doubt personally of his doom.

His brief remaining interval of sanity was employed in making every arrangement to prevent the possibility of his inflicting any injury upon others when he should be no longer responsible for his actions; and subsequently between the paroxysms of madness he was perfectly sensible, amiable, and thoughtful for all connected with him, even writing an affectionate letter of instructions to his daughter, Lady Mary. But after four days of terrible suffering, he expired of hydrophobia in the lonely hut in which he had insisted upon being isolated. He was then in his fifty-sixth year.

Vice-Admiral George Murray,¹ also died in 1819. I served on board the 'Duke,' 98, with this Officer at Martinique in 1793. He had his broad pendant flying on board of her. He was some years afterwards commanding upon the Halifax Station and died there.

In his person he was stout and about the middle size, and had, though a good-natured man, a very forbidding exterior and a cold and ungracious manner. He was a man of very cool courage and conduct, as the following anecdote may show. When, in order to silence some batteries in the neighbourhood of St. Pierre, it was necessary that the 'Duke,' 'Hector,' and 'Iphigenia,' Frigates, should proceed on that service,² he sent his Master, Mr. Murdoch Downie, to sound for anchorage in case this should be found advisable. Mr. Downie returned with a report that there was deep water close in, but that he thought we were near enough, considering the danger of a too great proximity to the enemy. "If you *can* go nearer, Downie," replied the Commodore, "you are *not* near enough"; and the 'Duke' stood yet closer in, opening her fire.

The enemy's shot beginning to tell, the Commodore's secretary, who was a young man and not

¹ Sir George Murray, Vice-Admiral (1759-1819). He was wrecked on the Breton coast and was detained a prisoner in France till 1781. He served in the West Indies and took part in the battle off Cape St. Vincent in 1797. He was again wrecked off the Scilly Isles in 1798 and court-martialled but acquitted. He distinguished himself at Copenhagen and was Captain of the Fleet to Nelson.

² See Vol. I, p. 38.

accustomed to this sort of thing, moved rather frequently from one side of the deck to the other, and the Commodore soon observed this. He at once summoned the young man to him and asked why he was acting in such a manner. The Secretary replied that he hoped there was no harm in bobbing when a shot came his way. "No more there is, Sir, no more there is," was the rejoinder; "but though I have no objection to people bobbing with their heads, I cannot have any man on board the 'Duke' *bob with his feet!*"

In common with the several old officers who were upon this Expedition—Sir Thomas Rich, Sir James Wallace, Sir John Colpoys, Sir George Montagu—he was dissatisfied with the result, but the orders were ambiguous and discretionary, and neither Admiral Gardner nor General Bruce were to blame.

Shortly after the firing commenced, a heavy thunderstorm came on, and struck the head of the top-gallant-mast. The hoops and mouldings of the mainmast were burst asunder and the lightning, after breaking some of the links of the chain pumps and scorching the baize that hung round the hatchway to prevent communication of handing powder, lost itself in the well. The people were all at quarters, the small armed men in the tops, and not a man in the ship was hurt. I was quartered on the middle deck and was close to the mainmast. I was struck down by the violent shock and felt as though stunned by a blow, and my thighs were benumbed. At first I thought I had had one or both legs shot off, but I soon happily found this was not the case.

The mast was immediately cut away eight feet above the Quarter-deck, and the ship was towed off from under the batteries by the 'Montagu.' We should have been much cut up by the enemies' shot at this time if the darkness had not concealed us ; and had it not rained unceasingly in torrents the main-topsail would perhaps have taken fire.

That same afternoon that distinguished officer, afterwards Sir Edward Berry,¹ who was our Signal Midshipman upon the Poop, was knocked down by the wind of a shot across his stomach, and carried off the deck believed to be dead. It was subsequently found that he was untouched, and, luckily for his friends and the profession, he entirely recovered.

Commodore Murray, who was Uncle to the Duke of Atholl, was, like his brother, the General, a *bon vivant*, and kept the best table of any officer in the Navy.

I remember in coming home, the Commodore, one day, after helping himself to one broiled bone of a Turkey off a dish, apparently thought the fellow to it looked more appetising, for he put the first bone back and took the other, remarking facetiously, " A fair exchange is no robbery ! " Duff, his Captain, immediately replied, " Perhaps a *fair* exchange might not be—but I am afraid this is a *fowl* (fowl) one ! "

These little jests dwell in one's recollection and

¹ Sir Edward Berry, Rear-Admiral (1768–1831), Nelson's Flag-Captain at the battle of the Nile. He was also at Trafalgar, and saw much distinguished service.

yet poor Captain Duff has been dead for years. He was killed in the 'Mars' in the Battle of Trafalgar. His head was shot completely off.

*His Majesty George III.*¹ (Ob. 1820.)

The friendship with which my lamented father was honoured by this Sovereign, and the several letters I have in my possession from His Majesty to him, gave me an opportunity in early life of forming some judgment of his character, and of becoming acquainted with circumstances immediately connected with it.

It seems on all hands to have been allowed, whatever political difference of opinion may have existed, that this respected Monarch possessed virtues that would anywhere have been an ornament in domestic life, but were pre-eminently useful upon the Throne. He had that nice sense of honour and integrity which makes a man correct in his dealings with another, and possessed in an unusual degree that inflexible observance of punctuality,—that politeness of Kings,—which marked a strong understanding and a well-regulated mind. In the shade of retirement he was exemplary and unobtrusive, and if upon the great theatre of the public stage his parts were injudiciously cast, the scenes badly managed, and the *dénouement* unsuccessful, the audience were checked in their occasional disapprobation of the Manager by their feelings of respect and esteem for the man.

¹ Born June 4th, 1738; succeeded his grandfather George II as King in 1760; and died deranged January 29th, 1820.

His education seems to have been neglected, but he had a strong understanding, and his natural perception was clear and judicious. He was a good judge of talent and admired it in others however deficient he may have been himself. The commencement of his eventful reign was passed under the cloud of general distress and dissatisfaction, and the Colonies were lost to the Mother Country. Close upon this followed, what was partly caused by it, the French Revolution, and the stability of the British Government was shaken to its foundation. At this memorable period he was assisted by the services of a Minister whose capacity was only to be equalled by the intrepid spirit with which he exerted it. Neither the King nor his Minister witnessed the end of the most awful struggle in the history of civilised mankind ever experienced. The first closed his latter years in blindness and derangement, and the other sunk under the oppressive weight of responsibility and care.

In his person George III was tall but not very well made, and looked to most advantage on horseback. Neither his manners nor conversation left to strangers any impressions favourable to his understanding, for the first were hurried and abrupt, and the latter painfully voluble. His countenance, however, was much in his favour, and was the index of what he really possessed—an affectionate and benevolent heart.

He was as free as the infirmity of Station can well be from anything like vice or immorality ; and in his duties as a Husband, a Father, and a Master

was exemplary. When the revolutionary mania was pervading all classes of society, and a very bad spirit was in full play, it is not saying too much perhaps of the subject of this memoir, that, at this time when public measures were far from prosperous, the private virtues of the Sovereign alone saved the land over which he ruled.

He was very attentive to his religious duties, and had early imbibed ideas connected with them which inspire men with confidence in the hour of peril and lift them above the usual apprehensions of mortality. This made him, in an unusual degree, insensible to danger, and though his life was often threatened, and sometimes attempted, he never allowed the dread of assassination to interfere with domestic quiet, nor did the attempted perpetration of it ruffle in any degree the steadiness of his courage.

I have heard my father say that, upon some occasion when the subject of conversation turned upon the danger to crowned heads of being assassinated, His Majesty said that very early in life he had made up his mind upon this point, and had from that time onwards, without allowing the least apprehension ever to interfere with it, thrown his life willingly into the hands of Him from whom he had received it. He said that he considered it the excess of folly to make a whole life miserable by the constant fear of losing it ; and equally futile was the weakness which refused to face the impossibility of preventing any man who was reckless of his own life, from making an attempt, if he was so inclined, upon the life of a King.

When, in 1795, His Majesty had dismissed the Horse Guards, on his arrival at St. James's from the House of Lords, and was proceeding in his private coach from St. James's to Buckingham House, the mob effectually stopped the carriage and were threatening violent measures. The Noblemen who were in it with him were naturally in a state of embarrassment and alarm, and at a loss what to do. "Don't be alarmed, my Lords," replied the religious and collected Monarch. "Don't be alarmed. Take it from me, my Lords, our lives are not in their hands." The rear of the Horse Guards had not providentially passed the Constitution Hill Gate; and the Officer wheeled round and charged down the Hill. The intrepid conduct of a Mr. Bedingfeld, a gentleman of the Navy Office, had, for a time, kept the rabble in check, and at length they dispersed and the King proceeded.

My Uncle, Mr. Baron Hotham,¹ told me that Lord Kenyon,² the Lord Chief Justice, mentioned his having received a visit from the King at his house near town. His Majesty, walking in the garden, began to discourse on the subject of public affairs, and asked Lord Kenyon's opinion of them. His Lordship frankly acknowledged that he was alarmed. The King smiled and replied, "An

¹ Beaumont Hotham, afterwards 2nd Baron Hotham in the Irish peerage (1737-1814). He was a barrister at the Middle Temple 1758, Baron of the Exchequer 1775-1805, M.P. Wigan 1768-75, commissioner of the Great Seal 1783, and succeeded his brother Admiral William Hotham in 1813.

² The 1st Baron Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice, who was raised to the peerage in 1788 (1732-1802).

Englishman is always up in the Garret or down in the Cellar, but I shall endeavour to keep to the second Storey." Assuming a more serious air, he said he felt the greatest confidence; that when he looked to His Lordship and the Judges upon the Bench, he was sure of the fair and due administration of Justice; that when he turned to the Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy in general, he knew the Established religion was safe; that the loyalty and courage of his Army and Navy had long been tried; and finally he called God to witness that if ever the awful moment should arrive in which it would be necessary for him to unfurl the Standard, he would follow the bright examples that had been set him, to the best of his power, and be found at his post.¹

The Marquis of Salisbury told me that he was in the room at Windsor with the King and the Prince of Wales, and that the conversation turned upon the riots of Birmingham. The Prince of Wales expressed his astonishment at the nonchalance almost with which the most threatening dangers were treated by his father, and instanced his coolness during the Gordon riots of 1780, when many of the buildings in London were blazing. The King said that it was neither coldness nor indifference he felt upon that occasion, but something like anger—"For this gentleman," turning to Lord

¹ This anecdote and two others here quoted have already been mentioned in *The Hothams*; but as they form part of the MS. written by Sir William, and as the version recorded by him varies slightly from the version related in that book, I have thought it well to leave them in their original sequence in his narrative.

Salisbury, " knows that if my advice had been taken there would not have been a house touched."¹

He had a great confidence in, and was feelingly alive to, the spirit in which he was served, as well as thus cheerful and calm when others were troubled and dismayed. Subsequent to the first serious mental attack he had, he discovered several of those upon whom he thought he could rely deserting him in the hour of helplessness and disease, and courting the rising Sun. He resumed, however, the reins of Government amidst the acclamations of a grateful and feeling people.

He was very much beloved by those immediately about him, and totally free from anything like overbearance and hauteur. He could assume dignity when it was necessary, and read his speeches and replied to Addresses with a great deal of firmness and emphasis, though upon ordinary occasions his delivery was not good. He frequently made his wonderful memory subservient (*sic*) to the most laudable and benevolent purposes—for he was very mindful and tenacious of any promises he had made.

My Uncle, Sir Charles Hotham, was named by the King for the post of sub-Governor to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburgh. This he declined on account of his health ; and an application was then made to him

¹ " During this crisis, when such conspicuous ineptitude was shown by the men in whose hands should have rested the safety of the public, the Sovereign alone exhibited a staunch courage and unwavering common sense, so that by his promptitude in calling out his troops and bidding them shoot he may be said to have saved his capital." (See *The Hothams*, Vol. II, p. 287.)

by Lord Bruce, at the King's command, for him to name a person whom he considered suitable to be appointed to the post. Sir Charles, with some care and attention, drew the outline of the sort of character the man ought to possess who was judged fit to fill so responsible a situation. Lord Bruce, of course, showed the letter to the King.

Some time afterwards His Majesty was showing my Uncle some addition he had made to his pictures. The latter remarked there were some beautiful portraits of Vandyck's he had not seen before. "There are many valuable portraits in this room," said the King, "but not one finer than that you drew for Lord Bruce. There are two pictures of me here, and, as I understand you are fitting up your house in Yorkshire, take whichever of the two you think most like." The picture given by the King is now at Dalton¹ in the Drawing-room.

Sir Charles having named his brother George, my father, to fill the post which he personally had declined, the latter accepted it, though renouncing, with some reluctance, his duties in the army, for he was a keen soldier. The King, however, promised that he should not ultimately suffer in the matter of promotion.

Time passed, and one day, my father happened to be in the room with the King at Windsor when the account was brought to him of the death of Lord Waldegrave. Amongst other situations that fell vacant by His Lordship's death, was the 14th Regiment of Foot. My father, who had some

¹ The seat of the Hothams in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

expectation of a Regiment, felt the delicacy of his situation and was very glad to retire. After remaining some weeks at his house at Woburn, he received an express from the War Office one morning with his appointment to the 14th. He immediately drove to Windsor and was admitted to an audience. The King interrupted his expressions of gratitude by asking, "Did you not think I had forgotten my promise?" My father replied—never, but that in view of his own very small claims, His Majesty might have given so old a Regiment to some other Officer and a young one to himself, therefore this recognition enhanced the value of the gift and increased the sense of gratitude for it.

The King replied all that was very true, and in ordinary occasions such an arrangement would have been made, but feeling that he had taken my father from the Guards to answer a purpose of his own, it was impossible in justice, to do otherwise than replace him in his profession and leave him, as far as the Army was concerned, independent of future change. The King added that he had to apologise for so long a period of suspense, but that, as he had understood the regimental accounts were about to be closed for the year and that Lord Waldegrave had not died very rich, he had been anxious, as far as he properly could, to alleviate the loss the widow of the latter had suffered; but now, having done this, he could heartily wish my father joy of his appointment and hoped he would live many years to enjoy it. He added that several applications for other men had been made—that the

Duke of Richmond had applied for General Leland, and Mr. Pitt for Lord Balcarres, but both had been refused.

The King was invariably just, and of this another instance may be given. Besides a long and uninterrupted difference of political opinion with Mr. Fox, there was also mingled on the part of his Majesty a personal feeling of prejudice. The gentleman in question had not, indeed, any strong claim upon the royal approbation, but the King's aversion was a good deal founded upon Mr. Fox's bias for everything that was French—French politics, French opinions, and the French Nation as a whole. The King's dislike, however, was never allowed to interfere with those personal offices of kindness which he might have it in his power to show to this man of whom he disapproved.

My father told me that, in walking one day in Kew Gardens, the King began talking about Mr. Fox, saying how he lamented to find upon every occasion that gentleman's prepossession in favour of France—that the bonds of friendship were to be cemented with France—that France was always in the right, and, in short, that France and its interests seem to occupy him more than those of his own Country; the King said, "I personally am too much of a John Bull to give way to this line of thinking."

Upon the occasion of the King's malady in 1788, additional Pages were taken into service. Upon his recovery they were again dismissed with suitable remunerations for the duty they had had to per-

form. Amongst these was a man who, having during some former election been in the service of Mr. Fox, now went to that gentleman with bitter complaints that it was on that account only that he was dismissed by the King. Mr. Fox told him that if he wished such a story to be believed he must go somewhere else, for that though he personally had, upon every public occasion, the misfortune to differ with His Majesty, he felt and knew the King had too much generous feeling ever to be influenced by such a consideration.

When intelligence was brought to the King of the atrocious conduct of the mob at Versailles, and of the fallen fortunes and imminent danger of Louis XVI and his unfortunate family, His Majesty, in deploring the events connected with it, said that all his resentment, if ever he had any, against the French King was now at an end, and that he even forgave him his conduct respecting America. The French King little thought that there would rise up against him a Frenchman whose American ideas, and feelings of liberty fomented by these, would make him the most bitter and unrelenting foe that either the security of his throne or the safety of his person could have encountered. Neither the dear-bought or long experience of nearly half a century has tamed the stern and inflexible Republicanism of La Fayette.

Lord Bruce told me that Lord Mount Edgcumbe was once reading some letter as he was walking along out loud to himself and speaking to himself. His communication mentioned the line Lord Howe

had taken in the pursuit of the French Fleet, which drew from him the exclamation: "Put two mice on the extremities of Salisbury Plain and they are as likely to meet!" Lord Howe did fall in with the French Fleet, and shortly afterwards when Lord Mount Edgcumbe was at Court in Waiting, the King said: "*Well, my Lord, the mice have met!*" Lord Mount Edgcumbe never knew how it was possible the King could have become acquainted with the expression he made use of.

In 1791 when I was travelling back from Bath in the company of my uncle,¹ we stopped at Salt Hill, and my aunt, Lady Dorothy Hotham,² began talking some nonsense in the presence of the servants about the expected Revolution in France. My uncle thereupon related the following interesting and precautionary anecdote. Some years previously he had been upon the same journey in company with Lord Howe and Mr. D. when they stopped, like us, to dine and sleep at Salt Hill. The conversation turned upon what was then the general topic, the approaching contest between the Colonies and the Mother Country, and Lord Howe, waxing angry about the question, declared hotly that the folly of Lord North, which merited the scaffold, was only equalled by the persevering obstinacy of the King himself.

After Sir Charles's arrival in town, he attended

¹ Sir Charles Hotham the 8th Baronet, eldest brother of General George Hotham, the writer's father.

² The wife of Sir Charles Hotham the 8th Baronet. She was Lady Dorothy Hobart, daughter of the 1st Earl of Buckinghamshire.

the next day as Groom-of-the-Bedchamber in waiting, and the King sent for him before the Levée began. His Majesty at once questioned him respecting his journey, and so doing, accurately recapitulated nearly every word which had passed in the dining-room at Salt Hill. As a man of honour Sir Charles could not deny this ; but endeavoured to palliate as much as he could the indiscretion of which Lord Howe had been guilty. The King, however, laughed good-humouredly and said it was the very esteem he had for his Lordship that led him, through his friend, to put him upon his guard for the future, and that whenever his Lordship talked of *the Minister deserving the scaffold and the Sovereign being perseveringly obstinate* that he should at least take the precaution first to send the waiters of an Inn out of the room.

The following is a striking instance of the retentive memory for which the King was remarkable.

Many years ago when His Majesty went down to the Naval Review at Portsmouth, Mr. Russell, one of the Foremen of the Rope Yard, was appointed to show him in what manner the combustibles were to be placed and how John the Painter¹ was to have accomplished his atrocious object of destroying the

¹ James Aitken (1752-77), an incendiary known as " John the Painter," owing to his having been apprenticed as a house-painter in Edinburgh. He came to London and took to highway-robbery on Finchley Common ; later he fled to America and took part in the tea-duty riots at Boston. He returned in 1775, and being imbued with revolutionary principles, planned the destruction of the British Navy when this was about to sail against America. Finally he succeeded in firing some storehouses at Portsmouth and Bristol, and was ultimately executed.

Dockyard. This foreman was afterwards in the course of time promoted to be Clerk of the Rope Yard. Many years had elapsed when he went to place a Grandson at Eton School, and having done so, he enquired of the man at the Inn at Windsor, what there was to be seen. The Landlord told him that, the evening promising to be fine, if he walked in the park he would have a chance of seeing Their Majesties and the Royal Family and all the fine folks upon the Terrace; that he had nothing to do if they came but to observe what others did.

He followed this advice and in due course the Royal Party passed the assembled crowd, all of whom stood still and pulled off their hats, whereupon Mr. Russell did the same thing. To his astonishment the King immediately perceived him in the crowd, and asked him what brought him to Windsor, remarking graciously, "I daresay you forget *me*, but I remember your showing me where Jack the Painter was going to play the deuce with us." "I came, Sir," replied Mr. Russell, much gratified at this recognition, "to put a Grandson of mine to Eton School." "I only hope he will prove as respectable a man as his Grandfather, Mr. Russell, and I am very glad to see you so well."

The Earl of D——, one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber, was exceedingly short-sighted, and not very quick, and when Commodore Keith Stuart returned from the North Sea, and my father was appointed Aide-de-Camp, His Lordship introduced the one for the other. The King, however, was not

deceived, he merely smiled and asked the Commdore if he had had a successful cruise ?

On my return from the Mediterranean I naturally took it for granted that if His Majesty said anything to me it would be about the ship. Unfortunately he remarked how thin I was and that I must have been upon short commons. Not having heard his observation, I replied, "She was paid off last week at Portsmouth." The King turned to my father laughing and said : "When I tell the Captain he looks thin he tells me his ship is paid off, so I suppose he wants another !" His Majesty made application to that effect, but with no success. The Admiralty, however, soon appointed me to the 'Adamant.' I should have felt very embarrassed at this misunderstanding, if I had not known that His Majesty was aware of my misfortune of deafness.

His Majesty made no secret of his opinions respecting the Catholic question, and his conviction in regard to the Coronation Oath. He said, in the Queen's Room at Windsor one evening, before a large company, that they might lay his head upon the block, but he should never forget or forfeit the solemn engagement he had sworn in his coronation oath. My father was one of the company present.

The King told my father he recollected circumstances during his illness, as a man remembers a dream. Amongst several in his household whom he felt obliged to dismiss for his conduct during that period was a confidential Page—Mr. W. Rannes. This gentleman afterwards decided upon going to

India and made his arrangements. Previous to embarkation he felt inclined to try whether the King would forgive what had passed, and consulted a few upon the subject. My father was one who encouraged him on every account to persevere in his intention. His kind and forgiving Master saw him, and took leave of him with every warm wish for his future happiness, and a promise that, if he lived to see him again, it should be with feelings of utter forgetfulness of all that had passed and a renewal of every kind office he could show. This, acting upon a very susceptible mind, immediately overcame it, and it was necessary that, instead of embarking for India, Mr. Rannes should be placed under the care of Dr. Willis.¹ He died soon afterwards.

It was usual, in the decline of his life, to tell the afflicted Monarch of any events of material importance, whether with a view to amuse him, or to judge by his manner of the chance or otherwise of returning reason. He was therefore informed of the Battle of Waterloo and of the retreat of Napoleon to Paris; also that the Duke of Wellington was in full pursuit of the enemy. Here the King stopped his informant peremptorily by saying that that story could not be true, for that there was no such person as the Duke of Wellington. It was at once recognised that there were certain grounds for such a contention, and he was told it was Sir Arthur Wellesley. "There again," said His Majesty, "you

¹ Dr. Francis Willis, the physician who attended George III in his first attack of madness in 1788. He was remarkable for his influence in cases of mental derangement.



must be quite wrong, for Sir Arthur Wellesley, I know, died at such and such a time." On comparing notes it was discovered that the time mentioned for the death of Sir Arthur Wellesley was exactly that of his Majesty's own alienation from reason.

The Prince of Wales was in the habit of going down to Windsor at intervals to see the actual state of his father. On these occasions great care was taken that the King should not be aware of his son's arrival, and as he was totally blind no difficulty in ensuring this was anticipated. One day, however, when the Prince was present, the attendants were astonished at his Majesty suddenly exclaiming that the Prince of Wales was in the room. His Royal Highness immediately retired, and the King was assured that he was mistaken—the Prince was not there. A few questions were then put tentatively to the afflicted Monarch in order to discover how he could have become aware of the Prince's proximity. "I do not know whether he is in the room still," responded the King, "but he *was* here. The Prince of Wales when he was young was accustomed to have a perfume about him which I never could bear, and that perfume was in the room just now!"

(My venerable and respected friend Lady Louisa Lennox told me these anecdotes. She was mother to the Duke of Richmond, and died Christmas Day, 1830, aged 91.)

In 1814 I was present at the Pitt Club in Scotland, when the following was sung, being part of a song composed by Walter Scott,



Rosenberg, del.

GEORGE III, IN THE 74TH YEAR OF HIS AGE

Stadler, sculpt.

Nor forget *his* gray beard who all dark in affliction
 Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
 And to shouts the most dear to paternal affection,
 The shouts of his people applauding his son.
 By his firmness unmov'd in success or disaster,
 By his long reign of virtue remember his claim,
 With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his Master,
 Tho' a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

CHAPTER XI

PORTRAITS UNDER GEORGE IV

1820-1827

[FIFTEEN days after George III had been laid to rest, and the Regent had at last grasped the long desired Sovereignty, the world was startled by news of the tragic fate of Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berri. The second son of the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X), in 1792 he fled with his father to Turin and fought with him under Condé against France. He lived for some time an exile in Russia, Edinburgh, and London, but at the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814 he returned to France and was appointed commander of the troops in and round Paris. The Bourbons, however, remained unpopular, and the Duc personally was much disliked. He was assassinated by the fanatic Louvel in front of the Opera House on February 13th, 1820.

Hotham relates :—]

The Duc de Berri. (1778-1820.)

I remember being presented to this unfortunate Prince and standing by him afterwards when 16 or 17,000 men passed in review in the Place de Car-

rousal. (Napoleon was at this time at Elba.) Among these troops one Regiment only—the Queen's Hussars—showed the least manifestation of loyalty or respect. The rest marched by with averted looks and in silence. I saw very evidently then the state of mind in which the French army was, and the little dependence the Bourbons at that time could possibly have placed upon their fidelity and attachment.

Upon some occasion afterwards at a Review upon the Champ de Mars, the cry of "Vive l'Empéreur!" was every now and then heard, and it became at length so avowed and troublesome that the Duc de Berri determined to encourage some explanation, and urged any man to come out of the ranks who had any fair ground of grievance to go upon, or who could say that the troops were not as well fed and clothed and paid as in the time of Napoleon. A non-commissioned officer thereupon confidently but respectfully stepped forward, and acknowledged that, in the instances His Royal Highness had adduced, there were no grounds of complaint. The Duc then asked why he was to be doomed to hear such galling and disrespectful exclamations as "Vive l'Empéreur," etc., upon all occasions? "Because," replied the Sergeant, "the Emperor Napoleon led us to glory!" "Is *that* all Napoleon Buonaparte ever did?" exclaimed the Duc; "nothing was easier—any man could lead such troops to glory!" This admirable presence of mind extinguished, for a time, all acrimony of feeling, and cries of "Vive le Duc de Berri!" resounded in response.

The Duc was short and fat ; not unlike some of our Royal Family in countenance and still more so in manner. He was very polite, and in the presence of the Officers at his Levée he said more respecting the obligation he felt to England than I thought was quite politic.

I dined, the day I was presented to him, at Verrey's in the Palais Royal, and there were also present some other officers and my friend General O'Lochlin, who commanded the heavy Cavalry that was then marching through from the South of France. Seeing a Prussian Officer of rank close to us and alone, I proposed his being invited to join our party ; he accepted, and in the course of conversation had no hesitation, *à haute voix*, in expressing his certainty that Napoleon would soon return from Elba ; while, on our remarking that we had that morning been admiring the French cuirassiers, he further announced that he was perfectly persuaded that, before a year had elapsed, General O'Lochlin would have an opportunity of meeting them in the field. It is true that the General personally was employed elsewhere, but before twelve months had expired the regiments in question were actually opposed upon the field of Waterloo, and the prophetic utterance of the Prussian Colonel was fulfilled. We were, however, I remember, greatly surprised at the time at the boldness with which this officer hazarded proclaiming his political opinions when the secret Police were so vigilant, and at a critical period when it was actually necessary they should be so.

*His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.*¹ (1767-1820.) Besides the King, another member of our Royal Family died this year ; the fourth son of his late Majesty.

I was occasionally with His Royal Highness in the early days of boyhood, from the situation my father held under the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburgh ; but I met with him afterwards in Canada, where he was commanding the garrison at Quebec, and was Colonel of the Fusiliers. At that time His Royal Highness had the reputation, and not without reason, of being severe. I dined with him, however, and found him good-natured and affable at his table. He also came on board the Frigate I was Lieutenant of and breakfasted with the Captain (Sir Isaac Coffin) in consequence of the deputation from the North American tribes being on board, who had been sent by their several constituents to solicit the Governor General's assistance against the United States, which at that time were forcibly dispossessing them of the N.W. banks of Ohio. Braandt, the Mohawk Chief, was at their head, and they encamped upon the Heights of Abraham.

I saw a striking instance of His Royal Highness's good sense and tact upon this occasion. Madame de St. Laurent, the woman who lived with him, had

¹ Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. At Gibraltar, as Colonel in 1790-1 and again as Governor in 1802, his martinet discipline caused serious mutinies. These culminated on Christmas Day in an encounter in which blood was shed, and the Duke was recalled. In 1818 he married Victoria Maria Louisa (1786-1861), daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg, and widow of the Prince of Leningen, and on May 24th, 1819, their child, the Princess Victoria, was born in England. The Duke died eight months later.

come off in one of the ship's boats in a private manner ; but when he was to return on shore she was, by some mistake, sent first down into the boat. When it was reported ready, and the Guard saluted H.R.H. as he passed the Quarter deck, the Royal Standard (as is usual on such occasions) was shifted from the masthead of the ship to the staff in the boat, and, as the Prince was going down the side, he perceived Madame de St. Laurent in the boat. He immediately returned, and simply reminding the Captain that the Royal Standard was flying in that boat, waited till proper arrangements were made and till Madame de St. Laurent went on shore, as she had come on board, *privately*.

His Royal Highness was afterwards at Gibraltar and persevered in an imprudent degree in his system of severity. He was, partly in consequence, recalled, and was not afterwards on actual service.

He seems never to have been a favourite with his father, who very much disapproved of some parts of his conduct, and does not appear ever to have been warmly reconciled to him.

In later life experience seems to have been useful, and he is said to have enjoyed the goodwill and friendship of those immediately known to him, and to have been much lamented at his death, which happened unexpectedly at Sidmouth in the year 1820 and the 53rd of his age.

In his person His Royal Highness was tall and good-looking and had very much the appearance of a Military man, very bald, pleasing in his countenance and latterly popular, not only for his manners, but

for his quiet and sensible conduct in everything relating to public affairs.

I have seen a very curious letter of his father to mine, upon the subject of his conduct.

[With the accession of George IV, renewed troubles arose from the anomalous position occupied by, and the eccentric conduct of, his spouse Queen Caroline. The second daughter of Charles William, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and of the Princess Augusta, sister of George III, in 1795 Caroline had married her cousin the Prince of Wales; but soon after the birth of her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, the Royal couple had lived apart. In 1806 reports to the discredit of the Princess of Wales led to a public investigation of her conduct, which was pronounced to be imprudent but not criminal; and in 1814, to the annoyance of her partisans, she went abroad, where her conduct was still more questionable.]

Hotham seems to have been one of the few amongst his generation who recognised, what was undoubtedly the fact, that the misguided Princess was not wholly responsible for her actions. Her behaviour was that of a woman not bad, but mad; and reviewing it dispassionately at this date it seems strange that this opinion was not more generally accepted by her contemporaries. Hotham indeed during her sojourn upon the Continent had written to Lady Charlotte Campbell :—]

I saw Lady —, our lovely friend, one evening dancing with Lord Castlereagh. I am glad she has retired from

the Princess of Wales's service. It was not fitting occupation for her, so pure and high-minded as she is ; for if any part of what I hear of that poor *mad woman's* manners and mode of life be true, she is fast losing herself in the estimation of those who are most friendly to her. Do not be angry with me for calling the Princess *mad*. I really think she must be so, to judge from her headstrong imprudence. It is the kindest apology that can be made for her. I assure you, if I have now expressed myself somewhat harshly, I *have* felt a sincere interest and pity for her Royal Highness—a chivalrous feeling, which would have made me ready to fight in her defence. The idea of a woman being persecuted and neglected, even if not a Princess, would always have excited a strong wish in my breast to serve her, in as far as the limited powers of so insignificant a person as myself could avail. And when I first heard that the Princess of Wales had left England I was so annoyed that I broke forth with an oath, and gave vent to the vexation and indignation I felt at her folly in expatriating herself.

Good heavens ! what a position in public opinion she had gained before her departure for the continent. What a heroine in history she would have been had she behaved properly ; and to see her at once throw away her every chance of British support, and her daughter's protection and love. It was sadly provoking. There had been something so grand in her conduct up to that period—something so magnanimous in her silent endurance of her husband's malevolence, that could not fail to create a strong feeling in her favour. But when she went abroad she dropped the grand historical character of an injured Queen, and she became in truth, to use your appellation for her, a *Mrs Thompson*, parted from Mr. Thompson, and going in search of amusement. Never was there such a falling off in poetry. The old French King was very glad when H.R.H. did not visit his capital. Of course he could not have shown her any civility, and I am certain none of the English heroes would have taken any notice of her. The Genevese have a kindly feeling for the

Princess, though they always call her "*cette pauvre dame ! elle est fort singulière.*"¹

[Directly her husband was seated upon the throne, Caroline was offered an annuity of £50,000 if she would renounce the title of Queen and remain out of England. She refused, and made a triumphal entry into London ; whereupon the Government instituted proceedings against her for adultery. The splendid defence of Brougham made such a general feeling in her favour that the Divorce Bill was abandoned after it had passed the House of Lords. On the day of her husband's coronation, July 19th, 1821, she endeavoured to force an entrance into the Abbey, but was repulsed ; and on August 7th following she died.]

Queen Caroline. (1768-1821.)

I remember Lord Hood telling me that one day Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales, called upon him just as he and Lady Hood's sister had sat down to dinner. He went out immediately to the carriage and handed the Princess to the drawing-room. Something had latterly occurred, Lord Hood said, which made it necessary for him to talk to Her Royal Highness as a father would talk to a daughter who had done something that displeased him. He represented to her the exalted situation in which she was placed, and the consequent necessity which existed of H.R.H. being doubly cautious in her general conduct ; that she should never forget that she was a public mark to be shot at, and should

¹ *The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting*, Vol. II, pp. 23-4.

therefore endeavour to be invulnerable ; that however she might be conscious of right herself, she should bend to and pay great attention to the general opinion of the world.

H.R.H., considerably agitated, abruptly pulled the bell which was near her, and took her leave, snapping her fingers and assuring his Lordship that she never *had* had any value for the opinion of the world, and never *would* have. My venerable friend assured me that no communication ever took place between them afterwards.

This was a bold avowal on her part, and a comment upon that incautious and disgraceful conduct which led to subsequent events. It is quite indifferent to me whether any criminal connection ever took place. The coarseness and total absence of every feminine and delicate feeling were quite sufficient to render her unfit for the station she was placed in. Like everything else in this country, her trial was a trial, not of her chastity, but of the strength of Party ; and noblemen, in their solemn situation as judges, were vindicating the conduct of a woman with whom they would not have allowed their wives and daughters to be seen. She had some personal and amiable qualities, was a warm friend, and very considerate and good-natured.

I remember her being on a visit to Lady Charlotte Campbell, one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber, near Geneva. The latter got a letter from Sir W. Gell to say that H.R.H. was then as far as Basle, and would be at Geneva the day after she received the letter. The Princess subsequently gave Lady

Charlotte her choice—whether she would remain upon longer leave, or that if she thought the going to Naples would be more advantageous to her daughters, she could go in virtue of her office, and free of expense. Lady Charlotte preferred on many accounts to remain where she was, but the offer was kind.

Fortunately for the country, Caroline, as Queen, threw off anything like a mask when she returned to it. Her behaviour the very hour she landed at Dover, and also when she passed Carlton House, proved what she would have done had it been in her power, and plainly indicated her own spirit and that of the party whose instrument she was. This was consistently followed up till the Coronation, when she seems to have acted of herself. Had she, however, possessed the dignified feeling of conscious innocence, and trodden in the steps of Catherine of Arragon, the unfortunate domestic difference between the two most exalted personages in the Empire would have been attended with many very serious consequences to the safety of the State, but she was advised by the spirit of Party alone, and that spirit not in the least tempered by any fine and gentlemanly feeling. The cards might have been more successful had they been in any hands but those they were. As it was, those who were most disposed to support her became disgusted, and her last desperate effort at the coronation was happily frustrated.

I remember seeing Sir Francis Burdett the next day, and saying I thought that scarcely anything

could justify her in that instance. He seemed almost to agree to this, but in the end begged I would not say anything more against her, for that he was then going to dine with her at Brandenburg House. He told me that he had never done so before, notwithstanding that she had repeatedly asked him.

The year which witnessed the death of Queen Caroline saw also the decease of a woman of a very different type—Mrs. Piozzi.¹ I was introduced to and visited this lady at Bath, where I saw her dance at a ball and supper she gave upon the anniversary of her 80th year. She must have been pretty in early life, but diminutive ; and followed latterly the comparatively common custom of using rouge, always displeasing and detracting from that credit a woman may have for talent or strong understanding. She was very cheerful and active at an advanced period of life, and to the very close of it wrote a very beautiful hand. I had a note from her very shortly before her death, which was quite like copper-plate. She was very well bred and had much the air and manner of the old school.

An aunt of mine, the wife of Sir Charles Hotham and sister of the Earl of Buckingham, very much resembled her in all respects except one, and that

¹ Hester Lynch Salusbury, born in 1741, in 1763 married Mr. Thrale, a prosperous Southwark brewer. In 1765 Dr. Samuel Johnson became domesticated at her house in Streatham Place, where he resided for sixteen years. Thrale died in 1781, and three years later Mrs. Thrale became the wife of an Italian musician, Piozzi.

was temper, her Ladyship not being in every way the most amiable. She was, however, a person of very extensive reading and strong natural talent, and had seen much more of the upper class of Society than Mrs. Piozzi.

Mrs. Piozzi had twelve children by her first husband and survived her second husband eleven years. She died of a broken leg the same year I saw her dancing !

Admiral Sir John Colpoys,¹ K.B. This year also died this officer whom I remember very early in life, as he used to visit frequently at the house of my father's next door neighbour, the venerable and hospitable Lord Cremorne.

I first served with him in the same Squadron in 1793 at Martinique, where he particularly distinguished himself by his humane and liberal conduct to the unfortunate Royalists, who fled from Republican fury to the protection of the British Ships which were off the Island. He served afterwards at home in various situations and narrowly escaped being executed by the Mutineers in 1797 for having given directions to fire upon them.

He was for some time at the Admiralty Board, and gave great satisfaction there, as he did every-

¹ Born *circa* 1742, he entered the Navy in 1756, and commanded a ship in the West Indies and in the Mediterranean 1776-93 at the date to which Sir William Hotham refers. He was Rear-Admiral on board the 'London' at the mutiny at Spithead, April, 1797. He was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1804, Treasurer 1805, and Governor of Greenwich Hospital 1816-21.

where else, by his gentlemanly and conciliating manners.

In his person he was diminutive, but remarkably quick and energetic in his manner and conversation. His friend, Admiral Barrington, used to say of him that he was the most juvenile man he had ever known.

He was a very brave man, and as zealous of his King and country in public life as he was of religion and charity in social. He died Governor of Greenwich Hospital, universally lamented and esteemed.

I remember hearing that, after dinner one day at Lord Cremorne's, the conversation turned upon a fellow who made a great noise at that time and whose history I have previously given—Barrington, the Pick-pocket. Everybody was anxious to know the history of the man, and Admiral Barrington, finding that Captain Colpoys had seen him, made many enquiries about him and at length observed facetiously : “ Well, I am sorry that he and I bear the same name, and can only trust that there is no personal resemblance ? ” “ Oh no ! ” replied Captain Colpoys earnestly, “ you need be under no apprehension on that score. No—Barrington, the Pick-pocket, is a *genteel, good-looking man* ! ” The naïveté, free from any suspicion of jest, with which this answer was made, excited a general laugh at the expense of the Admiral, who very good-naturedly observed : “ Well, I am glad of that, for now *I* feel quite safe ! ”

Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, Bart.,¹ G.C.B. (1753-1822.) I was first acquainted with this officer in the year 1790 and was afterwards in the Fleet with him when he had the 'Flora,' but never served under his Flag. I used to meet him frequently in Society, particularly at my friend's, Sir Thomas Sutton's, and was always glad of an opportunity of doing so.

He served a great deal in the war of the Revolution, and in the early part of it was employed upon the Coast of France with the command of an "escadre légère." He was considered more an active and a brave man than an officer of any great (particularly practical) professional talent.

In his person he was above the middle size with a pleasing countenance and good figure, and had much the air and appearance of a man of rank and fashion. He was one of the Grooms of the Bed-chamber to the Duke of Clarence, and was for some short time our Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

He commanded subsequently in America, and my relation, Sir Henry Hotham, was his Captain of the Fleet.

He verified what my old friend, Lord Hood, used to say that when we are poor we are extravagant, and when we become rich, we become penurious. However, Sir John was very popular and deservedly so; for his services were generally successful and he was a man of benevolent feelings and cheerful temper.

¹ Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren of Stapleford, Nottinghamshire, created a Baronet in 1775. He had a distinguished naval career and defeated the French squadrons April and August, 1794, and again in 1798; he also captured a French squadron in 1806,

He was in Parliament for some years, and I remember hearing of a very painful incident which occurred at Nottingham during a contested election. The mob, gathered rather threateningly round the hustings, inquired of Sir John tauntingly where his eldest son was, and why the young Squire did not trouble to attend. The unfortunate young man, who was in the Guards, had just been killed in Egypt, and the wounded and indignant father turned upon his tormentors. "My Son," he said loudly and clearly, "has just lost his life in the service of his country, and you would do better to follow his example instead of behaving as you are doing, unlike men—and unworthy of Englishmen!" Sir John's opponent told me this story himself, and said he felt that if he had had pistols in his hand he could gladly have shot the dastardly wretches.

Amongst the many unaccountable stories told of dreams, one relating to this officer was remarkable. He had the command of a squadron of four Frigates, and, the term of his Cruise being expired, his provisions and water were nearly out. Nevertheless he told his Captains that he would stay out a few days longer *at a venture*, and being pressed for his reason, he confessed that a dream he had had was the cause of this decision. In his sleep he had seen with remarkable vividness his own Frigates come up with, and take, some of the Enemy's Frigates, and indeed so real was the impression this had made upon him that he could not find it in his heart to return without awaiting a chance of fulfilment. Exactly as he had dreamed, a few days later, three,

and afterwards a fourth, of the Enemy's frigates were sighted ; they were chased and three captured, and the Commodore returned triumphantly with his prizes to Plymouth !

Stories of dreams thus coming true are not infrequent in the Navy. Sir Rupert George, whose veracity was unimpeachable, told me the following well-attested fact. In some Frigate he once belonged to, on relieving the Officer of the first watch, he remarked to the latter, who afterwards confirmed this statement, that he was particularly glad to find the weather was moderate, for he had had an unpleasant dream that the Frigate was dismasted. The weather, however, remained serene, nothing occurred, and he was relieved again at 4 o'clock by the Officer of the Morning Watch. Yet before noon of that same day, it came on to blow hard, all hands were turned up, *and every topmast in the ship was carried away.*

Captain Lockhart, afterwards Sir John Lockhart Ross,¹ many years ago commanded an active cruiser, the 'Tartar,' and Mr. Lindsay, afterwards Sir John Lindsay,² was his lieutenant. Upon Captain Lockhart being called one morning, according to custom, he informed Mr. Lindsay that there was

¹ Sir John Lockhart Ross (1721-90) entered the Navy in 1735, and assumed the surname of Ross on succeeding to the Ross estate of Balnagowan 1760 ; he became a Rear-Admiral in 1779, and a Vice-Admiral in 1787.

² Sir John Lindsay (1737-88) served in the Rochefort expedition, in the expedition against Havana, and in the West Indies. He was Commodore and Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies 1769-72, and also in the Mediterranean in 1783. He became Rear-Admiral in 1787.

a sail in sight a long way ahead, standing upon the same tack as the 'Tartar.' He ordered Mr. Lindsay therefore to make all sail and beat to quarters, for that it was such and such a ship from Bordeaux, and that they should have a sharp engagement with her before they captured her.

Mr. Lindsay's astonishment upon receiving this information may be imagined, since it was obvious that, lying in his bunk, the Captain could not have seen a sail had one been sighted. Thinking Captain Lockhart was still dreaming, he again endeavoured conscientiously to rouse him, but the Captain soon showed that he was not asleep, by rising hurriedly, and telling his lieutenant peremptorily to lose no time in seeing that his directions were carried out. All took place as he had stated. The enemy shortly afterwards was sighted ; she took a long chase and a sharp action before she was captured, and she proved to be the identical ship which Captain Lockhart had asserted her to be, as the result of a dream.

Many years ago I was mentioning this strange story when General Dundas, Sir Roger Curtis, and some officers of both Services were dining with me on board the 'Adamant' in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and I quoted as my authority, my uncle, Lord Hotham, who was a very intimate friend and contemporary of the two Officers who were concerned in it. To my surprise, an elderly gentleman, Mr. Grey, who was my first Lieutenant and had been in the Service many more years than I had, turned to me and said : " You need not

have gone very far, Sir, for a voucher of the truth of this anecdote, *for I was a Midshipman of the ship at the time that it occurred !* ”

One other curious instance of a dream being fulfilled I will add here.

Many years ago (in 1770) Mr. Alex Brymer was upon the eve of his departure for India as secretary to Mr. Henry Vansittart, one of a Board of Commissioners at that time sent out to report on the administration of Bengal. Mr. Vansittart, who was of Dutch extraction, had formerly been Governor of that place, and was a Director of the East India Company. Mr. Alex Brymer was naturally pleased to procure so good an appointment.

Just before his departure, and when his things were already on board, his father came down to Portsmouth to bid him farewell, and slept at the Inn in that town. The following morning at breakfast he suddenly, to his son's intense astonishment and mortification, informed the young man that his clothes must be landed from the frigate and that he must give up all idea of going with Mr. Vansittart. “ I personally,” added Mr. Brymer, “ will undertake to get over any difficulty with Mr. Vansittart in regard to such conduct.” In vain did the young man inquire the cause of this apparently unreasonable decision, and even ventured to expostulate with his father, pointing out the disastrous consequences to himself of such behaviour ; the only satisfaction his father would give him was a promise that six weeks after the ship had been at sea he would explain the reason for his present unaccountable

action. When the time came, Mr. Brymer performed his promise by acknowledging that he had been weak enough to be influenced by a dream he had had at the Inn at Portsmouth *that the 'Aurora' and all on board were lost.*

It is well known that the 'Aurora' touched at the Cape on this last voyage, and was never heard of again. By a strange coincidence there perished in her Mr. Falconer, the author of that beautiful poem, "The Shipwreck." He was a servant of Archibald Campbell, who encouraged his literary tastes; and once before, when second mate on a ship in the Levant trade, he had been wrecked between Alexandria and Venice, out of which experience he wrote his chief poem in 1762.

Mr. Alex Brymer, with whom I was intimately acquainted, became an American Merchant after being victualler to the Fleet some time in the American war, and settled at Halifax in Nova Scotia; he was in later years possessed of great wealth, and was an honourable and charitable man.

I have frequently heard the story from himself, and afterwards from his widow, corroborated by the testimony of his son who had often heard it circumstantially related, and who is a clergyman very highly respected and esteemed where he resides.

*March, 1823. Mr. Kemble.*¹ Accounts are received of the death of this gentleman at Lausanne,

¹ John Philip, eldest son of Roger Kemble, a travelling manager; his father intended him for the Catholic priesthood, but he renounced this career for that of the stage. His first appearance was

on Feb. 26th, aged 66. I had seen him in the summer, and took leave of him in September previous to his departure for Italy. He had promised himself much enjoyment in that interesting country ; but his Physician at Rome very soon ordered him back to Switzerland, where he had an excellent house in a beautiful situation, and was living in an elegant retirement, universally and deservedly respected.

To his good sense, moral conduct and classical education, the Stage is principally indebted for that very evident improvement which it experienced at the close of the last century. My Uncle, Sir Charles Hotham, himself an elegant scholar and fine gentleman, early noticed Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and had them frequently to his house in town and at Dalton, at a time when it was not usual for men of his rank to do so. But the brother and sister proved themselves deserving in every way of all the encouragement that could be offered them.

Mr. Kemble's figure was good, and his countenance uncommonly fine. His manners were at the same time dignified and modest, and though they were very superior to most others, however exalted their rank might be, with whom he associated, he never forgot who *they* were or what *he* had been. He was, at the time I saw him, very attentive to his religious duties, and was very devout without being in the least affected. His house was open on Wednesday

in 1776, and in 1783 he first acted at Drury Lane, of which in 1788 he became manager for Sheridan. He was magnificently handsome, as was his sister Mrs. Siddons. Born 1721, he died 1823.

evenings, and the best society in Lausanne was always to be seen there. He was hospitable and fond of convivial society, and appears, at one time of his life, to have indulged more freely in wine than was consistent with prudence, and his health probably (in addition to the laborious duties of his profession) fell a sacrifice to it. He always spoke with gratitude to me of my Uncle's kindness and friendship. His pleasing manners, gentlemanly conversation, and benevolent countenance would, of themselves, have made him a delightful companion, apart from the interest which his conspicuous station and commanding talents procured for him, while his tact was a valuable asset to him in a difficult position socially. On one occasion at the King's Levée, to which he had been ordered, it was a long time before the door opened of the Presence room, and a Nobleman who had been leaning against it for three hours began to give way to his temper and impatience. Mr. Kemble thereupon advised him to be patient, and added quaintly: "If your feelings are hurt upon this occasion, my Lord, what must mine be? I, who to-night am to be the King of England—Henry VIII, and to-morrow night the King of Scotland—Macbeth." This in a moment disarmed those who were beginning to wonder what business Kemble had at the Levée.

*March, 1823. Mr. Kean.*¹ I went to see Kean whilst I was in town this winter, in Shylock, Richard,

¹ Edmund Kean, son of Nancy Carey, hawker and strolling actress. He personally became a strolling actor about the age of

and Hamlet—and in these characters he altogether excelled any actor I had ever seen. He appeared almost instinctively and without study to have thoroughly understood Shakespeare, and was neither indebted to figure, voice, nor countenance for that continued applause it was impossible to withhold from him. He had less stage-trick than any player I ever saw, and seemed to be indebted to nature alone for his very extraordinary talent for the theatre. The Hamlet of Kemble was unquestionably very fine, but his success in its representation was visibly owing to habitual and studious reflection. The Shylock of Cooke was also very great, but it was unequal and he had a movement of his arms peculiar to himself which was ungraceful. In the autumn of 1816 I also saw Kean in Macbeth. He here too exceeded any actor I had ever seen, and in those fine and terrific delineations of a disturbed conscience where our immortal Shakespeare has never been equalled, his representation was perfect and thrilled the house with horror. The play too was well got up—the scenery was beautiful and the decorations splendid. I felt the force of what Garrick once told Sir C. Hotham, that he thought Macbeth the finest play for the stage and Othello for the study.

sixteen and after about ten years in the provinces made his first appearance at Drury Lane as Shylock 26th January, 1814, when he soon ranked as the first actor of his day. A period of extraordinary success followed, but his reputation was gradually ruined by his irregular life, and although on his return from America in 1827 he achieved further triumphs, later both mind and body gave way and he expired at Richmond on May 15th, 1833.

Master Betty. When, some years ago, I at length saw the young Roscius, the Boy whose dramatic powers—making allowance for his age—were supposed to exceed any that have ever been displayed upon the English stage, I was singularly disappointed. His characters were Hamlet, Achmet, Douglas. In the second of these he was very great, but he did not appear to me either in the first or the last to justify that enthusiastic admiration in which he was held by the public. His interview with his Mother in Hamlet was very fine acting, and managed with more judgment than one would have imagined it possible for a youth to possess, but in soliloquy and the scene with the Grave-diggers it was nothing more than the repetition of a schoolboy.

March 14th, 1823. *John, Earl St. Vincent,*¹ *G.C.B.*, died yesterday. (General of Marines, Admiral of the Fleet. *Ætat suae* 89, with the bâton of Field Marshal.) Few Officers have ever seen a more fortunate or honourable career than this Nobleman ; whilst yet upon the Captains' List he was considered as an Officer of very high and great expectations. He was in Parliament, and Lord Shelburne was his friend. I was to have made my professional *début* with him when, with General Grey, he was going upon a secret expedition to South America

¹ John Jervis, born 1733, entered the Navy 1749. In 1795 he, as Admiral, received the command of the Mediterranean Fleet. On the 14th February, 1797, with fifteen sail, off Cape St. Vincent, he fell in with the Spanish fleet of twenty-seven, which with the assistance of Nelson he completely defeated. He was created Earl St. Vincent with a pension of £3,000. As First Lord of the Admiralty he reformed innumerable abuses.

at the close of the war. The thing, however, was dropped. In 1793, as I have related in my diary, I was appointed one of the Lieutenants of the 'Boyne,' on board of which ship his Flag was, but, being anxious to join my uncle, Admiral Hotham, in the Mediterranean, and being still weak from indisposition (having just returned from the West Indies), I wrote to have the Commission cancelled, and was under some reasonable apprehension that Sir John Jervis would not be very well pleased at my having done so. He received me, on the contrary, with the greatest kindness, and assured me he hoped that I should soon receive that promotion from Lord Hood in the Mediterranean which it would have given him so much satisfaction to have tendered me at Martinique. In 1795, upon his succeeding my Uncle in the command in the Mediterranean, he gave me the refusal of the first large Frigate, the 'Minerve,' that fell vacant; but, unfortunately, the one I had was on her way home from Gibraltar, and my professional course, in all probability, very much injured by it.

The prevailing feature in Lord St. Vincent's character was inflexibility, with an ardent and honourable zeal for the Service. These led him, at times, to an intemperance in his manner and his language, when he fancied an Officer inattentive to, or neglectful of orders, and he could not easily conquer any prejudice that an idea of this unfavourable kind had led him to form. On this account His Lordship was not without enemies in the profession; but as long as the paramount feeling of an Officer

was a manly and honourable perseverance in the duties he had pledged himself to perform, he was sure to find a professional friend, and a warm one too, in Lord St. Vincent.

During his administration he cleansed the Augean Stable of that mess of peculation and plunder which disgraced the several Civil Departments of the Navy ; and though perhaps his measures of economy were rather too sudden and too rigid, he paved the way for general reform in this respect, and saved immense sums to the public expenditure. Though rather penurious in his general habits, till latterly he despised, as much as any man well could, anything that bore the most distant resemblance to a want of delicate integrity in money matters.

In his person Lord St. Vincent had very much the appearance of a man of rank, and wore the decoration of the Order of the Bath more frequently than the generality of those who had it. He was a very strict disciplinarian in dress on board ship, in which he did a great deal of good to the Service.

At the Coronation of George IV, the special rank of Admiral of the Fleet was given him, not only because he had been prevented from it by H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, but on account of the personal as well as professional esteem his Sovereign held his Lordship in, for his long, meritorious, and brilliant services.

*Sylvester Douglas, Baron Glenbervie.*¹ This nobleman died in 1823 at an advanced age, and I was fortunate enough to be frequently in his society. He was originally educated as a Surgeon and was, I understood, some time in that profession, but afterwards at the Scotch Bar. He was an excellent classical Scholar, and that circumstance perhaps, as well as his manners and conversation, which were both pleasing, attracted the notice of Lord North, whose daughter, a very amiable person, without any pretensions to beauty, he married. I never met with any man whose memory appeared more retentive or who seemed to have noticed the passing events of his time in a manner so likely to be instructive and entertaining to his friends, as Lord Glenbervie. To the last he enjoyed Society and would frequently, in his 80th year, go to several parties in Bath the same evening. He felt deeply the loss of his son, of whom everybody spoke well ; and his daughter-in-law, after Lady Glenbervie's death, lived much with him.

I remember once, the subject of conversation being the then prevailing taste for Gothic Architecture, his Lordship repeated a remark made by old Mr. Owen Cambridge,² who, being asked by a

¹ Sylvester Douglas, born 1743, was created Baron Glenbervie of Kincardine in 1800. He was Lord of the Treasury in 1797-1800, and nominated Governor of the Cape of Good Hope that latter year, but did not take office. He was for many years in the House of Commons, and was First Chief Commissioner of the United Land and Forest Department. A volume of his journal was published in 1910.

² Richard Owen Cambridge (1717-1802). Entered Lincoln's Inn in 1734 ; he was an author, and historian, and published satirical verses.

friend how he liked his new house, built after a plan of Mr. Wyatt's,¹ and in the extreme of Gothic, said, he was not quite sure whether it was a pleasant feeling that the recollection of times of Civil discord, turbulence, and insecurity should be renewed ; that for his part, he could not view with satisfaction, in these times of peace and commerce, all those towers and parapets, and battlements, where there was no *battle meant*.

I lent Lord Glenbervie a copy I had just bought of Madame de Campan's *Memoirs*, and as he had been a good deal at Paris at the close of the reign of Louis XV, and the commencement of his successor's, he was able to concur in or contradict many anecdotes that were related. He inserted some pencil notes in the margin, and apologised for having done so. It was the last time he put pen to paper, and I was very careful in not effacing them.

The public at one time expected from him a life of his father-in-law, Lord North, and in such hands it would have been a publication interesting to the Historian, and very entertaining to the general reader. It does not appear, however, that he had any idea of the kind. He died of the jaundice, and I was in the room when he was first taken ill some weeks before his death.

Mr. Owen Cambridge, before referred to, who was frequently at his house, had a collection at Richmond of pictures by untaught and poor artists, which I

¹ James Wyatt, R.A., architect (1746-1813). He succeeded Sir William Chambers in 1796 as surveyor to the Board of Works. He built Fonthill Abbey, and was killed in a carriage accident.

found very interesting. He was one of the chief contributors to a periodical of the day called the *World*, and he was always sent to when they were pressed for time. Upon one occasion when there was not sufficient material ready for Monday morning, Lord Glenbervie told me they sent urgently to his friend on the Sunday to contribute an article. A lady remarking in church that Mr. Owen Cambridge appeared less attentive to his religious duties than usual, commented upon this to him when quitting the edifice. "Ah, Madam," responded Mr. Owen Cambridge, "I am sure you will not be angry with me when I tell you I was thinking of *another 'World'!*"

In 1824 died Louis XVIII. I had frequent opportunities of seeing this Monarch during his residence in this country, in 1807 and again after he had regained his Crown. He was latterly heavy and unwieldy, and neither his appearance nor manner indicated anything like energy, but he seems to have had more good sense and talent than either of his unfortunate brothers; the first of whom lost his life by his irresolution, and the last his crown by his obstinacy. Louis XVIII was for some time at Bath, and used very often to go to the Pump Room. He admired the City very much and said to me that though he had been a great traveller, from necessity, as well as choice, he had never seen any place more beautiful. Though unequal to either horse exercise or any bodily exertion, he paid attention to business, and was quite efficient at it.

December 25th, 1824. Sampson Gideon, Lord Eardley. The papers of to-day announced the death of Sampson Gideon, Lord Eardley, at Brighton, in the eightieth year of his age. His father was a naturalised Jew,¹ but notwithstanding his extraction, Lord Eardley was in the very truest sense of the word a liberal man, and expended a noble fortune in constant hospitality and acts of the most Christian benevolence.

He once dined at the Mess of a Regiment at Chatham, and the conversation turning upon officers of merit who were without means of purchasing, the Captain-Lieutenant of the Regiment, who was absent, was mentioned as one. Lord Eardley entered warmly into the subject, and concluded by being determined to purchase a Company for the Officer in question. Having left the mess and returned home, the Commanding Officer and rest of those present, very like gentlemen, resolved to take no further notice of this promise, made in the heat of wine. Some time afterwards, however, Lord Eardley met the Lieutenant-Colonel in London and expressed his surprise that he had heard no more of the subject of their conversation at the mess, assuring Colonel M. he was quite in earnest in what he then said. The Colonel now thought this an occasion to serve a meritorious man, and shortly afterwards introduced a young Captain deserving of promotion to Lord Eardley, who promptly advanced

¹ A financier of Portuguese extraction. He was consulted by Walpole and Pelham, and raised £1,700,000 for the Government in 1745, and many subsequent loans during the Seven Years' War.

a sum beyond the purchase money that was lodged, and told the young officer that whenever he attained the rank of Field Marshal he might repay it.

In going up St. James's Street one day, he saw General Massey, afterwards Lord Clarence, speaking to a gentleman, and after they had separated Lord Eardley asked the General who his friend was, for there was something in the man's appearance that interested him. General Massey told His Lordship that the gentleman in question was once an Officer in the Service who had fought with him and had distinguished himself at Dettingen, Fontenoy, etc. etc., but that, having married and had a large family, he was obliged to sell out of a profession to which he was an ornament, and that now he believed the world went so hard with him that he did not know where to get a mutton chop for his dinner. "I thought there was something of this kind," said Lord Eardley, taking him aside into Palmer's, the cutlers, "and if you will be good enough to give him this" (a purse of thirty-five guineas), "with every consideration for his feelings as a gentleman, you will much oblige me, and you will carry the obligation further by introducing us to each other as soon as you can, when I shall take care to convince him he shall never want a mutton chop for his dinner whilst I have a house either in Arlington Street or at Belvedere."

It is delightful to receive these flashes of conviction that tend to shame our prejudices, and prove to us that there are men of Charity and virtue in all religions: that the heart throbs with the same

passions, and beats with the same benevolence in the Jew as in the Christian.

Lord Eardley's father, before he was naturalised, was dining with friends one day when he sent one of the servants in attendance to a gentleman seated further down the table with a request for a helping from a dish which was next to him. Unfortunately the delicacy in question happened to be *pork* dressed in some misleading fashion, and the gentleman, at first considerably embarrassed what to do under the circumstances, told the servant there must be some mistake in the dish indicated. Finding, however, that this was not the case, he next endeavoured to convey to Mr. Gideon a hint of the true position of affairs by turning to him and observing tactfully : " I think you cannot mean this particular dish—as it is not *veal* ! "

" Come, come," responded Mr. Gideon without hesitation, " you have your prejudices in your religion, and we have ours also amongst us, but it is not becoming in a reasonable creature to give way to either. *I don't know what the meat is, but it looks uncommonly good and I must have some of it !* "

I remember dining with Lord Eardley himself one day in Arlington Street in a season of great scarcity. Being the person of the least consequence in the room I sat at the bottom of the table next to my host, and I observed him very busy with something in his lap. Seeing I had noticed this, he smiled, and confided to me that, since he was a member of the Senate, it was necessary that he should make a show of black bread at his table during a time of necessity,

but that he had a very nice French roll upon his knee, and half of it was very much at my service if I cared to share it with him !

On this occasion I sat next the unfortunate Lord Charles, who a short time afterwards was found dead in the chaise in which he had travelled from Yarmouth, shot by his brother Lord James. The ball had entered his mouth, and when he was found he was already cold and stiff.

[The tragedy to which Hotham here refers had occurred many years before on the night of May 26th or the early morning of Friday, May 27th, 1796. On the Friday of the previous week, Lord Charles Townshend, then aged twenty-seven, fourth son of the first Marquis, had gone to Great Yarmouth to stand for election, accompanied by his brother Lord Frederick,¹ who was a year his senior. Lord Charles was successfully returned as member on May 25th ; and after an uproarious time at the hustings, he set out the following morning to drive to London in a chaise-and-four accompanied by Lord Frederick. The two brothers, it had been remarked, during their residence in Yarmouth had lived in the utmost harmony with each other, but so extraordinary had been their general behaviour, particularly on the day of the Election, that it had attracted universal

¹ Lord James, whom Hotham in mistake quotes as the chief actor in the tragedy, was the second son of a second marriage, and was not born till September 11th, 1785. He was therefore not eleven years old at the date of the death of the half-brother. Lord Charles and Lord Frederick were respectively the third and fourth sons of the first marriage, Lord Frederick being born on December 30th, 1767, and Lord Charles on January 6th, 1769.

notice. Their own servants afterwards deposed that both, but particularly Lord Charles, appeared to be violently deranged, probably from intoxication ; while the Mayor of Yarmouth declared that their conduct had seemed to him so undoubtedly that of madmen, that he had felt induced to follow them to London " lest some accident should happen."

It was early on Thursday 26th when they set off on their journey, and as far as Colchester they were accompanied by two men servants who, however, not being able to get horses there, were left behind, and did not overtake the chaise till it had reached London. About seven miles from town, the first indication of an untoward event was observed. At Ilford the chaise stopped to change horses, but its occupants did not alight, and one of the post-boys afterwards said that he noticed at that time that only Lord Frederick was sitting upon the seat of the chaise, and Lord Charles was not visible. The former, however, appeared extremely excited, and thrust several guineas into the boy's hand to give upon the road in charity. The chaise shortly after pursued its way, and at Mile End one of the postillions later deposed that he heard the report of a pistol, and, looking back, " saw Lord Frederick throw a weapon out of the carriage window." But the boy, still fearful of interfering, or thinking that, under the circumstances, it was not necessary to investigate any eccentric act on the part of his masters, rode on and took no notice. It was not till they reached London at 6 a.m. and paused near the Pantheon in Oxford Street that the *dénouement* took place.

The post-boys there stopped to inquire the way to their destination—the house of the Bishop of Bristol—whereupon Lord Frederick jumped out of the chaise and struck one of them. A crowd gathered, and he became very abusive to a coachman who stood among the spectators, throwing off his coat and waistcoat, and “with the most deplorable marks of insanity” challenging the man to fight. The coachman, however, resolutely declined the honour, upon which Lord Frederick at last walked leisurely away towards Hanover Square. It was then that some persons peering into the carriage found the corpse of Lord Charles as described by Sir William Hotham.

Lord Frederick was promptly pursued and taken in custody to a watch-house. He was brought before the Magistrates in Marlborough Street, but exhibited “the most unequivocal symptoms of mental derangement.” Later, “having,” we are told, “recovered a considerable degree of composure”—obviously being more sober—he stated that he and his brother had been discussing some religious subject, when Lord Charles took a pistol and blew his own brains out, and that he (Lord Frederick) had also endeavoured to destroy himself but the pistol failed.

Apparently it was this latter weapon which the postillions had seen him throw away, for the pistol which had put an end to the life of Lord Charles was found in the chaise in which the brothers had travelled, “placed in the dead man’s mouth, and loaded with two slugs or balls, one of which had per-

forated the skull and the other was extracted from the mouth. Neither the teeth nor tongue were injured, so that it was evident that no violence had been used in the introduction of the fatal instrument, and the death of Lord Charles might not improbably be an act of his own committed in a paroxysm of frenzy (*sic*)."¹ All that could be ascertained was that both brothers had been in the possession of loaded pistols, and both unaccountable for their actions; indeed Lord Frederick himself was not in a condition at the time of the occurrence to know what actually did take place. At the coroner's inquest, therefore, the jury who sat upon the body brought in a verdict "that the deceased had been killed by a pistol-ball, but from whose hands unknown"; there were many, however, as instanced by the assertion of Sir William Hotham, who viewed the affair as murder—the murder of one madman by another. The fact that Lord Frederick, who was in holy orders, stated that he had been discussing a religious matter with his brother at the time of the occurrence, lent a touch of irony to the incident, but did not militate against his clerical career, for he later held the living of Stiffky in Norfolk, and survived till 1836.

Another and more pathetic case of mental derangement is referred to by Hotham in an undated biographical sketch as follows:—]

Rear-Admiral Warre. This unfortunate Officer had been Captain of the 'Adamant,' 50, in 1797.

¹ The *Annual Register* for 1796, p. 21 of the *Chronicle*, *et seq.*

In consequence of his temporary alienation of reason I was appointed to succeed him. After he had been for some time under the care of Dr. Willis in Lincolnshire, he was sufficiently recovered to pay the Officers and men of the ship a visit whilst she was laying at Sheerness. They were glad to see him, for he was deservedly respected. Upon his returning to shore he abruptly asked me before he left the ship if I knew why he had been superseded by me. I immediately replied, saying, "Perfectly—you were harassed and fatigued by attention to a large convoy in tempestuous weather, several of which were lost, and the Admiralty judged it necessary in consequence that you should retire for a time from Active Service." "You are very good," he said, "to qualify the real reason in this delicate manner, but the fact is that the Admiralty thought I was mad, and I would be glad to ask you, as a man of clear understanding, how they were justified in coming to this conclusion, and whether you imagine any being but the Almighty One that created us can ascertain if reason is perfect or imperfect. We have all our different shades of aberration."

Many years afterwards I saw him one day in the Village Churchyard of East Barnet where he lived. He had received the Sacrament, and I found him perfectly collected and reasonable. Unfortunately I happened to say that in the destruction of Moscow and the disastrous retreat of the French Army, it almost appeared that the Hand of Heaven had interfered. This was touching the string upon which

all my poor friend's misfortune seemed to hang. He hastily desired I would go down to his house with him that he might show me, in the 28th chap. of St. Matthew, how clearly all things had been foretold. When his disease was at its height, he would ask if the marks upon his breast (moles forming something like a cross) did not sufficiently denote who he was? Mr. Underwood, the Vicar, very far advanced in life and infirm with gout, was in the habit at East Barnet of preaching in the desk. This had occurred frequently without attracting the poor Admiral's notice, who, however, unexpectedly one day in the middle of the service took the infirm Vicar very quietly in his arms and carried him into the pulpit. The misfortune of the Admiral was known, and no notice was taken—Mr. Underwood very kindly, and with much good sense, thanked him for the trouble, and began his sermon.

Admiral Warre was a liberal-minded and very honourable man. When he was placed upon the Retired List he made every effort to avoid this humiliating occurrence, and, on his expostulating upon the subject, one of the Lords of the Admiralty had at once the want of feeling and of tact to be brutally frank respecting the true cause. Admiral Warre with considerable dignity told the man who thus addressed him that no one ought to have been more tender upon this subject than he, since he might have seen from his own family how dreadful a calamity this was.

He was staying in the neighbourhood of his own home with Mr. Curtis, who had always treated him

with most humane kindness, when it became necessary that some of Dr. Simmonds's people should be sent for, and whilst he was in Mr. Curtis's gig at Southgate (his friend having stopped the vehicle and got out of it) the Admiral recognised one of two men sent down by Dr. Simmonds to secure and attend upon him. He immediately asked them what brought them to Southgate; they replied they were come to that neighbourhood to take care of one Admiral Warre. The Admiral immediately jumped out and gave them pretty convincing proof that he had strength of body remaining, though that of his mind was quite gone. The Keeper had been formerly with Dr. Willis and did not recollect the poor patient, though the latter recognised him.

To those not in the habit of witnessing this most deplorable of human calamities it is extremely difficult to judge of the actual state of any man's brain, since we cannot, without doing a sort of violence to our own reason, imagine another defective in his. I remember visiting a young friend of mine at Dr. Warburton's at Hoxton and passing more than an hour with him in very collected and rational conversation, during the continuance of which he occasionally and calmly assured me he could not understand on what account it was that he was thus severed from his friends and Society. He showed me the different parts of the building and described the uses which the several compartments were put to, and, in short, gave me every information I could have required with as much

clearness and consistency as any of the Keepers in the Establishment could have done.

I was much shocked at his being detained in a state, as I imagined, of perfect sanity, in such a place as this ; and having taken my leave of him, I gave my name and requested to see some of the Superintendents in the absence of Dr. Warburton. One of these immediately came and I found him an intelligent and obliging person. I instantly communicated all I felt about the poor young man I had just left, and he said he thought it right to at once undeceive me and to say that he was one of the patients of the Establishment of whom they had the least hope, there not being the least probability of his ever being perfectly cured.

I had observed several years ago in this unfortunate man, the indications of incipient derangement. I could not mention my fears, because I saw his father and friends had not the most remote suspicion upon the subject. He was continually drawing on his slate the most grotesque figures, which nothing but the imagination running wild could have given form to. My fears were grounded upon this before any other marks of alienation appeared ; they were soon realised, for a year-and-a-half afterwards he was first put under medical care in London, and later removed to Dr. Warburton's establishment at Hoxton. Yet, strangely enough, although I had thus observed in him signs of incipient insanity when all believed him to be sane, yet, when he had been pronounced to be suffering from mental

derangement, his rational conversation could deceive me into thinking him the sanest of mortals !

I was once at the Asylum at York when a gentleman spoke to me. I remembered it was some Military man I had known, but I could not remember his name. I enquired it, but was told they never gave information on this subject to anybody.

Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, died 1825. This King, Ferdinand I, was born the 13th January, 1751, and was the third son of Charles the III of Spain. [When his father ascended the Spanish throne in 1759, Ferdinand succeeded him in Naples, under a regency, as Ferdinand IV. After his marriage in 1768 with Maria Carolina, daughter of Maria Theresa, and sister of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, he fell completely under the influence of his Queen, and lost his popularity. He joined England and Austria against France in 1793, but in 1801 he was forced to make a treaty with Napoleon. A violation of this treaty compelled him, in 1806, to take refuge in Sicily under English protection, and the French took Naples, which Napoleon bestowed first on his brother Joseph, and then on Murat. Ferdinand, however, was reinstated by the Congress of Vienna in 1814, and next year united his two states into the Kingdom of the two Sicilies when, with Austrian help, he established a rigorous despotism. His Queen had died in 1814.]

This Monarch died of apoplexy on January 4th, after a very long, chequered, and extraordinary reign, during which one is astonished that he was

so long able to preserve his crown and his life from the repeated attempts of revolutionary madness, the overwhelming power of Napoleon, or from the subsequent and dangerous machinations of the Carbonari. He always appears to have been a personal favourite with the people and particularly so with a then essential portion of it, the Lazzaroni, diminished, it is understood, both in their numbers and spirit by the subsequent policy of the French Government. He appeared of himself, a well-meaning, good-natured, weak man, entirely under the control of his Queen and the Minister Acton, and too much addicted to his personal amusements to be able to apply himself to the toilsome business of his station.

In his person he was well made, rather above the middle size, slender but equal to great exercise. In his appearance very like an English country gentleman of some years ago, with a great deal of cordiality in his manner, but not the least dignity, except on horseback, and then he appeared to advantage. His countenance was open and good-natured, and his features large ; but there was no intelligence about him. Though not often called upon to exert it, when occasion arose he seems by no means to have been deficient in personal spirit.

He was particularly fond of his Marine, and in the early part of his life was constantly afloat. I have mentioned his being good-natured enough to desire Sir Wm. Hamilton to tell me (when I first went to Naples) that as there was much for me to see on shore and, as my time was probably circumscribed, he



MARIE-CAROLINE AND HER FAMILY
From a print in the British Museum

hoped I would pay no attention to his excursions in the Bay, but amuse myself. I took him at his word and directed the Commanding Officer of the Frigate, in my absence, to pay every possible respect to the Neapolitan Standard whenever it should be seen flying. His Majesty rowed round the Frigate and examined her attentively.

I was presented to the King at this date, 1795, and was received by him as well as Her Majesty with marked attention and kindness. She received me in deep mourning for a Prince of the House of Austria, who was to have been married to one of her daughters, and I begged Sir Wm. Hamilton to tell Her Majesty how sensible I was of the honour of being received under such circumstances. She turned to me and said the English Nation had done much for her, it was but fair she should step out of the line of etiquette for them. She was very plain in her person, but had a very intelligent countenance. Like Mary Queen of Scots after the murder of Rizzio, the Queen of Naples, when intelligence was brought her of the death of her sister, Marie Antoinette, said she had time only to think of revenge.

It was at this date that the Neapolitan Minister, Sir John Acton, desired to see me on the subject of the Chevalier Caraccioli. The Chevalier Acton had formerly been in the Marine and had distinguished himself at Algiers. He was an able man, and, as already mentioned, of a very ancient Catholic family of Lancashire. He had a fine person and had very much the manners of a gentleman.

I remember a curious anecdote of his Sicilian Majesty and the Earl of Bessborough, Bishop of Derry, who had a daughter to whom the King appears to have paid marked attention, and whom he very much admired.

The King, in the course of conversation, very earnestly strove to vindicate himself from the charge sometimes preferred against him of inattention to public affairs. He said that he always heard Mass, and, having done so, signed his public papers and transacted business with his Ministers, and that *then* he considered he had a right to unbend, and hunt, or shoot, or in any way follow his own amusement.

“Yes, sir,” said the Bishop curtly; “and so in other matters your Majesty distinguishes between public duty and private pleasure. You first, as a duty, wed her Majesty, and then for your pleasure make love to my daughter!”

The King, as may readily be believed, never had him invited to the Royal presence afterwards.

This story is the less unlikely when it is remembered that this same prelate threw some refuse from his bedchamber window at Siena upon the Host as it passed, and narrowly escaped forfeiting his life to the just fury of the mob.

At the Levée one day the King asked my Uncle, the Bishop of Clogher, who was upon leave from his diocese, whether it was of him that he had heard he had three wives. My uncle assured his Majesty it was not him, for that he found one quite sufficient.

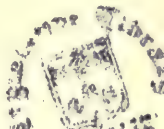
I was once present at a horse-race near Naples, in company with the Duke of Leeds.¹ My first acquaintance with the latter was in early life when he married a daughter of Lord Townshend, and sister to Lady Anne, wife of my old friend and school-fellow, Harrington Hudson, Esqre., of Belingsby, near Bridlington in Yorkshire. The Duke was very pleasing in his manners, and good-looking in his person, but pale; he was fond of conviviality, but unable to indulge in it to excess. He was staying at Naples with his family, and was very hospitable to me. I also took him on board Admiral Fremantle's² ship in the Bay.

We were all invited to the Carditello, a country place of the King of Naples, where, amongst other amusements, was this race. The fellows were without saddles or bridles, and the course was so badly kept that, as is usual upon these occasions, several lives were lost. I was entertained at seeing the Duke of Leeds watching this, and thinking of the contrast he must have perceived between York and Doncaster races and the Carditello!

The Duke, who was Governor of the Scilly Isles, later received all in one month (May, 1827) the appointment of Master of the Horse, Member of the Privy Council, and the Order of the Garter (he told me himself, quite unsolicited). His son, Lord Carmarthen, married a Catholic lady, Louisa, the

¹ George, 6th Duke of Leeds (1775-1838). He succeeded his father in 1799.

² Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Fremantle (1765-1819). He was made Rear-Admiral 1810. He commanded in the Adriatic 1812-14, and was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean 1818.



third daughter of Richard Caton, of Maryland, and widow of Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey.

[She was one of three beautiful sisters who came over to England and created a furore by their loveliness and charm. American visitors here were then rare, and a story runs that on the first occasion when these ladies dined in the company of the Regent, one of his suite facetiously inquired from Louisa Caton: "Which part of the States do you come from, the '*I guess*,' or '*I calculate*'?" "Neither," corrected the Regent, who had overheard the remark—"the '*I fascinate*!'"]

[In 1824 had died Lord Byron, and the following year this curious correspondence was copied by Sir William Hotham.]

The Lady of Mr. John Sheppard, of Frome, having died some time ago, leaving amongst her papers a prayer which her husband believed to have been composed on behalf of the Noble Poet, Mr. Sheppard addressed it to his Lordship, and the admirers of the poet will, we believe, be as much gratified with his reply as the friends of Christianity with the address which called it forth.

Frome,
Somerset,
Nov. 21st, 1821.

MY LORD,

More than two years since a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me by a lingering disease, after a very short union. She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude and a piety so retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential as to produce uniform

benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately born and only infant for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection, her last whispers were : " God is happiness ! God is happiness ! "

Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers which no one had seen during her life and which contain her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your Lordship a passage from these papers, which there is no doubt refers to yourself, as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

" Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of Thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished by his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talent Thou hast bestowed upon him, be awakened to a sense of his own danger and led to seek that peace of mind, in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world's enjoyment unable to procure ! Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil ; and may the Sun of Righteousness, which we trust will at some future period arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised, and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him.

" May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness and the approval of my own love to the Great Author of Religion will render this prayer and every other for the welfare of mankind efficacious ; cheer me in the path of duty, but let me not forget that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good, a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ's death for the salvation of those who trust in Him

and really seek to serve Him, would soon dry up and leave us barren of every virtue as before."

There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can in the least interest you ; but it may perhaps appear to you worthy of reflection, how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others a Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity.

Here is nothing poetical or splendid as in the expostulatory homage of M. de Lamartine, but here is the *sublime*, my Lord, for this intercession was offered on your account to the Supreme Source of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French Poet and from a charity which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing.

It would add nothing, my Lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it ; I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray that wisdom from above and peace and joy may enter such a mind.

Lord Byron to Mr. Shepherd.

SIR,

Pisa, Dec. 8th, 1821.

I have received your letter—I need not say that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Tho' I am not quite sure that it was intended by the writer for me, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances which you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomsoever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say pleasure, because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom I trust that you will again meet cannot be contemplated

without the admiration due to her virtues and to her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking, and I do not know that in the course of reading the story of mankind and still less upon my observations of the existing portion, I ever met with anything so unostentatiously beautiful.

Indisputably, the firm believers in the gospel have a great advantage above all others—for this simple reason that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter, and if there be no hereafter, they can but be with the Infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst of them) out of nothing—nothing can arise, not even sorrow.

But a man's creed does not depend on himself—who can say—*I will believe this or that or the other?* and least of all that which he can least comprehend. I have observed, however, that those who have begun life with extreme faith have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth Clark (who ended as an Arian) and some others, while on the other hand nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertuis and Henry Kirke White.

But my business is to acknowledge your letter and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes and more obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object, whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame that ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar and Napoleon—could such be accumulated in a living head.

Do me the justice to suppose that "*Video meliora proboque*" however "*Deteriora sequor*" may have been applied to my conduct,

1826. In the spring of this year I dined with Pozzo di Borgo at one of his public dinners, and found him grown stout. He entertained very splendidly, but he is a shy and silent man upon these occasions, and although universally respected, does not shine in society. (In 1813 he entered the Russian service and represented Russia at Paris, the Congress of Vienna, the Congress of Verona, and London.) He called me one of "the veterans of the Old School," and told me among other things he considered there "was as much bad blood in Russia as anywhere."

Though his abilities are of a different sort and his situation in life different also, I could never altogether from the earliest times separate this person in my ideas from his countryman, the Emperor Napoleon. General Pozzo di Borgo, like the Emperor, was a man of great talent and enterprising disposition, and in many material respects superior to that extraordinary man.

As previously related, I first became acquainted with him in 1794, when I volunteered to serve with the Troops in Corsica and was landed there with a Brigade of seamen under the immediate command of Captain Nelson. We had a very considerable detachment of Corsicans acting with us and one of its leaders was the subject of this memoir. He was always at the Advanced Post when anything like danger menaced, and cheerfully underwent any privation. He became consequently known to all the British, and his merit was soon discovered by Sir Gilbert Elliot, subsequently

Viceroy, who took him by the hand and received him into his family. As the sloop I was soon appointed to had all her men taken from her to man the line-of-battle, I too became a guest at Sir Gilbert's, and had frequent opportunities of improving my acquaintance with this Corsican, while we lived under the same roof, and I always felt persuaded in my own mind, notwithstanding the then comparative obscurity in which he was, that he would one day fill some important situation connected with the politics of Europe.

His figure was then slender but well formed, and his manner and countenance are both exceedingly in his favour. He is a man of clear understanding and intrepid courage. He was, if I mistake not, intended for the Bar, and appears to have been of the same age as his compatriot, Napoleon, of whom to the last he never spoke but in terms of detestation. As stated, Pozzo di Borgo and Sir Sidney Smith were equally unmeasured in their personal abuse of Napoleon, but especially the former. I saw him many years afterwards as Minister from Russia to Paris, and upon my telling him, what was very true, that he looked younger than he did many years before, he said he believed me, for that he was happy in the one instance and miserable in the other.

A lady told me he took lessons in English of her, and that he selected the "Paradise Lost" as the book of poetry to read from. He felt very much the Emperor Alexander's death, which happened

that year (*sic*), and his politics seem to have been very strong towards the Holy Alliance.

In December, 1826, died the Marquis of Hastings¹ (1754-1826), on board the 'Revenge' at Naples, where he had come from Malta. His life, like that of his old Commanding Officer and friend, Lord Cornwallis, had been a very busy and active one, and in the various public situations he filled his character stood high.

In his pecuniary circumstances he was latterly a very distressed man, and the last situation he held at Malta was given him on that account. His fortune had not been impaired by any positive personal extravagance or play, but by utter inattention, and actual benevolence and hospitality to the Emigrés of rank in this Country from France. He was open-handed in small things as in great, and upon the death of his maternal uncle, Lord Huntingdon, he sent my father and all his brothers rings, as mementoes of the respect His Lordship had for their family.

In person Lord Hastings was tall, and he had at all times the appearance of a military man. His countenance was very pleasing and his manners quite elegant. I used to meet him at the late Sir Thomas Sutton's, and Lady Sutton showed me a

¹ Francis Rawdon, 1st Marquis of Hastings and 2nd Earl of Moira (1754-1826), soldier and statesman. He first attracted attention for his bravery at Bunker's Hill, in 1775, and had subsequently a distinguished career, filling many important public offices. He was Governor-General of Bengal in 1813-22 and was named Governor of Malta in 1824, but died at sea in Baia Bay in 1826.

letter from him once, giving her an account of his visit to the interior in India by water. It was exceedingly interesting and descriptive, but surprisingly long, and he was much in the habit of writing letters of this sort to his friends which resembled pamphlets rather than letters.

His Lordship was 74, but he bid fair to have lived some years if his death had not been accelerated by a fall from his horse. I saw him at Paris a twelvemonth before looking remarkably well. He was generally in decided opposition to Mr. Pitt's administration, and was a great personal favourite of His late Majesty and the Duke of York, whose second he was in the duel with Colonel Lennox. He was very much beloved by those immediately about him.

He left particular directions that his right hand should be cut off and kept during Lady Loudoun's¹ life, and buried with her at her death. So strange and unaccountable, even in the strongest minds, are those aberrations from reason which are perpetually occurring.

¹ Lord Hastings (the Earl of Moira) married in 1804 Flora Muir-Campbell, Countess of Loudoun in her own right.

CHAPTER XII

PORTRAITS UNDER GEORGE IV

1827-1830

ON January 5th, 1827, after a painful and protracted illness His Royal Highness Field Marshal the Duke of York¹ breathed his last at 20 minutes before 9.

Politically speaking H.R.H. will be a great loss, at least if a firm supporter of the religion established by law is considered as useful to his Country, and that supporter the Heir Presumptive to the Crown. By many this open avowal of his feelings in the House of Lords was considered imprudent, but it was time for those who felt the importance of the question to act upon it, and upon this occasion H.R.H. did so as became a soldier and a gentleman.

The Duke of York's military career was not a fortunate one, because he had an inexperienced though brave army under his command, and was acting with allies divided in their councils and opposed to an enemy whose sword was sharpened

¹ Frederick Augustus (1763-1827), second son of George III. He was sent in command of an expedition to the Netherlands against the French in 1793 and again in 1799, having in 1795 been made British Commander-in-Chief.

by the new opinions and prevailing enthusiasm of the times.

When Commander-in-Chief of the armies in Flanders the Duke was much blamed for the following incident.

It will be recalled that, during the dreadful Mutiny at the Nore my friend, afterwards Rear-Admiral Mansel, was First Lieutenant of the 'Iris,' and having gone on shore in direct contradiction to Parker's order, the boat he was in was fired at and sunk, and he himself was tried by Court Martial and condemned to death, but escaped owing to the indignation of the people of the 'Iris,' who slipped the cables on the returning tide and went to the little Nore.

Robert Mansel was the son of General Mansel, who commanded the Heavy Brigade of Cavalry under the Duke of York in Flanders 1793-4. In one engagement with the enemy it was hinted that the General had not brought his Brigade up in sufficient time to save the Light Dragoons, who had in consequence suffered severely—in short that he had deliberately kept aloof. He received some very severe remarks from the Commander-in-Chief in consequence, and took this much to heart. On the next occasion when his Brigade was to charge, he, with obvious intention, sent his son, who was his aide-de-camp, upon some trifling message which prevented the young man being with him all day. He then put himself at the head of his men (which is never done) and in the most marked manner led them to the enemy and was the first man killed.

Meanwhile the unfortunate young man, riding about all the morning to find his father, fell in with a detachment of the enemy and was taken prisoner. The General's act had so obviously been a tragic determination to remove the slur from his name or perish in the attempt, that the Duke was much blamed for the carelessness and severity of his censure upon the occasion, which had cost the life of a gallant officer and led to the captivity of his son.

Yet as Commander-in-Chief of the Army H.R.H. was beyond all praise, and long, very long will it be before that profession has as its head one who can be more zealous for its good, or can, during so long a period, by an unremitting attention to its interests and its name, preserve both as he did. Here the loss, from the General to the Drum Boy, will be felt. His abilities were not brilliant, but sufficiently so to enable him to fulfil his duties in the manner I have mentioned.

He was equal to a great deal of bodily fatigue, and was close in application to business. In his early life he was contented with very little sleep—far less than would be essential to the average man. Latterly he slumbered much in his carriage during the day, so that at night he could not rest, and spent his time playing cards.

Personally I had great difficulty in hearing H.R.H., which was not the case with either the King or the Duke of Clarence, both of whom spoke very clearly and distinctly. But the Duke had the manners and the way of speaking of a shy and very diffident man. He was, however, good-natured and convivial, and

was extremely uncomfortable when there was any constraint where he was. He was a great Patron of the Theatre and frequently attended Theatrical Charitable Performances. He was a constant attendant too at our College Plays at Westminster.

Before his body was well cold there were unfeeling and brutal recapitulations in the public papers of the whole of his conduct with Mrs. Clarke. [As will be remembered, the Duke of York, when Commander-in-Chief, had for three years a *liaison* with a woman of humble origin but great powers of fascination, who went by the name of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke. It was at length discovered that she had been selling commissions in the army for extortionate sums, and sinecures in almost every department of State, so that men of all classes, by her intervention, had procured places and privileges as a matter of favouritism or of merchandise. So much was this the case that a footman whom she liked was given a commission in the army, and a clergyman, for substantial payment, had secured the honour of preaching before the King. On January 27th, 1809, therefore, Colonel Wardle, M.P. for Okehampton, brought forward a motion of inquiry in the House, charging the Commander-in-Chief, not only with having been a party to such practices, but of actually participating in the proceeds. Instead of this inquiry taking place, as he had intended, before a secret Committee, so great was the belief in the Duke's innocence, that it was decided to give the investigation all the publicity possible, and that the witnesses should be examined before the whole

House. This was a fatal mistake, as the culpability of the Duke was incontrovertibly established, and the scandal was great.

During the trial Mrs. Clarke appeared daily at the Bar of the House exquisitely dressed, witty, impudent, and answering the attacks of the cross-examiner with a cleverness and fund of repartee which completely foiled them.

Although the verdict eventually given declared charitably that the Duke was exonerated from the charge of personal corruption, it was evident that he had been guilty of culpable neglect of his duty, that he had signed papers presented to him without troubling to read them, and had agreed to every arrangement made by Mrs. Clarke, even while aware that she was making a traffic of such commissions. The Duke, in consequence, was forced to resign his Commandership, although in 1811 he was, to the indignation of many people, reinstated in it by his brother, the Prince Regent.]

Despite the fact that this prosecution, commenced and carried on against him in the House of Commons at the instance of Colonel Wardle, was the occasion of his being removed from the situations he held, and though some melancholy and incontrovertible facts were brought forward, the manner in which this was done was at once revolting and impolitic, and defeated the very purpose it was meant to answer. The imprudences of H.R.H. were forgiven and the contemptible conduct of his prosecutor (notwithstanding his receiving the freedom of the City of London with the usual blaze of civil popularity)

fell into the sink of forgetfulness and scorn it so justly merited. There were means resorted to of obtaining evidence upon this occasion which would have disgraced the most abject scoundrel that ever stooped to do a mean action.

The lamentable infatuation under which the Duke of York laboured, for women, play, and worst of all, the turf, early plunged H.R.H. into those pecuniary embarrassments which are the never failing consequences attendant upon them. These were his weaknesses, but it was better perhaps that they should have taken the turn they did than that innocence should have been seduced or the peace and honour of families destroyed. This line of conduct, which practically fell most heavily upon himself, at least saved *him* the pangs of remorse, and *others* the tears of burning shame or unavailing repentance. It tells surely well of his own heart, that with his person, manners, rank and all the seductive appendages of these he never caused another's heart to bleed.

In private life, indeed, H.R.H. was benevolent and warm, and always the friend of the distressed. To give a single instance of this. A servant of my father many years ago married my mother's maid, and, as the man was very well conducted, he was recommended to H.R.H.'s service where, after remaining a short time, he was put out of livery, and became a constant attendant on the Prince. Falling ill, however, he was obliged to go to a house he had at Pimlico, and his wife told me that during his illness, of which he died, the Duke not only never

forgot to send continually, but often came personally on horseback to inquire after the sick man.

The Duke indeed was naturally simple in his tastes, and sincere in his friendships. He was very unambitious, and did not covet the situation (that of King of England) which, for several years, he had a right to look forward to.

In early life, as already related, my father was Sub-Governor to H.R.H. with the Prince of Wales, under the Duke of Montagu, and had ever afterwards an affection for him quite parental and wholly independent of his rank and station. When the Prince of Wales dismissed my father from all his employments, the Duke in several kind letters from Hanover lamented the circumstances that led to any misunderstanding and entered warmly into the cause that gave rise to them, appointing my father to several situations in his own household. Upon his return from Hanover, however, the Prince of Wales very naturally represented what had occurred in a light more favourable to himself; and my father lost the friendship, I will not say *esteem*, of both his former pupils, so that the Duke likewise rarely noticed him beyond a cold civility. Nevertheless the voice of my father proved prophetic, and I have in my possession the actual letters of his to the Duke which pointed out in very plain language the utter ruin which awaited the Royal youth if he persisted in the line of conduct he was then adopting. So frank indeed was my father's warning and uttered so straight from his heart that he had obviously only the Prince's good in view, and his affection

altogether got the better of any consideration of policy or self-interest. In perusing these letters I was myself lost in astonishment that one who had seen so much of the world and knew mankind so well could have risked committing himself to such honest speaking in such a quarter. He suffered accordingly in every way, except one—and that was his sense of honour.

Nor were other members of his family exempt from the consequent animosity of the Prince. When my younger brother, who was Major of my father's Regiment, the 14th, died in 1804,¹ I wrote to the Commander-in-Chief to say, upon my honour, as a gentleman, that arrangements had already been made for the people from the Agents coming to him next morning with the necessary papers for the sale of his Majority, and that though he had died a few hours before, I hoped the circumstance would plead in favour of H.R.H. allowing the Majority to be sold in favour of his widow who had been married barely a month. My request was, to my great surprise and painful mortification, refused, for my brother had served a great deal and creditably, young as he was; but H.R.H. was then under baneful influence, and I still wish to believe my letter was never delivered to him, and that his answer was signed without knowing its contents.

However, when my eldest boy got his Lieutenancy, I was anxious to thank the Duke for it; but as

¹ Montagu Hotham, Major of the 14th Foot; married 22nd January, 1804, Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas Bird, of Norton Lodge, Co. Worcester, and died March, 1804.

H.R.H. was obliged to go to the House of Lords I lost one Levée day without having been able to accomplish my object, and this was very inconvenient to me as I was at that time living at Bath. I mentioned this to Sir Herbert Taylor,¹ deeming that I might pay my duty at some future period. Sir Herbert, in reply, requested I would call upon him at Cambridge House the next morning. I did so, and rather to my surprise was kept waiting there a considerable time, but at last a servant came in and desired me to walk into the drawing-room. There, to my still greater surprise, I found the Duke! I immediately feared there might be some mistake, and said I hoped that H.R.H. did not think for a moment I should have taken the liberty of asking to see him there. He shook hands cordially with me, and said this had been all done by him on purpose, and that he was very glad of an opportunity of congratulating me upon the promotion of my son. I never saw H.R.H. again.

I have two rings in my possession, more curious than beautiful, of their Royal Highnesses' hairs. That of the Prince of Wales is woven into an Ostrich plume, and the other, the Bishop of Osnaburgh's, is fashioned into a mitre. They were given to my father when the Princes were Boys.

My friend Lady Charlotte Bury wrote to me that not long before his death the Duke fell desperately in love with the Duchess of Rutland. Meeting her in Kensington Gardens one day he walked her up and down till the lady, who was not strong, was

¹ See page 284.



THE LAST SHOOTING EXCURSION OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE DUKE OF YORK
Painted by A. B. Van Worrrell, R.A., of Holland and Belgium

ready to faint from fatigue. At last perceiving this, but determined not to allow her to escape from him, the Duke ran off, puffing and blowing, as fast as he could, and brought a pony into the gardens, upon which he aired her up and down for two hours longer. When the Regent heard of this he is said to have laughed immoderately, exclaiming—"York is in for it at last!"

[Not long after the death of the Duke of York, in April, 1827, Canning became Prime Minister, and was joined by some of the Whigs, but the Duke of Wellington and Peel refused to form part of his Ministry, and they, with Lord Eldon, retired, although the latter, with a brief interval (1806-7) had been Lord Chancellor for twenty-six years.]

"The following severe lines," [writes Sir William], "appeared during the resignations that took place in His Majesty's Councils upon Mr. Canning being appointed First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury."

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ

LORD ELDON

"*Vos, O quibus integer ævi
Sanguis, ait, solidaeque suo stant robore vires
Vos agitate fugam.
Si mihi coelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
Has mihi servassent sedes; satis una superque
Vidimus excidia, et captæ superavimus urbi.*"

To quit distinction, patronage, and pelf
May suit your spirits and your years, friend Peel,
But 'tis a sign Heaven calls me to itself
When at my age it calls me from the seal.

Why wish to live ?—My empire crushed at once !

No Bankrupt fees, no Turtle at the Mayor's !

A King no dupe ! A Minister no dunce !

Cheap law, cheap bread, free markets and free prayers !

Why wish to live ?—I once was out before,

And once I think is quite enough and more.

EARL OF WESTMORLAND¹

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser

Porticibus Gallos in "Canning" adesse canebat.

A certain wealthy gander in a fright

Waddled all round the Capitol by night,

Cackling and hissing out that all was over,

That Canning's jokes would bring the French to Dover !

EARL BATHURST²

Alcandrumque Haliumque Numonaque Bytanenque.

There lives not in this ample town,

A Smith, a Jackson, or a Brown

Who in my judgment would not do

At least, my Lord, as well as you !

THE DUKE OF MONTROSE³

Primo avulso non deficit alter

Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.

Statesmen and Orators do not abound

But a new Chamberlain is quickly found ;

Soon as one Gold Stick drops into disgrace

Up springs another to supply its place.

¹ Lord Privy Seal in Lord Liverpool's Ministry.

² Henry, 3rd Earl Bathurst, Secretary of War and Colonies
1812-27.

³ James, 3rd Duke of Montrose, Lord Justice General of Scotland,
and Chancellor of the University of Glasgow.

PEEL¹

*Vestra, inquit, munera vobis
Certa manent pueri et palmam movet ordini nemo—
Me liceat casus misereri insontis amici.*

Heaven prosper Canning's noble views
For England's weal and George's glory,
But Canning's self may well excuse
The little twinge we feel to lose
One courteous, knowing, honest Tory.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON

*. . . quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis !*

Ungrateful, sullen, savage, cold,
The people's scorn, the army's hate ;
Can this be He the wise, the bold,
The loved, the feared, the good, the great !
Whom Majesty rejoiced to see
A constant guest at the Pavilion,
Whom Parliament was proud to fee,
With a small present of a Million ?

 LORD BEXLEY²

*Fortunate senex, ergo rura manebunt :
Et tibi magna satis ; quamvis lapis omnia nudus
Limosoque palus obducatur pascua junco.
Non insueta graves tentabunt pabula fetus ;
Nec mala vicini pectoris contagia lædent.*

Thrice fortunate old man, to thee alone
The griefs which rack thy brethren are unknown—
While Melville's heart becomes a heavier load
At every step along the northern road—

¹ Sir Robert Peel, Secretary for Ireland in Lord Liverpool's Ministry.

² Nicholas Vansittart, 1st Baron Bexley (1766–1851), Chancellor of the Exchequer 1812–23.

While Eldon tortured by paternal fears
 Counts the small savings of laborious years,
 Plans a secure escape from duns and gaols
 To some cheap cot in Devon or in Wales,
 And hopes by frugal care in that retreat
 With small assistance to make both ends meet ;
 Thou with unchanged effulgence still wilt shine—
 Thine is the council and the levée thine ;
 Still shall thy heart beat higher at the ray
 Which gilds the auspicious moon of quarter-day,
 With that meek voice that would not scare a mouse,
 Still shalt thou lull the murmurs of the House,
 In manner gentle as in matter bold
 Shalt prove old rags equivalent to gold,
 Or for fresh measures of dead weight shalt call,
 Thyself, Heaven knows, the deadeast weight of all !

VISCOUNT MELVILLE

*O fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna
 Antiqui Ausonii, quae vos fortuna quietos
 Sollicitat, suadetque ignota lacessere bella ?*

What fiend, my Lord, in Eldon's shape
 Enticed you into such a scrape ;
 What has a shrewd old Scot like you
 With such an idle brawl to do ?
 How would your cunning father stare
 To see such madness in his heir !
 For shame ! renounce this strange grimace,
 Think on the real rights of place—
 To rule each trade and each profession—
 Each Dean of Guild and Lord of Session ;
 To fill the maws and clothe the backs
 Of fifteen hundred fawning Macks ;
 To pension all the lads and lasses
 Of Hays and Drummonds and Dundasses ;
 And deal commissions round by dozens
 Through high-cheeked rows of twentieth Cousins !

[Of Lord Melville Hotham appends a short "Character."]

Robert, second Viscount Melville,¹ K.T. (1771-1851), who resigned with the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, etc., upon Mr. Canning being appointed Premier in 1827, must, from his long habit in office, be essentially useful to any Administration with which he acts. He was again appointed to the situation he had many years filled (and his father before him) of First Lord of the Admiralty, upon the resignation of the Lord High Admiral (the Duke of Clarence). It was imagined he would rather have remained at the Board of Control, a situation in which he appears to have given great satisfaction and for which he was eminently qualified. His Lordship had been once or twice mentioned for the Governor Generalship of India, and here, too, he appears to have been likely to have been popular. It seems domestic considerations alone prevented his going.

In the transaction of Public business, at least in that minor branch of it which concerns individual applications, his Lordship is cold, reserved and silent, but to those who are frequently with him, and by whom he is well known, he is cheerful and good-natured in his manner. He appears about fifty-five, is stout in his person, and a very amiable character in private life.

He did not (nor could it reasonably be expected that he should, with his large family) entertain

¹ Robert, 2nd Viscount Melville, K.T. Born 1771, succeeded his father the 1st Viscount in 1811, died 1851.

much, and the splendour of Royalty and the liberal manner in which it was displayed by the Lord High Admiral, will make a difference, let who will come to the Board, that will be sensibly felt.

I once, in a company where Lord Melville was present, mentioned the circumstance of General Francis Dundas¹ being shot in his carriage by a foot-pad. I did not know that Lord Melville had been in the carriage with the General when this happened. His Lordship at once related to me that the General was asleep when the fellows first stopped them, and that, upon the door being opened a second time, he, Lord Melville, fired and wounded the rascal nearest to him. The other, it seems, then fired his pistol and hit General Dundas, the ball going in above the breast and lodging under the shoulder-blade. It was extracted and no bad consequences followed.

About the same time, and on the same road, Mr. Eardley was shot, and the ball passed through his cheeks without injuring the jawbone or even the teeth! The man who attempted that crime was tried, condemned and executed.

[For many years the discussion respecting the Slave Trade had been agitating all sections of society. To-day, when the moral aspect of that question appears capable of only one interpretation, it is strange to find that a man of the capacity of Sir William Hotham—a man, moreover, who was essen-

¹ The son of Robert Dundas, Lord Arniston the younger. He surrendered with Cornwallis at York Town in 1781. He was acting Governor of the Cape 1798-9. He died in 1824.

tially gentle, chivalrous and kindly in disposition—could yet be opposed to an innovation demanded by all the instincts of humanity. But it must be borne in mind that Sir William Hotham had himself spent a considerable time in the West Indies, and was in a position to recognise that the problem was an exceedingly complex one, in which justice to the West India planters was too apt to be lost sight of by the enthusiasts in the cause of the slaves.

The colonists were for the most part men who had expended large fortunes in the cultivation and improvement of land honestly purchased by them for considerable sums, or who had made heavy advances to the owners of the land for the right of occupation ; it was a duty, in as far as was practicable with the great principle at issue, to safeguard the interests of this industrious and valuable portion of the community, the members of which were individually not to blame for the existence of a legalised wrong. Still more there was another aspect of the case which, in the interest of the unfortunate negroes themselves, required careful consideration. It was argued that any sudden and immediate abolition of the slave trade would be the occasion of much bloodshed on the African coast, as the slaves brought there from very remote countries were sometimes as long as twenty months on their journey, and if on their arrival no market was found for them, they would inevitably be put to death, since their captors would neither be at the expense of feeding them gratis nor of repatriating them. Meanwhile, as the discussion dragged on from

session to session, for a time the evil which it designed to diminish steadily increased, for other nations, profiting by the diminution in English competition in this trade, supplied their own colonies with negroes cheaper, and consequently more plentifully, than before.

Thus it is not surprising to find that when, about the date of Canning's accession to power, Hotham first encountered the man who above all others stood for the champion of the unfortunate negroes, the Admiral, while doing justice to the courage and sincerity of William Wilberforce, should yet condemn the latter's advocacy of a cause which, to a temperament so normally conservative as was Hotham's own, appeared an experiment lacking in wisdom and of issue as doubtful as it was Methodistical in origin.]

*Mr. William Wilberforce.*¹ On April 4th, 1827, I had occasion to call upon this gentleman to remonstrate against a very harsh expression alleged to have been made use of by a young friend of his, the Honble. Captain Noel, at the Bath Seamen's Friends' Society. I had a long and satisfactory conversation with this extraordinary and respectable man, in which he excused his friend on the score of youth and inexperience in public speaking.

¹ Son of a merchant at Hull. In 1780 he was returned for Hull and in 1784 for Yorkshire. In 1784-5 during a tour on the Continent with Dean Milner he became seriously impressed with religion; and in 1788 he entered on his nineteen years' struggle for the abolition of the Slave Trade which was crowned with victory in 1807. He retired from Parliament in 1805.

In his person he is very diminutive, and now bends very much, but he has, though exceedingly short-sighted, a very intelligent countenance and his manner and conversation are both pleasing. He told me that nearly forty years before, in 1788, his Physician assured him that he had no stamina for the toils of public life, and that to embark on these would mean the wreckage of his health if not his speedy demise. I recalled to his remembrance an old Uncle of mine, a friend of his, who in 1785 was told, and did not himself think, he had six months to live, and who is still alive and well.

Mr. Wilberforce has long and patiently persevered in his favourite object, the abolition of the Slave Trade, and his views and the principle that urged him to the completion of them, were honourable at least to his own disinterestedness and benevolence.

But he has not, and still less have those who have adopted his ideas, managed the thing with prudence and dexterity. He had a very difficult, and in these times a very dangerous, card to play, and has necessarily more than once been hurried on by his zeal into misrepresentations that have caused and will yet occasion infinite mischief to our colonies. If in the early part of his life he had visited our West India Islands himself, and formed from what he saw his general plan of amelioration, he would have acquired more knowledge in this way in a very short period than he has subsequently attained through a long course of years, for his information generally was partial and unjust.

He was at one time a staunch friend of Mr. Pitt,

but latterly his politics have not been steady. His conduct upon the trial of Queen Caroline was not what was generally expected of him.

In private life (and I had the testimony of one who knew him well and was himself a very discerning judge of character) he bears the reputation of being as amiable as a man can well be, very decided in his religious ways of thinking and a great leader of the Methodists, but exceedingly cheerful and much beloved by his friends and his family. He represented Hull in earlier life, and the County of Yorkshire latterly.

In 1827 died George, 11th Earl of Pembroke and 8th of Montgomery, K.G., born in 1759.

My acquaintance with this amiable and respected nobleman was slight, but sufficiently strong to make me very much wish that it had been greater. His natural brother, Captain Montgomery, with whom I was Lieutenant, first introduced me to him, and as they were very affectionately attached, Lord Pembroke always treated me with great kindness and attention. He was very pleasing in his person and manners, and very much beloved in his family. He died in the prime of life.

I remember a ridiculous circumstance happening to me in connection with his Lordship. I was walking with an able Churchman who was, however, intemperate on the score of Politics, and the conversation turned upon the attention and subservience that were paid to aristocracy ; and those who spoke with deference of the nobility came in, as I did, for a

share of my companion's anger and ridicule. At this moment Lord Pembroke passed and I was, of course, somewhat fearful under the circumstances of appearing to take too much notice of him. I therefore walked on. Two hours afterwards we met again, and he rallied me upon forgetting old friends, and passing him by with coldness and indifference. I immediately told him the truth, and assured him that it was more than probable if I had parted with my companion to go to the *Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery*, I should ever afterwards be brought forward as an illustration of the force of the democrat's reasoning! He laughed about this, and said I did right, but that he was very glad there was a subsequent interview between us.

He was Lieut.-Col. to Lord Townshend's regiment of Dragoons. The natural brothers resembled each other very much in countenance and manner, but not so much in person, Captain Montgomery being short and thick-set, and Lord Pembroke comparatively tall and slender—both very pleasing in their manners and countenances.

Lord Pembroke was said to have been penurious, but his father did not leave his affairs well regulated, and it is hard upon filial respect that it should be tortured into closeness and illiberality.

He certainly bore no resemblance to a friend of mine of whom the following anecdote is related:—

This gentleman had for many years, though in affluence, denied himself the fair comforts of life, but was under the necessity at length of keeping a carriage in consequence of gout and infirmity making

their encroachments. Having bought a second-hand one with a nobleman's coronet upon it, he was told that he could not avoid rubbing that out and putting either his own crest or his initials instead. He sent, therefore, for the Herald painter, and enquired the probable expense. "Why, sir," said the man, "I cannot make a good job of it under a guinea." "Very well then," replied the gentleman, "there's half a guinea for you, and you may make as bad a job of it as you please!"

Many stories in this connection are also related.

Sir Hovenden Walker¹ on one occasion was lying at Spithead, when he had a present sent to him of half a buck by Mr. Thistlethwaite of Hampshire. The Captain of the ship having informed him of this, and seeing no disposition in the Admiral to remunerate the gamekeeper who had brought it, ventured to inform him that upon these occasions it was usual to do this, putting it tactfully that "some *compliment* would be expected." "Very well," said the economical Admiral, "let it be so; order the gunner to salute him with three guns as he goes over the side!"

A friend of mine at Bath went to the Poulterer's, at that time in the passage near the Abbey, and ordered some game to be sent to his house. The Poulterer, fancying him to be the butler, and taking it for granted that his master's custom would be worth having by the quantity he then ordered, gave

¹ Sir Hovenden Walker (died 1728), Rear-Admiral, an Irishman. He was Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica in 1712. He went to Carolina 1716 and published a journal of his Canada expedition in 1720.

him two guineas and said that he hoped he would in future continually come to that shop. My friend quietly took the bait, which came in conveniently to pay for the game he had just ordered, so that he not only got it for nothing but made a profit on it !

A story is told of Lord Erskine that one day a stranger who was exceedingly anxious to see him determined to try to gratify this curiosity and called at his house. It so happened that Erskine, seeing him upon the doorstep, opened the door himself and asked what the man wanted. The latter thinking Erskine to be the butler promptly slipped a sovereign into his hand, and begged him to contrive some pretext by which he could see the Lord Chancellor. Erskine quietly pocketed the sovereign and then replied blandly : “ *I am the Lord Chancellor—now what do you want with me ?* ”

[In 1827 Hotham lost his first wife ; but the only reference to her which occurs among his writings is in the following anecdote.]

Her Majesty the Queen of Wurtemberg, Princess Royal of England.

In 1828 died, without issue, Charlotte Augusta Matilda, eldest daughter of George III.

[She was born 29th September, 1766, and married the 18th May, 1797, Frederick, then Duke, but subsequently King, of Wurtemberg, who died in 1816.]

I had the honour of being known to this Princess early in life ; and thirty-two years afterwards, in passing through Stuttgart, I sent to Louisberg, where

the Queen then was, to say that I would pay my duty to her if I was allowed to do so. She directly sent for Lady Hotham and myself to dine with her the next day at one o'clock, and explained she had sent thus immediately because she heard I was journeying on. When the dinner was announced she ordered me to sit next to her, as, although she had not seen me for thirty-two years, she did not forget the misfortune of deafness I laboured under.

She talked a great deal of my father and my family—made many enquiries about the health of her mother, Queen Charlotte, and said, amongst other things, that the only reason she ever felt displeased with Mr. Pitt was in his comparative neglect of her Brother William. She talked much of revisiting England and of going to Bath, and nothing could be more gracious than she was.

Lady Hotham sat below, as there were several people of rank at the table ; and her Majesty suddenly told me that she had seen her somewhere before. Upon my observing that I scarcely thought it possible that Lady H. ever had the honour of being in her Majesty's presence before, she said immediately : " I *may* be wrong—and you must put me right if I am—but I saw her when we all went to Cheltenham ; my father paid two visits to Gloucester, the one to the Mayor and Corporation—the other to Dean Tucker." I afterwards found out that upon both these occasions the few principal families of the place were permitted to be in the Deanery or the Bishop's Palace to see the Royal Family pass, and the Princess Royal had observed

a very pleasing looking girl who was close to the green baize cord that divided them. That young lady was afterwards Lady Hotham—her father, Sir Edwin Jeynes, was one of the principal inhabitants of the City (and I believe Mayor). I thus proved that the Queen was perfectly right in her conjecture. These were two very extraordinary instances of that memory for which our Royal Family has been so remarkable.

The Queen of Wurtemberg shortly after my visit came to England for some months, and died not long after her return to Germany. In her early life she had a very Royal appearance, and was supposed to have carried herself rather more haughtily than the rest of the family were inclined to do. It was said also that the Queen and she were not upon the best understanding with each other at all times. In later life she became very large and unwieldy and had very much the hasty and almost voracious manner at table that her father had. She seems to have been very much liked at the Court of Wurtemberg.

[About this date Hotham mentions having been introduced at the table of the Duchess of Kent to Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. "He was Preceptor to the Princess Victoria, and appeared much and deservedly respected. His mild manners and good sense always keep him securely aloof from any of the feeling of Party which will find its way in a degree almost everywhere." The future Bishop, Hotham relates, was a great friend of the future poisoner Wainewright, and Hotham remarks

how "we met at dinner there in Harley Street, and came home together." It is to be regretted that no further account is given of the strangely assorted company at that meal, or of the conversation subsequently when the Admiral and the grave Preceptor of the future Queen of England went home, doubtless discussing the pleasant company in which they had passed an agreeable evening.

This probably took place about 1827-28 when Wainewright lived in various luxuriously furnished apartments, and delighted in giving elegant and expensive dinners to a choice collection of friends, among whom he numbered many prominent people. At this date he was art-critic and art-student, and wrote essays and reviews which were widely read, besides exhibiting in the Royal Academy. Unfortunately for his future victims he had married on £200 a year, and with his luxurious and dilettante tastes soon outran his slender means, whereupon he forged an order on the Bank of England. About 1828 he and his wife gave up living in rooms and went to reside at Linden House, Turnham Green, with the rich uncle who was the first of the poisoner's victims the following year. His mother-in-law and sister-in-law were next despatched in 1830, the latter having first been insured for £18,000, and his wife being obviously an accomplice in the murder; while in 1831 an acquaintance at Boulogne is said to have shared their fate. Wainewright, venturing back from France in 1837, was arrested for his old forgery, and sentenced to life-transportation; but he escaped the gallows, and in Van Diemen's land

painted portraits, ate opium, and eventually is said to have died peacefully in his bed in Hobart Town Hospital at about fifty-eight years of age. Hotham's acquaintance with him, however, probably came to an abrupt ending not long after the pleasant dinner in Harley Street to which he casually referred.]

In the winter of 1828 died Sir Richard Strachan,¹ Bart., G.C.B., at the age of sixty-eight. I remember this officer in the 'Vestal' Frigate, going to India, and I served under his orders for some time many years afterwards, in a squadron blockading Havre. He was a very zealous, brave, and active officer, but possessed of a great deal of eccentricity without, perhaps, any remarkable ability or conduct. He had been constantly employed and had the honour of his profession and the welfare of his country as much at heart as any man that ever belonged to the one or served the other.

He commanded the Fleet in the most unfortunate expedition ever fitted out during the war [the Walcheren expedition], and it might, without derogating from his character, be asserted that it would have been better had he been in a subordinate than a chief situation. For everything that courage and enterprise could have effected might have been intrusted to him; but he wanted, upon

¹ Richard Strachan, nephew of Sir John Strachan, entered the Navy in 1772, and was present at various naval actions 1722-1802; he succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1777. Among other naval feats he captured four French battleships which had escaped from Trafalgar in 1805. He was made naval commander of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition in 1809 and became an Admiral in 1821.

great occasions, more coolness of conduct, and the command in question necessitated a more than usual share of it.

His subsequent conduct, as far as his coadjutor was concerned was not exactly what could have been wished, but he employed as a sort of Counsel in the House of Commons, a man (Sir Home Popham) with a great deal more head but not so much heart as himself. The indignation of the Country was to be roused against the Nobleman in the chief command of the Forces when the proper place for the blame to have fallen was upon the Ministers who employed him.

Sir Richard was about the middle size, very active, with a good-natured countenance and gentlemanlike manner, intemperate, however, at times on board his ship, and headstrong in his zeal.

He was remarkably irregular in his hours on board ship, and had a very uncomfortable establishment. I remember once his sending a challenge to the French Commanding Officer in Havre. The Officer, who did not at all enter into the spirit of this individual warfare, declined the proposal, saying very properly, that he was under higher authority than his own inclination, and must abide by the orders of the State he served, and in declining any further communication made use of the term "Parlementaire."¹ The letter (for I saw it) was certainly illegibly written and puzzled those who were desired to decipher it. At last the Surgeon imagined he had hit the thing exactly, and gave Sir

¹ A flag of truce.

Richard to understand, that the French Officer said it was not in his department. This put the English Commodore out of all patience, and he immediately made the signal for the Squadron to stand in, and after keeping up a distant cannonading for some time, and very near grounding in the Seine, we, to our relief, came out again unscathed.

This reminds me of a story told of Admiral Cornwallis, who many years ago, being ordered to reconnoitre a line of battleship, directed that the proper respect should be paid to the British Flag. He entrusted the communication of this to the only man whom he fancied understood French. The Frenchman, as most foreigners do, merely acknowledged the hail: but as Captain Cornwallis was impatient to know the answer, and the interpreter equally anxious to show his efficiency as a linguist, the latter announced confidently: "*Please, your Honour, he says he'll be damned if he'll do any such thing!*"

On December 4th of this year died Lord Liverpool.¹

I was at School with this Nobleman before he went to the Charter House, at Parson's Green; a School in those days of very considerable repute, and kept by a most respectable man, Mr. Hockley. The Cardigans, the Tuftons, the Burdetts, the Brandlings, the Clintons, and many others were there.

¹ Robert Banks Jenkinson, son of the 1st Earl of Liverpool, born 1770, succeeded his father in 1808, and in 1812 formed an administration which lasted for nearly fifteen years. He united the old and the new Tories at a critical period.

His Lordship at that time was a boy of singular habits, and not much disposed to associate with his school-fellows ; studiously disposed, but promising very little achievement. I dined in his company many years afterwards at Lord Mulgrave's and Mr. Pitt's, and he very good-naturedly remembered old times. I have since been occasionally in his society and had reason to be greatly obliged to him for his kind manner in settling some money concern connected with the late Duke of Kent, which stood in my name in Coutts' house as representative of my father, who had for some years the management of the pecuniary affairs of the younger branches of the Royal Family.

The matter was as follows : I found on my return from abroad in 1822 that a sum of money had for some years been standing in my father's name against the letter E., and that it was necessary to ascertain to whom this sum virtually belonged. The intelligence of this surprised me a good deal, and I felt that I ought, long ago, to have been acquainted with it. Meanwhile, as it could not possibly belong to me, no time was to be lost in restoring it where it should go.

I went down to the Bank in the Strand, and had a long conversation with Mr. Coutts about it in his own house. It appeared to have been a payment made by the Treasury, over and above what was right, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent at the date when my father had the superintendence of the accounts of the younger members of the Royal family. My father had promptly mentioned it to the

King, but his Majesty seems to have desired that, in the first instance, H.R.H. should not meddle with it, and, in the next, that it should remain where it was till the mystery was cleared up. The Sovereign soon after this relapsed into his lamentable complaint, and my father's faculties were gradually leaving him; thus the sum still remained in Mr. Coutts's hands.

I immediately suggested to Mr. Coutts Trotter the propriety of speaking to Lord Liverpool about it; but as the Minister was going that night to Bath and had only a few hours left before starting on his journey, Mr. Coutts gave me to understand I should find it no easy matter, and rather smiled at my proposal.

I went, however, taking him with me, sent a respectful note to Lord Liverpool and begged permission, as he was leaving town, to see his Lordship for a quarter of an hour upon business. He sent for me directly, and as I was rather disturbed and embarrassed from the fear of making my story too long—he desired I would on no account hurry myself. I explained as well as I could all that had happened, and he told me he was sorry, since he was pressed for time, that I had not brought one of the gentlemen of the House with me. I thereupon informed him that I had done so, as Mr. Coutts Trotter was below; he immediately sent for the latter, and in ten minutes had decidedly arranged everything. He told me I might return home when I liked, and that he would, after having had counsel upon the subject, send me directions what I was to

do. In about a week I received official instructions to make the money over to the Treasury, which was accordingly done. Had I left this troublesome transaction to the subordinate people in the Treasury and the House, between them I might have been put to the greatest delay, inconvenience, and anxiety.

As a Minister, no man was ever more universally esteemed and respected than Lord Liverpool, or had less violent opposition shown to his general measures. As perfectly master of the routine of business as the most experienced clerk in the Office, everything in that extensive and complicated Department was conducted by him with method and expedition.

His character for political and individual integrity stood very high with almost the entire population of the Empire, however much some might be opposed to his general views and measures, and this at the time when the fever of radicalism raged almost to delirium. Lord Liverpool was always safe from any attack of popular resentment.

When, upon some important question before the House, Lord Holland had been very hard upon him and had attacked him with unusual violence, the exertion, in time, overcame Lord Holland so that he fainted. He was taken out of the House, and when he came to himself, unwilling to lose the opportunity which the debate had given him of urging the matter under discussion, he sent back to say that he should be ready to resume his place in an hour's time. Lord Liverpool at once asked if his antagonist were not very poorly, and was told that he was certainly still very unwell, but was determined upon

resuming the debate. Lord Liverpool immediately said, "I will put off the debate to any day Lord Holland likes, but don't let him come in again to-night when he is unfit."

An opportunity was once given me of assuring His Lordship that I had heard Sir Francis Burdett speaking in terms of unqualified admiration in his favour. This was a quarter from which praise was not looked for, but Sir Francis being the subject of conversation I could not resist the occasion that presented itself of showing that party feeling, however violent, did not upon every occasion blind men to the conviction of truth.

Shortly after leaving Bath, where I saw him for the last time, Lord Liverpool was seized with paralysis in his book-room after breakfast. This unexpected event was followed by a total change of the administration, of which Mr. Canning was ordered by the Sovereign to be the head, the Dukes of Wellington, Dorset, and Montrose, Earls Bathurst and Eldon, Lords Melville and Lowther resigning. The first decided part of the new arrangement was placing H.R.H. The Duke of Clarence at the head of the Admiralty and reviving on his behalf the appointment of Lord High Admiral with a Council. Sir J. Copley, called to the Upper House by the title of Lyndhurst, had the Seals, and Sir J. Scarlett was appointed Attorney General.

In his person Lord Liverpool was stout and of the middling size, without anything particularly graceful either in his figure or manner. His smile was very pleasing, but his general countenance was heavy

and that of a man in deep thought. He came down frequently to Bath while I lived there, and always found benefit from the waters. He must have been about 57 when he died, which he did some months after his first attack.

October, 1829. Admiral the Rt. Honble. Lord Gambier,¹ G.C.B. I called upon this Nobleman at his house at Iver, and found him at home; he received me with a great deal of politeness and was cheerful and lively in his conversation. He told me that, as he was 73, he had given up going out, and could not expect his friends to come much to him.

His Lordship, now in the decline of years, is above the middle size and has the remains of what he was—a handsome man, exceedingly mild and gentlemanly in his manners, highly esteemed by those who know him in domestic life, and looked up to as a very brave and zealous Officer.

I had never the honour of serving with him, but was introduced to him early in life, and met him in society.

His professional reputation stands deservedly high and the Court Martial to which he was brought at the close of his public career, by a subordinate Officer, was more injurious to the prosecutor than

¹ James Gambier, 1st Baron Gambier (1756–1833). He took part in the relief of Jersey and the capture of Charlestown, and in the 'Defence' was the first to break the enemy's line in Howe's victory of the 1st of June, 1794. He was Governor of Newfoundland in 1802–4, and an Admiral the following year. He led the fleet at the bombardment of Copenhagen, and he commanded the Channel Fleet 1808–11.

the accused, and was commenced and finished in that spirit of insubordination which leads Officers perpetually to find fault with those in command, and to build their own reputation upon the downfall of another.

At the battle of Aix Roads in 1809 Cochrane (afterwards Lord Dundonald) decided to burn the French ships then blockaded in the roads by Gambier. [Lord Cochrane had, in fact, been sent out on a special command by the Admiralty for the express purpose of attacking the French flotilla in this manner. Gambier, however, who was Methodistical in his views, expressed his unqualified abhorrence of the proposal. "Though the enemy's ships," he wrote, "lie much exposed to the operation of fireships, it is a horrible mode of warfare, and the attempt is hazardous if not dangerous."

Gambier, like other of his officers, was annoyed at the slight to his seniority and professional acumen involved in the appointment to such a mission of a man more than twenty years his junior. Moreover, the two men had a natural antipathy to each other; Cochrane is said to have considered Gambier a canting, sanctimonious hypocrite, while Gambier looked upon Cochrane as an insolent youngster;¹ and the sequel drew unpleasant attention to this attitude of both.

"On the night of the 11th," states Hotham, "Cochrane shattered the bomb at the entrance; but, although daylight showed nearly all the French fleet aground, the fireships had done little damage.

¹ See *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Throughout this action Gambier was fourteen miles away, and Cochrane's signals met with no response, till at last, single-handed, he destroyed four of the enemy's ships." In short, the venture was only partially successful, and the question arose, was its lack of a more complete triumph due to the intentional omission of Gambier to render the requisite assistance at the crucial moment ?

In the face of such a strong suspicion, and on learning that the Houses of Parliament were about to propose a vote of thanks to Cochrane, there was but one course open to Gambier. He applied for a Court Martial, and whether, as was hinted, the verdict was engineered by men biassed in his favour, he was unhesitatingly acquitted.

Meantime another complication had arisen. Admiral Harvey,¹ who was with Gambier in Basque Roads, had also conceived himself aggrieved by the appointment of Lord Cochrane, as a junior officer, to this special command ; and when Gambier good-naturedly reasoned with him on the subject, pointing out the necessity of conforming to the decision of the Admiralty, he fell foul not of Cochrane but of Gambier, declaring that he never saw any man more unfit for the command of a fleet. Finally, he expressed his wrath on the quarter-deck of the flagship so publicly and so violently, that Lord Gambier was forced to bring him to a Court Martial. This was held at Portsmouth on May 22nd and 23rd,

¹ Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, M.P. (1758-1830). He commanded the 'Téméraire' at the blockade of Brest and at Trafalgar. He was a reckless gambler

1809, and by it Harvey was dismissed the Service. The following year, on March 21st, in consideration of his long and meritorious services, he was reinstated ; but he was never employed again. None the less, soon after this unfortunate occurrence, a curious situation arose, which Hotham describes as follows :—]

“ Sir Eliab Harvey, upon being reinstated and restored to his rank, came one day to the Club where I had, at the previous meeting, proposed him as Chairman. As soon after dinner as the usual toasts had been drunk, Sir Eliab, as Chairman, begged that he might be allowed to offer a Toast, and he gave directly ‘ *The health of Lord Gambier,* ’ attended by many kind and manly expressions as to the unfortunate difference that had taken place between them. What made this more striking was that, at that moment, the other actor in this triangular fracas, Lord Dundonald (Admiral Cochrane), sat upon his left !—No man could have done what Sir Eliab did more gracefully or more like a gentleman.

The conspicuous lead which Lord Gambier takes in religious affairs has necessarily created him many opponents, and his Lordship’s zeal in this instance, particularly as concerns his profession, is mistaken. It requires no great depth of penetration to discover that all speculative spirit upon this very important point is thoroughly hostile to unqualified obedience, That arrogance in man which prompts him to believe that his own ideas are the most acceptable to his God and beneficent to his fellow-creatures, bears down ineffectual opposition, and must perhaps

in a great measure be yielded to, for the tide of opinion is irresistible. But when the safety of a State requires that a compact well-regulated machine, each part completely harmonising with the other, should be put in motion for its security, that adjustment must not be interfered with ; derange one part and the whole becomes inefficient.

There can be no longer any reliance upon obedience in that Government where religious discipline is at an end. Those who range uncontrolled amidst the speculations of theology will very soon question human authority.

That those Dissenters called Methodists were actively instrumental in that dreadful Mutiny which shook to its very foundation the stability of the British Empire there can be no doubt ; the ship I commanded had the good fortune to escape, but the two men whose efforts were as ceaseless as they were unavailing to excite insurrection, were both Methodists.

A story is told of Captain Pakenham, a brother of Lord Longford and Captain of the 'Invincible,' of his being close to the 'Defence,' and hailing Gambier after the action of the first of June. Seeing that Gambier's ship was very much cut up, he inquired with some anxiety for its Captain. Captain Gambier himself answered, and expatiated to his friend on his own perfect soundness and well being. Captain Pakenham warmly congratulated him, adding drily, "No one knows better than you do, Gambier, that 'Whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth!'"

1829. *Sir William Draper Best*.¹ I had the pleasure of this eminent Lawyer's acquaintance for some years, but latterly he is become very infirm from gout, to which he is a Martyr. His mental faculties, however, remain quite unimpaired and he goes through the arduous duties of his profession with unabated talent. His Lordship is a pleasant man in Society, but does not always keep his temper under sufficient control in Court, there being more bickerings and misunderstandings between him and the Counsel in the C.P. than in any other Court. His person is sadly crippled, and he cannot move without crutches.

Some years ago whilst the Metropolis was in a state of alarming excitement on the subject of the Corn Laws, I was returning from the Thatched House, where I had dined, to my brother-in-law's Sir Griffin Wilson, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I was staying, when I found a detachment of the mob levelling the railing before Sergeant Best's door, and breaking the windows: I expostulated with part of the people, and pointed out, as an inducement for them to desist from their purpose, that Sergeant Best was absent from home and there was nobody in the house but some frightened maid-servants. They were civil and sober, but kept loudly damning the corn laws, whereupon I told them that I might do that too without attacking

¹ William Draper Best was Solicitor-General in 1813, Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales in 1816, elevated to the King's Bench in 1818, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas and Privy Councillor in 1824, raised to the peerage in 1829, and a deputy Speaker of the House of Lords in 1834.

a man's house when he was not there to defend it. I had almost persuaded some of them to desist, when a pistol was fired from one of the garret windows, either of that or the adjoining house, which at once settled the business. In five minutes there was not one rascal of them to be seen ! This shows how soon a mob is frightened by real danger.

1829. *Viscountess Cremorne*.¹ I this year lost my valued friend and next door neighbour, Lady Cremorne, who was one of the Penns, of Pennsylvania. I had called upon her in the Spring and she prophetically told me we should not meet again in this world, and offered me, what I accepted with gratitude, her blessing. It is delightful to have the good wishes of the virtuous.

She died at the advanced age of 84, regretted and beloved by those who were happy enough to be known by her.

In her person she was not particularly striking any way, but in her countenance she was everything that was angelic. She had very cheerful spirits, and, at times, drollery about her. She had, amongst other very valuable pictures, a Magdalene of Carlo

¹ Philadelphia Hannah, only daughter of Thomas Freame, Esq., of Philadelphia, by Margarete, daughter of William Penn, the celebrated founder of that city. She became on May 8th in 1770 the second wife of Thomas Dawson, Esq., who on the 28th of that same month was elevated to the peerage of Ireland as Baron Dartrey and advanced to the dignity of Viscount Cremorne on the 9th of June, 1785. The son and daughter born of this union both died in infancy, and the Viscounty of Cremorne and the Barony of Dartrey became extinct, the Barony of Cremorne devolving to a great-nephew of the deceased peer.

Dolci's which she said was the only Magdalene she ever saw who wept in earnest !

I was once very awkwardly situated at her house when the subject of conversation happened to be the Slave Trade, and having been a good deal in the West India Islands myself I took the part of the planters and their agents against the advocates for the abolition of the trade. Not being aware of the interest which the Bishop of London took in Dr. Ramsay,¹ I mentioned an anecdote I had heard in the West Indies from a gentleman who said he remembered the conduct of that gentleman to his negroes being so proverbially severe that it was usual to threaten the slaves when they behaved ill to send them to Parson Ramsay.

The Bishop immediately came to me, and in his decided and clear tone of voice, and in the hearing of the whole company, said, "*Captain Hotham, there is not one single syllable of that story true !*"

I felt all the embarrassment it was natural I should upon so unexpected and decided a contradiction from such a quarter, but the Bishop of Durham, who was also present, tactfully remarked, "Captain Hotham, my brother does not mean to

¹ James Ramsay (1733-89), divine and philanthropist. He served as a surgeon in the Navy in early life, but afterwards took Holy Orders and having settled in the West Indies he interested himself in the negro question and came into collision with the planters. He subsequently endeavoured to stimulate a movement in England in favour of the abolition of slavery, and for a time bore the brunt of the struggle unaided, but later was supported by Wilberforce and others. He accepted a naval chaplaincy in 1778, and was presented with a living in Kent in 1781.

dispute your relation of the circumstance, but the authority from whence it came."

I said immediately I had no hesitation in giving up that authority, not only in justice to myself but because I had so high an opinion and honour of the veracity of it, that I was unfortunately obliged in every way to presume to differ with his Lordship and to believe implicitly every syllable of it. This was the only and the fairest way left for me to show my sense of a very unkind and a very rough contradiction from a prelate deservedly held in the very highest esteem and respect. My authority was the Honble. (afterwards Lord) Edward O'Brien, many years President of the Island of Antigua, and a man universally revered and respected whose word was unimpeachable.

I had been introduced to the Bishop of London by Lady Cremorne, and had the honour of being occasionally in his society afterwards. No man filled with more credit to himself or benefit to the Community the very important situation he held than Dr. Porteous. He was not only a very fine preacher but indefatigable in his attention to the duties he had to perform, and in the highest degree exemplary in his domestic character. His Lordship proved what could be done by ability and zeal in the plan he adopted of reading lectures on St. Matthew in the evenings of Lent in St. James's Church. They were always attended by as many as the building could contain, and of the first rank of fashion in the Metropolis. He entered, however, very warmly into the subject of the Slave Trade,

in which, as well as Lord Barham, Mr. Wilberforce, and several others, equally well-meaning and misinformed, he was considered as leaning to the side of the Dissenters, at least many of their leading men were his companions and friends.

In his manner he sometimes appeared to want a little of that polish which frequent intercourse with good society can alone give, and the circumstance I have just mentioned is corroborative of this, of which the Bishop of Durham (himself a polished man) seemed conscious by pleading the cause of Dr. Porteous as he did. The fact was, it arose entirely from this deficiency and nothing else, for he had not the least intention of saying a rude or unkind thing.

He was pious without the least ostentation and warm from every pure principle in the sacred cause he had to advocate, one of the brightest ornaments to the church that this or any other country ever produced. In his person he was thin, and latterly looked much out of health, and he had a plain but very energetic delivery in the pulpit.

In my last visit to Lady Cremorne she told me that she was 83, and that she felt herself going; but upon my telling her that it was constitution and not age that counted—for that some were young at 80 and others old at 40—she mentioned as a corroboration of my assertion the circumstance of a gentleman to whom she had given leave to walk up and down her gravel walk at Chelsea. In the course of conversation with him one day he remarked how much he regretted the loss of their

mutual friend, Mr. Colpoys, "who had been taken off in the prime of his life." Lady Cremorne replied that she also felt and lamented the loss severely, yet it was to be expected since Mr. Colpoys had attained the age of 76 or 77. "And what is *that*, Madam?" was the rejoinder; "the person who has the honour of addressing you has, thank God, all his faculties perfect and he has seen his 105th year!" I find this gentleman is a Mr. Patrick Gibson, who is now, in 1829, living, aged 109, and that he went not long ago to Somerset House to receive his pay. Lord George Powell at Greenwich asked him to come down to see him, pointing out that he could journey thither in one of the coaches. "Coaches!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson indignantly. "No *coachman* ever has any of *my* money!"

[*Added later.*] In May, 1831, I found myself passing by the house of Mr. Patrick Gibson, an Irishman by birth and formerly a Purser in the Navy, of whose great age I had formerly had this account from Lady Cremorne. On the strength of that acquaintance I sent my card in and offered to wait upon him. He was very glad to let me do so, and received me with a great deal of cordiality and good breeding. It seemed to gratify him also to see an Officer with whose name he was acquainted, and which had been indeed very familiar to him during his Service.

He recapitulated some of the circumstances of the American War, and dwelt upon the Naval transactions of that period, and spoke of Admirals

Byron, Rodney, Barrington, Commodore Hotham, &c., &c. He was Purser of the 'Lowestoft,' Frigate, when I was in the Mediterranean with Lord Hood, and he helped to take down the body of General Wolfe from the plains of Abraham to the River Shore. He also talked much of Lady Cremorne. He told me he had been blessed by an indulgent Providence with uninterrupted health for 95 years; and though much might happen in 47 days at his time of life, he should (if he reached the first week in July) have completed his 111th and entered into his 112th year. He bore the appearance of a hale man of about 75, and was without any mark of decrepitude or great age, except loss of hearing. On my observing that he was lame and hoping he had not met with any accident, he told me that he had a few days before walked three miles without pausing which had served to strain the muscles slightly, but that he should soon recover of it. In holding it up, he showed me a fine strong limb and well formed.

He was sitting in the Kitchen of a miserable set of rooms at Little Chelsea, and an elderly man was his attendant. I was a good deal struck with the warmth of feeling with which he received me, quite natural and not in any way assumed. He was delighted to see any person who could serve to bring back the remembrance of former times and friendships, and furnish him with associations that could recall any marked and gratifying circumstances in the long drama he had witnessed. I did not altogether envy him, for although entirely free from

sickness or pain he stood like a forlorn and stunted tree upon a desolate waste, without one consoling friend, or a single companion left of all those he had had in the far-away past. I happened to say that I thought he was to be envied. "Oh no, Sir William," was his sad reply, echoing my thought; "not to be *envied*, I am a solitary stunted tree upon the desert."

He nearly accomplished the 47 days he had mentioned to me, for he died the first day of July within a few hours of completing his 111th birthday.

*January 25th, 1830. The Right Honble. George Tierney*¹ died suddenly to-day. His age does not appear to have been generally ascertained, but his public career furnishes ground to go upon. I should imagine about 74.²

He is the last of a constellation of talent and eloquence that for many years shed a bright effulgence upon our political hemisphere—at least in the House of Commons. He was almost the constant opponent of Mr. Pitt, and his rival in mathematical knowledge and financial calculation. His eloquence was not of that splendid nature which marked his rival, and his friends, Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan; but there was always clear and powerful argument, and occasionally sallies of bright and entertaining wit. He appears to have been esteemed

¹ Born in 1761. As a Whig politician he was noted for his sarcastic wit. He was one of Pitt's most persistent opponents and fought a bloodless duel with him in 1798. He held office under Addington, Grenville, Canning, and Goderich.

² *The Dictionary of National Biography* puts his age at sixty-nine.

by all parties and much beloved in private life. His duel with Mr. Pitt happily ended without any bad consequence, and that gentleman seems on every occasion to have given him credit for delicate and honourable conduct. (I have seen a note to this effect, written by Mr. Pitt, the moment he came off the ground.)

In his appearance Mr. Tierney was heavy as to person and manner, and had a slouching and stooping gait, but he had a remarkably quick eye, with a very benevolent countenance, and the manner and externals of a gentleman. I had not the good fortune of his personal acquaintance.

He died in an unusually sudden and gentle manner. He had breakfasted and was retired to his book-room between one and two; about three the servant announced Colonel Phipps, who thought he was asleep. He was, however, quite dead in his arm-chair, in the same position as if he had gone to sleep. This dispensation at first appears awful, but must surely be considered, in the comparatively good and virtuous, as a blessing devoutly to be wished.

1830. *Charles X, King of France and Navarre.*¹ I had frequently seen the Comte d'Artois, but was presented to the King at the Tuileries, and attended

¹ Charles, third son of the Dauphin Louis, and grandson of Louis XV, born 1757. He received the title of Comte d'Artois and married Maria Theresa of Savoy. The death of Louis XVIII in 1824 brought him to the throne of France, but he was forced to abdicate in 1830 and Louis Philippe succeeded him as Emperor of the French. Charles died in 1836.

occasionally at his Levées ; I had also the honour of being invited to his Card Party. His Majesty addressed me in English and was kind and gracious in his manner. He was exceedingly active and was perpetually in exercise ; temperate in his habits and early in his hours, though a small proportion of those hours were devoted to business. He did not appear so calculated for governing as his brother, Louis XVIII, whose understanding was good and who devoted much time to business, unfavourable as his unwieldy appearance and sensual habits seemed to it.

Charles X's favourite pursuit seemed to be the chase. He had a very moderate share of popularity and seemed to be thought of with comparative indifference, both by the people and the Military. He was supposed to have been very much influenced by his daughter-in-law and the Priests. In his perpetual drives to St. Germain, the Bois de Boulogne, &c., &c., he always avoided the Place de Louis XVI and went along the Rue and by the Faubourg St. Honoré. His manners were easy and his countenance pleasing, though the first were not actually to be compared (as, however, they often were) to those of our own Sovereign (George IV). A lady told me once that the French King often expressed his surprise to her that ours did not prorogue and meet the Parliament in person, and he said to her, upon several occasions : " Do you English keep yourselves quiet and we shall all be so." His Court was splendid and what it ought to have been.

The Dauphin is not so easy in his manner, nor has he so much of the man of rank and fashion in his appearance as his father, but he appears kind-hearted and well disposed. His Consort¹ is very far from pleasing, and is said to be entirely under the influence of Bigotry. Her Royal Highness's misfortunes in early life give her a very just claim upon the public feeling, and she is entitled to every allowance by those who look back to the horrors of the French Revolution. One of her greatest treasures is a pair of garters made by her unhappy mother when in prison from some wool that she unravelled from an old piece of tapestry which hung there.

Towards the end of July, 1830, ordinances respecting the press, and prohibitions of the liberal mode of Elections of Secretaries, and the dissolution of the Chamber before it had scarcely met struck a panic into Paris and ended in determined and successful resistance. On the 28th, 29th, and 30th many lives were lost and the Capital was in a dreadful state; but the Royalists being worsted and some Regiments of the Line joining the people, a provisional Government was formed. La Fayette was once more at the head of the National Guard, and the Lieutenant Generalship of the Kingdom being offered to the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe), it was accepted, with the Tricoloured Flag.

The shops were again opened and tranquillity

¹ Marie Thérèse, daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who in 1799 married her cousin the Duc d'Angoulême, son of Charles X.

restored. The Duc de Raguse Marmont was at the head of the King's Forces, who himself was retiring upon the Loire, uncertain what plan to adopt. Thus probably, for ever, the sun of the Bourbons in France is set ! The King and his Ministers were either not prepared for the resistance they experienced, or under any circumstances mismanaged their affairs foolishly and fatally. The Prince Polignac and one or two others were secured, but the rest escaped. And here recommences a new and equally tragic drama, in Europe, in contrast with the last ! There are ebbings and flowings in human affairs which we can neither prevent nor foresee ; and the cloud which is now gathering over civilised mankind and their heretofore habits and institutions is perhaps " the Wind and Storm fulfilling His Word," and a chastisement upon the thoughtless and sinful forgetfulness of it, of which man, with all his boasted reason, has been guilty.

[*Added later.*] A great favourite of Charles X was Miss Cornelia Knight. She was the daughter of an Admiral in the Navy and had passed much of her life abroad. Her society was a good deal sought after, and she was judged a very proper person to be preceptress to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. Those times involved so many melancholy differences in the Royal family that it is difficult to say whether her illustrious pupil was pleased with her or not. She must have had a very arduous task and it was a high compliment to her mental and moral endowments that she was judged fit to perform it. She must have been a very fine woman in

her youth. She died at the age of 80, in December, 1837.

I met her first in Paris, where she was residing at the date of her death. She was a constant guest with the then monarch Charles X. She told me that he often inquired from her anxiously how things went on in England, satisfied that if all was right there it would be so elsewhere. Poor Man ! he little thought then how very erroneous a short time would prove that opinion to be.

Miss Knight told me that to her he always appeared the true model of a gentleman. He was amiable, agreeable, and affectionate, and a most loyal friend. His look and manner conveyed an impression of great sincerity. He was active and cheerful to the last moment when he was seized with a malady which closed his existence in thirty hours. Speaking of the Revolution of 1830 he said : " I meant well, therefore I lay my head down peacefully to rest."

His Majesty George IV. (1762-1830.)

From the situations my father held under his late Majesty, I was necessarily in early life often and kindly noticed by him ; but, as previously related, the inflexible manner in which my father judged it his duty to fill those situations was not calculated at the time to secure His Royal Highness's feelings of affection or regard, when the errors of early youth stood in need of continual admonition, and the demands of succeeding extravagance it was impossible to gratify.

When Lord Bruce had been appointed Governor to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburgh, and, in view of the responsibility of his task, his nerves failed him before he had entered upon his office, in the unlooked for delicate and difficult situation in which His Majesty became consequently placed, His Lordship's elder brother John, Duke of Montagu, voluntarily offered his services. He made the condition that he should not be expected in any way to be connected with the public men and measures of the day, and during a long life he never mixed in the politics of the time. He remained at the head of the establishment of their Royal Highnesses till the Prince of Wales was declared of age, and few men were ever more highly or deservedly respected. His Grace had much the appearance of a man of rank, and generally was seen either in the frock or full dress of the Windsor uniform.

He once took the Princes to Hounslow Heath to show them the devastation occasioned by the blowing up of some Powder Mills there.

[On the morning of the 14th of January, 1796, between eight and nine o'clock, the mills belonging to a Mr. Hill took fire. The premises blew up with a dreadful explosion, and the flames from the burning building quickly spread to a punt on the mill river in which were thirty barrels of gunpowder, when this too exploded with a deafening noise. Not only was the man in charge of the punt blown to fragments, but far and near people were injured. Houses rocked and split, glass was shattered, and, for miles

round, Hounslow Heath was covered with bricks, tiles, and the mangled remains of victims. The terror of the people in the vicinity communicated itself to London where the shock was felt, and women and children rushed out into the street each moment expecting their houses to fall and bury them. Subsequently crowds from town visited the scene of the disaster; and amongst others the Princes having expressed a desire to see it, it was thought proper to gratify their inclination.]

Not a vestige of the mill had been left standing, and its loss was estimated at £20,000. On being shown over the wreckage, the Duke found that the foreman of the workmen had had a miraculous escape, having chanced to quit the premises immediately before the accident occurred. Anxious to improve the occasion, principally for the benefit of his pupils, the Duke thereupon reasoned with the man seriously and religiously, expressing the hope that so merciful a dispensation of Heaven, which had preserved him to his wife and children in the prime of life, would not easily be forgotten. The man appeared much moved. "Please your Lordship's Grace," he said at length, "I don't think I shall forget it—*not for quite ten days to come!*"

In driving out one morning with the Princes, the Duke saw a gentleman on horseback whom he wished to speak to. He therefore stopped the carriage for a few moments, and when driving on once more, thinking the man from whom he had just parted a fit subject for Royal benevolence, in his conversation with the Prince of Wales he forthwith dwelt at

great length upon the exemplary character and undeserved misfortunes of his unhappy friend. But the Prince, from inattention (for H.R.H. was seldom backward from unfeelingness), or possibly not perceiving the Duke's motive, took no practical notice of what had been said. The gentleman, none the less, afterwards received £500 anonymously, and naturally enough concluded that the present came from the illustrious pupil of his friend. It had been so contrived by the real donor, the Duke, that this should appear to be the case, for he was not only reluctant that the true source whence the gift came should be known, but was unwilling to take from H.R.H. the credit of such an act of liberality.

In his person, his manners and his accomplishments his late Majesty was unquestionably the first gentleman of his time, and, as far as these went, was an ornament to Society. He was a good classical scholar, an expert draughtsman, an excellent linguist, and almost Master of music ; moreover, with the rest of his family, he was gifted with a very retentive memory which made his conversation full of anecdote and entertainment. From early habits of indulgence his nerves were debilitated, and he was supposed to have possessed in a less degree than any of his family that personal command of them for which all members of it are so remarkable. His temper was not very certain, but where he had once formed a strong attachment he did not easily lose sight of it, and he gave frequent indication of a very affectionate heart.

In everything connected with the pomp and

circumstance and etiquette of royalty, whether it was in the brilliancy of a Court dress, in the improvement of Windsor Castle, the Virginia Water or Buckingham Palace, he was unbounded in his extravagance, and seemed to care little for the future. In this and in some other respects he did not sufficiently consult the temper of the times, and appears to have indulged in occasional relaxation in order to gratify his own accidental feelings, not from any wish to consult those of his subjects. With every possible allowance to be made, he had nevertheless very glaring errors in his general conduct, which, had he lived a few years longer, might have endangered the security of the Empire and the Throne.

He was, to an unjustifiable degree, reluctant to appear before the public—one cause of this being his unwillingness to risk the popular expression of anger with which he was often greeted. It was with difficulty of late years that his Ministers could persuade him once a year to hold a Levée, and his utter dislike and aversion to business increased with his years. The Minister of the day had, therefore, much additional fatigue, and the perpetual, and sometimes indispensably necessary communication with Windsor, was, besides, so much valuable time lost. The King, however, had the good fortune to be successfully and faithfully served. But, independent of that nervous reluctance which he had to witness the often antagonistic demonstrations of public feeling, he appears to me never to have forgotten the conduct of this Country during the

Queen's trial ; it sunk deep in his memory and resentment, and never quitted him through life. He threw away talents that were very much beyond what men in general possess, for all the indulgences of sensuality ; and appeared to hold in indifference, if not contempt, the spirit of the times. He fell in early life into bad and unprincipled hands, and had, besides a desire (unaccountable in his position when there could be no superior to him socially) to be what is vulgarly called " cock of the roost," consequently he was in the frequent company of those in every way inferior to himself.

His Majesty's partiality for the Army was too avowed, and the Field Marshal's uniform was upon every occasion the dress he appeared in. This did not stand in the way of personal kindness to a few individuals of the other profession when they happened to be in his presence. In losing Sir Edmund Nagle¹ (a Flag Officer) when his own health was visibly declining, he lost an entertaining companion who administered to his inclination for low conviviality, and (I would not use so harsh an expression if there was another that would apply) *buffoonery*. In losing the Earl of Harcourt, on the other hand, which he did a few days before his own dissolution, he lost a friend who did honour to his judgment, and a nobleman who was an ornament to the body and the profession to which he belonged.

I was once in company with a Mr. Gwatkin, who married a niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who told me

¹ Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle (1757-1830), a relative of Edmund Burke. He was Governor of Newfoundland in 1813.

that one day upon his rallying Sir Edmund Nagle upon being badly shaved, the Admiral said it was the King's fault, for his Majesty had shaved him. These things with such men and under such circumstances are scarcely credible.

I have heard from a relation of Lord Heytesbury that some years ago when His Lordship was on his return to his Embassy at Naples he was thought a proper person to carry an autograph letter from the King to the Pope and to deliver it to His Holiness in his way. He received directions therefore from the Foreign Office to wait till further orders for that purpose. Having remained three weeks and judging there might possibly be some mistake, he waited upon Lord Castlereagh and requested instructions ; that nobleman gave him directions to start, but to wait at Paris till the letter in question should be forwarded to him. He did so and was there a fortnight before he could proceed on his journey, it being all that time impossible to procure the letter owing to the dilatoriness of the King.

His Majesty had a fine countenance, and though large in the decline of life, an exceedingly commanding person. He was the best bred man in Europe in general society, and as warm in his affections, though somewhat capricious, as he was bitter in his resentments. In disposition, temper, and manners he appeared to resemble his mother more than the King (George III), and through life to have been a greater favourite with the first than the last. In the overwhelming vortex of extravagance and dissipation into which he was plunged, he gave frequent indica-

tions of a warm heart, and in that part of his life (his relations with Queen Caroline) which brought down upon him the almost universal disapprobation and odium of the country, he was least to blame. He felt this, and his conduct was influenced by it.

I attended as one of the Knights Commanders of the Bath, in my place at the Coronation, the arrangements of which were in a great measure his own, and surpassed in magnificence and splendour any spectacle that Europe ever exhibited. He supported throughout the majesty of his situation, and his personal appearance and natural manner were both very subservient to this purpose. His drinking the health of the Peers and the company present was the finest piece of acting I ever beheld.

I saw very little of His Majesty latterly, except at his Levée, where I always made a point of going, and where I was upon every occasion received with much kindness, for he mostly shook hands with me and called me by my Christian name.

His Majesty breathed his last on the morning of Saturday, the 26th of June, at a quarter past three, 1830. Having awakened from his sleep and desired to be lifted in his bed, a change in his countenance was observed, and Sir Henry Halford and Sir M. Tierney were sent to, but before they got into the room he expired.

His Majesty at the last must have endured a great deal of painful suffering, but was cheerful during the intervals from pain, and never abandoned a hope of recovery, his conversation generally tending to this, in his estimation, desirable end.



FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK, AND GEORGE IV SILHOUETTED AT
BRIGHTON

From the National Portrait Gallery

The physicians at Windsor issued their final bulletin this morning.

Windsor Castle, 26th.

It has pleased Almighty God to take from this world the King's most excellent Majesty. His Majesty expired at a quarter past three o'clock this morning without pain.

HENRY HALFORD,

MATTHEW J. TIERNEY.

Notice was also given to the Lord Mayor by Sir Robert Peel.

Whitehall, June 26th, 1830.

MY LORD,

It is my most painful duty to inform you that it has pleased Almighty God to release His Majesty from his sufferings. His Majesty died at about a quarter past three o'clock this morning.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient and faithful servant,

ROBERT PEEL.

CHAPTER XIII

PORTRAITS UNDER WILLIAM IV

1830-1831

[**T**HUS, on that bright June day when George IV lay dead, William the Sailor King¹ ascended the throne which he was to occupy for a brief space of seven years.

Apart from natural sorrow at the death of his brother, the realisation of his novel importance as Monarch was a source of unfeigned satisfaction to the new Sovereign ; and still in his portraits to-day may be traced that expression of a genial but immense complacency which he could not altogether disguise. To Sir William Hotham the accession of a King so closely connected with his own profession was a source of profound interest ; and, apparently, on the inauguration of the new reign, he jotted down a few reminiscences of the Royal sailor under the title by which the latter had hitherto been known.]

¹ The third son of George III. He entered the Navy in 1779, and was formally promoted through successive ranks to that of Admiral of the Fleet 1801, and in 1827-8 he held the revived office of Lord High Admiral. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his brother George IV 26th June, 1830.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

I had been known to H.R.H. early in life when my father was about the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburgh ; and later I met him during my first voyage on board the ' Grampus.' I first, however, had the honour of being noticed by him professionally when he was Captain of the ' Pegasus,' 28, in the West Indies, and afterwards when he returned to that station in the ' Andromeda,' 32, and subsequently when he commanded the ' Valiant,' 74, in Lord Howe's fleet in 1790.

In the earlier parts of his professional career H.R.H. was said to have been inclined to severity, but situated as he was he had an arduous task to perform, and he never seems to have lost sight of it. He was also unfortunately at variance with a very experienced and respected officer, his first Lieutenant (Captain Isaac Schomberg). But the several ships His Royal Highness commanded were nevertheless particularly distinguished by their discipline and good order. In the finest fleet that Great Britain perhaps ever sent to sea, the ' Valiant,' 74, was conspicuously forward in attentive obedience to the signals of the Commander-in-Chief, and that nobleman was able, without the imputation of flattery, to speak in the highest terms of H.R. Highness's praiseworthy and exemplary conduct—I belonged to a ship close to her in the line of battle and order of sailing.

There was no doubt either, that, if he had had an opportunity of displaying it, that spirit inherent in

the Prince's family would have shown itself in an eminent degree in him. Some misunderstanding on the subject of table money was the alleged cause of His Royal Highness's flag not being hoisted on board the 'London' when his own Captain and officers were there, and he was not employed during the War. His flag, however, as Admiral of the Fleet, was hoisted upon the restoration of Louis the 18th to the throne of France, and he attended that Monarch across the Channel. He also carried it to Spithead when the illustrious strangers, the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, etc., etc., visited this country.

In his person the Duke is very well made, rather above the middle size, pleasing in his countenance and generally so in his manner, though that is unequal (this, however, in latter years was not so much the case). Where he has formed any attachments he seems generally to have been sincere in them.

He was entertained very magnificently at Bath by about sixty-six Officers of the Navy there. Sir William Hargood and myself, Lord James O'Brien, and Captain Fitzgerald, etc., were Stewards; we waited upon H.R.H. first to know who he would wish to be invited, and he named the field officers doing the Queen's duty, and Colonel Cooper, Honble. Col. Greville, Honble. Major Cochrane. At the dinner, upon his health being given, he spoke very much to the purpose, and interrupted only at times by the agitation of his feelings; he alluded principally to his public situation having prevented him from reaping the harvest of those laurels he saw everywhere

round him. I knew H.R.H. was a good speaker, but I was not prepared to witness so much from the heart. He left us much delighted.

I was also at a dinner given him (on the occasion of his being presented with the Freedom of the City) by the Mayor and Corporation of Bath, about this time ; and in the middle of the dinner, the intelligence was received of the death of the Princess Charlotte. The moment the letter containing this melancholy information was given to the duke, he left the room with Lord John Thynne and Sir Henry Halford, the latter of whom, as he passed me, informed me of the event, though I had overheard H.R.H. say so to him. The doors were immediately closed, and the Marquis Camden, as Recorder, broke the intelligence to the Marquis of Bath, the Mayor, etc., etc., in a very short, appropriate and pathetic address. It acted like an electric shock, and every individual felt as if a dear friend had been taken from him. I could compare the general effect to nothing better than the breaking up of the Banquet scene in Macbeth, and it was altogether in its kind the most imposing and painful sight I ever witnessed, for conviviality and cheerfulness were too instantly turned to astonishment and sorrow. It was certainly an awful blow to the hopes and wishes of the Empire at large.

I cannot but consider that the service owes a great deal of its discipline to H.R.Highness's example, and that by his being unemployed it has lost a great deal of skill, attention and courage which, proceeding from and united in the conduct of such a person,

would have answered both in and out of the profession every good purpose.

I heard a lady who had been with him at Bushey say that it was impossible for anybody to speak with more feeling and propriety than H.R.H. did on the subject of his Majesty's indisposition; she also mentioned an anecdote highly creditable to H.R.H. When the Duke, as Lord High Admiral, and the First Lord of the Treasury (the Duke of Wellington), had some difference, the conversation became warm and unpleasant, and the First Lord of the Treasury was retiring rather abruptly. H.R.H., however, called his Grace back, and entreated that, though it was impossible they could agree in their official situations, no interruption might take place in the friendly feeling that had so long existed between the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Wellington.

Sir Francis Burdett told me that the Duke of Clarence once said in a company that Croker was in that when he came to the throne he would alter all arrangements respecting the Admiralty, "I shall appoint a Lord High Admiral," said H.R.H. "So did James the Second, sir," replied Mr. Croker.

General Sir Samuel Hulse told me that, finding all hope of employment at an end in his profession, the Duke of Clarence turned his views towards Military rank, and actually began to negotiate about it, but was dissuaded. Sir Samuel told me that he remembered one day being in the room with the Prince Regent when the Duke of Clarence came in and the conversation turned upon H.R.H. having no employ-

ment afloat. "If the Admiralty will not employ me," said the Duke angrily, "I shall pull off my blue coat and quit the profession." The Regent took his brother up pretty sharply, and observed severely: "I beg, William, you will not forget yourself so much!"

In talking one day of the late Captain Charles Fielding, with whom Sir Samuel had come from America, the Duke remarked to the General, "Then you came over with a pretty tight head!" and asked Sir Samuel if Captain Fielding was not a very severe man, adding, "He bore that character and I believe deserved it." The Regent again took his brother up immediately and said, "Come, come, you have not been behindhand in that respect yourself, and need never talk of others!"

My first acquaintance with Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton was when this respectable officer commanded the 'Sybil,' 28, upon the Leeward Island Station. Prince William, in the 'Pegasus,' 28, and 'Andromeda,' 32, twice visited that station, and some misunderstanding took place between H.R.H. and Captain Bickerton. An argument arose respecting Admiral Boscawen, of whose professional character the Captain spoke most warmly in praise. The Prince asked the Captain whose authority he went upon in speaking so highly of the Admiral. The Captain said that of his father; the Prince retorted, not very civilly, to the effect that under these circumstances Captain Bickerton's father must be a greater fool than Captain Bickerton. The latter, much incensed, immediately left the Cabin and

going to the Commanding Officer begged that he would never again invite him to meet his Royal Highness, as if this were done he must decline to comply.

The incident, however, does not appear to have made the least unfavourable impression on the Prince himself, for I was an eye-witness of the cordiality with which Sir Richard had the honour of being congratulated by his Majesty William IV upon his appointment as General of Marine, the very office which Admiral Boscawen had once filled.

[The new King had not been long upon the throne when Hotham was again reminded of the days of his early career by receiving news of the death of Admiral Sir Edward Berry. It will be remembered how, years before, in 1793, when the 'Duke' was attacking the batteries of St. Pierre at Martinique, Berry was the signal Midshipman upon the poop when a shot came across him, depriving him of all sense and feeling so that he was carried down into the poop as dead, and intense was the surprise of those around him when he recovered the shock. He was afterwards Lord Nelson's captain in the 'Vanguard' at Aboukir and greatly distinguished himself in that action.]

"It was found," adds Hotham, "that some private misunderstanding between Lord Nelson and himself occasioned a separation; and Sir Thomas Hardy afterwards occupied his place. Sir Edward, however, was in every way as respected in private life as he was in the profession to which he was an ornament,

for he always appeared to possess the utmost zeal for the service without the least taint of personal or interested motive. I had the pleasure of seeing him a good deal in after life, but he latterly sunk gradually into an imbecility both of body and mind, without attaining any advanced age ; till he died at his house in Bath, February 13th, 1831."

If the death of this former Captain of the 'Vanguard' served to recall the now long-dead hero of Trafalgar, so much more must another event which occurred at this date :—]

May 4th, 1831. Viscountess Nelson. I had seen this lady a few days before her death and I was not surprised to hear of it, for she had long been complaining and was in great dejection of spirits when I saw her. She said to me that her son was gone, that three or five of his children were also dead, and that her daughter-in-law lay, at that time, dangerously ill upstairs of inflammation of the lungs. She appeared the very picture of illness and despondency.

I remember her dancing a Minuet with Captain Nelson of the 'Boreas' at the Island of Nevis previous to their marriage. She was the widow of Dr. Nesbit of that Island, who died deranged, and by whom she had one son, a Captain in the Navy, whose loss she never seems to have recovered. Captain Nelson, at the time to which I allude, was in bad health, and as already stated, went home so ill that he had a puncheon of spirits for his body in case he should have died on the voyage, and though lately

married he went home in his Frigate and she in a Merchant ship.

Ten years later, in 1797, he was again lying very ill in London, when the news arrived of Lord Duncan's victory off Camperdown. There was scarcely time for the inhabitants of the Metropolis to illuminate before the hilarious mob became very troublesome in their insistence that every house should put up some illumination. They were particularly unruly in the street where Nelson lodged, and knocked the servants up, protesting that some lights must be shown. A woman-servant told them that her master lay very much indisposed in that house. They inquired roughly who her master was, but upon her telling them it was Sir Horatio Nelson, they at once promised not only to make no more disturbance themselves, but to take care that the entire neighbourhood should be kept quiet. This it accordingly was during the rest of the night.

Her husband's behaviour subsequently to Lady Nelson was in the extreme of unjustifiable weakness; he might have concealed or attempted to conceal his own infirmities without publicly and avowedly wounding the feelings of a woman whose own conduct he well knew was irreproachable. She continually talked of him and always attempted to palliate the injuries she had received—was warm and enthusiastic in her praises of his public conduct and bowed down with submission to the errors of his domestic life.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse,¹ *Bart.*, *M.P.*, *P.C.*, *G.C.B.*, *F.R.S.* (*Circa* 1831.) I was fortunate enough to meet this gentleman some few years ago, and have latterly seen more of him. I used to dine with him at Hastings last year, and have been occasionally with him this, at his house at Richmond that he had taken for a short time, the former residence of Mr. Owen Cambridge.

His politics have been through life rather violent, and not quite those congenial with my own ways of thinking, but I never suffer difference of political or general opinion to interfere with my admiration of good personal qualities, or my deference for talent. Both these are possessed in no common degree by this gentleman, and there is nothing in his manners or conversation that assumes the least superiority ; the first are rather shy (though perfectly gentleman-like) and the last is not forward in intruding itself.

Lord Grey's Whig administration necessarily mustered all the force it could in the support of those whose talents and opinions gave consequence to the important Bill they were anxious to pass, and Sir John C. Hobhouse's early formed opinions on this subject, independent fortune, and general talent, made his effectual support, by being in Office, of great consequence to the Government. (Persuaded by this, more than from any fondness for

¹ A friend of the poet Lord Byron and author of an account of a journey with him in Albania. A distinguished politician, he filled various public offices, and was many years President of the Board of Control. He was created 26th February, 1861, Lord Broughton of Broughton Gifford. He died in 1869, aged 83.

peace—at least I am so convinced—he later accepted the Office of Secretary for War.)

He seems reluctantly to enter upon politics. His general attainments are very superior. In his person he is small and short, but very quick, and uses a great deal of exercise. He is married to a very amiable woman, Lady Julia Hay, a sister of Lord Tweeddale.

I have occasionally met at his house the poet Mr. Campbell, to whom I was introduced originally at Sydenham by his namesake Lady Charlotte Campbell. He appeared a cheerful companion and I remember his advocating the cause of Lord Byron against some person in company who was rather severe against the spirit of His Lordship's writings. He was, however, moderate and liberal in his defence, and did not attempt to justify the Noble Poet altogether.

One day when I met him at Sir John Hobhouse's, he recited some composition of his own about the Poles: this was extremely tedious, and a few days afterwards Sir John invited me to dine with Lady Julia and himself in a quiet way, assuring me, as an inducement to accept his invitation, that I *should not have any poetry!*

This reminds me of an anecdote which I heard of the poet Thompson. He was an unskilful and inarticulate reader of any solemn composition; he was one day reading to Dodington,¹ who being him-

¹ Dodington, George Bubb, born 1691, in 1720 took the name of Dodington on inheriting a fine property from his uncle. He was the son of an Irish apothecary. He got into Parliament and reached

self a remarkably elegant reader was so much provoked by Thompson's odd utterance that he snatched the paper from his hands, and told the astonished poet he did not understand his own verse !

May, 1831. Admiral the Earl of Northesk,¹ G.C.B. (1756-1831.) This nobleman commanded the 'Quebec' Frigate, as Lord Rosehill, when I first knew him and we never afterwards met on service till he commanded the 'Monmouth,' 64, in the North Sea in 1797, the ship that, with one exception — the 'Montagu' — most distinguished herself in the daring violence and rebellious conduct that occurred during the Mutiny at the Nore.

His Lordship was a sort of Envoy from Parker to the Government ; and the terms the mutineers sent by him were, as it was naturally expected they would be, perfectly inadmissible, and the negotiation failed.

Lord Northesk, who married a niece of Lord St. Vincent, was third in command at the Battle of Trafalgar, and had the Red Ribband after the Battle. Though not considered a very active or enterprising officer, he was nevertheless much liked by those who served under him. In his person he was of the middle size, and his countenance was

the goal of his ambition, a peerage, with the title Baron Melcome, when he died at Hammersmith 28th July, 1762. He tried to pass as a wit and poet.

¹ William, 7th Earl of Northesk. He was Rear-Admiral of Great Britain, an Admiral of the Red, and Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.

pleasing ; in domestic life he was very deservedly beloved. I journeyed down with him to Portsmouth in May, 1831, for the purpose of taking leave of our respective sons who were both going out to the Mediterranean with Sir Henry Hotham ; and he died a few days afterwards on May 28th, at his house, 25 Albemarle Street. I had always found him a good-natured, unassuming, amiable man, and was surprised and shocked, having left him so well the week before, to learn the unexpected tidings of his death. He was buried on the 8th of June following at St. Paul's, and I was one of the pall-bearers.

This recalled vividly to my mind an incident which had happened only a very short time before. Lord Northesk had visited the Cathedral and desired to see the vaults. The man, who did not know him, at length pointed out the coffin of Lord Nelson, the first in command at Trafalgar, and then that of Lord Collingwood, the second in command ; after which he indicated intelligently, "*Here's the place where t'other old gentleman is to lie when he comes !*" Poor Lord Northesk smiled wryly, but little thought "t'other old gentleman" would so soon be there !

*Viscount Sidmouth.*¹ I have had the pleasure of meeting this Nobleman frequently in Society. He

¹ Henry Addington (1757-1844), the son of Lord Chatham's physician, Dr. Anthony Addington. He was Speaker 1789-1801, when upon Pitt's resignation he was invited to form a Ministry. The principal event which marked it was the Peace of Amiens 1802, and it ended in 1804. Next year he was created Viscount Sidmouth. He retired from the Cabinet in 1824.



Catterson Smith, del.

R. F. Lane, A.R.S., lithog.

HENRY ADDINGTON, 1ST VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH

is a very extraordinary man of his age, particularly when one remembers the various public situations he has filled. His Lordship seems to have an excellent and cheerful temper, and this is one great help to longevity. He filled an arduous and responsible Office (the Home Department) at a dangerous and critical period, when the lower classes were in a State of alarming excitement and the general state of the Country threatening some impending and insurrectionary storm, and he did so with a firmness and courage that was useful to his Country and creditable to himself.

His Lordship was supposed to have been amongst the most earnest of those who recommended that the Cato Street conspiracy should be met at its very extremity, and that the wretches who composed it should be allowed to fulfil their design up to the point of actually being allowed to enter the Hall of Lord Harrowby's house, where the Cabinet Ministers were to dine; but this counsel, which exhibited more of courage than prudence, was overruled, principally, it is believed, by one whose spirit could not easily be called in question, the Duke of Wellington.¹ It was providential that it happened so; for the confusion and bloodshed that would

¹ This opinion, according to Lady de Ros, appears to have been mistaken. She states: "The Duke recommended that the attack of the conspirators should not be prevented, but that the Cabinet dinner should take place, as if nothing had been known, at Lord Harrowby's, and thus by a concerted arrangement, the whole of the gang should be captured." She then proceeds to give full details of the plan proposed, or supported, by the Duke as personally related by him. See *Reminiscences of Lady de Ros*, pp. 169-70.

have ensued would have perhaps spread and done incalculable mischief elsewhere.

In his person Lord Sidmouth is tall, and has the countenance of a good-natured and amiable more than a sensible man. Though brought forward by Mr. Pitt, and a very early friend of his, they do not latterly appear to have understood each other.

Dining one day in company with his Lordship, who leaned towards the Saints, and imbibed all the warm prejudices against the Planters of the West India Islands, I took occasion to say in defending that ill-used and misunderstood body of men, that I feared in twenty years we should not have one West India Island in our possession unless a very different system was adopted and very different ideas were entertained by the Government of the Mother Country towards them. Towards the close of the evening as I was going away, His Lordship questioned me and said he hoped I was not in earnest in what I had said some hours before ; I repeated that I was most seriously in earnest. He then said, " Well, Sir William, we do all for the best, but we never know whether we are going too fast or too slow." My observations, uttered some years ago, for it is now 1831, are, I fear, in a very straight way to be verified. The cant of hypocrisy has blinded the Nation and they will perceive that it has done so when it is too late. Upon this momentous subject they began at the wrong end, and party and fanaticism got the better of reason.

*Charles, 2nd Earl Grey.*¹ (Written *circa* 1831-2.) Upon some occasion when His Lordship was First Lord of the Admiralty, he despatched intelligence to Windsor relative to some Naval Action, as usual with great celerity, and the King George III told my father, who was with him at the time he received it, that there was one of the Ministers by whom he was "always sure of being treated like a gentleman, and that was Lord Howick."

This Nobleman's manners are dignified, and he is the most graceful and eloquent speaker in the Upper House. His politics have always been warm, though strangers would imagine from his general conduct in private life, and his bearing in public, that he was by no means deficient in the pride of aristocracy.

Lady Grey,² his sister-in-law, who was very troublesome and importunate upon religious subjects, one day concluded a long and ineffectual exhortation by lamenting that His Lordship was not more like his brother, the Bishop of Hereford,³ for that *he* had had "a call." Lord Grey calmly asked if it was before dinner or after. This appears,

¹ Born 1764. He maintained for twenty-one years a leading position in the House of Commons. Upon the accession of the Whig Administration in 1806 he became First Lord of the Admiralty; and, at the decease of Mr. Fox, Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He remained in opposition till 1830, when he became Prime Minister. He introduced the Reform Bill in 1831, which was finally carried in 1832. He died in 1845.

² Charlotte, only daughter of Sir Charles Des Vœux, Bart., who married General the Hon. Sir Henry Grey, G.C.B., second son of the 1st Earl Grey. She was a strong evangelical.

³ The Hon. Edward Grey, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Hereford, prebendary of Westminster, fifth son of the 1st Earl Grey.

though not the most refined, perhaps the best way of turning into ridicule the absurdities of Her Ladyship and those who are immoderate in her way of thinking.

I remember Lord Grey telling me once that he thought the affair of Algiers (when the British successfully bombarded the town on August 27th, 1816) a very *fortunate* one. He alluded to our want of ammunition had the Algerians recommenced the action.

I remember a ridiculous circumstance happening at Sheerness, where His Lordship's father, Sir Charles Grey, was appointed to the command at the time of the Mutiny. The General ordered one of his Aide-de-Camps to proceed and see about a lodging he heard there was to be had at the Storekeeper's, and to give directions for its being got ready. The young man, upon his arrival in the Garrison, immediately went to my friend Grant, the Storekeeper in the Dockyard, and after looking at several available rooms and giving various directions, particularly that the rooms were to be well aired and ready for the General's reception, appeared satisfied and withdrew. All this, as may readily be supposed, was a matter of surprise to Grant, who, however, recollecting the serious nature of the times, and the danger the place would probably be in, made his mind up to treat Sir Charles Grey respectfully and give every accommodation in his power. When the *éclaircissement* took place, it was discovered that the lodging the General had was at the *Ordnance* Storekeeper's! This made no altera-



Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., pinx.

CHARLES, 2ND EARL GREY

J. Cochrane, sculpt.

tion in the attentive hospitality of Grant, and some years afterwards when Lord Howick came to the Board, he was removed to Portsmouth.

In his figure and his countenance Lord Grey has all the appearance of a man of high rank and superior talents ; he is very domestic and has an exceedingly large family.

On one occasion in the course of conversation it was remarked that his Majesty had been advised to dismiss his Household troops, whereupon a gentleman present remarked : " In that case he should begin by dismissing the *Greys*."

In 1830 Lord Grey had a tenancy of No. 21 Hanover Square. Late one night he was crossing the dining-room to go to bed with a candle in his hand when he saw behind one of the pillars a pale face which seemed to be that of a very old man, though the eyes and hair were very black. It disappeared as soon as he moved forward, and an exhaustive search revealed nothing to account for the apparition, if such it was. He told his family next morning at breakfast of his experience, whereupon his wife and daughter, Lady Georgiana, revealed what they had hitherto kept from him, that they had both been scared out of their senses by a somewhat similar experience, but had not related it to him for fear of being laughed at.

One night Lady Georgiana had been awakened by the sensation of someone breathing on her face. She opened her eyes drowsily and was startled by seeing the face of a man bending over her. Thinking, however, she must be still dreaming she again

closed her eyes, but when she reopened them she was startled into wakefulness, for the man was still there looking at her with a peculiarly evil expression. She screamed loudly, and the face disappeared, whereupon in great alarm she jumped out of bed and fled to the room of her sister, Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, where she remained for the rest of the night. The next day on examining the bolts of the room, which she had closed before she slept, they were found to be in good order and undrawn.

The house, however, had a bad reputation, as Lady Devonshire who owned it was robbed of her diamonds there, and the incident, which got abroad and was much discussed in London, gave rise to a supposition that the supposed ghost might have been one of a gang of thieves who resorted to trickery to achieve their object. This, however, did not account fully for the fact that Lady Georgiana saw the face vanish, and that nobody could have entered and left her room except by the closed door.

It is said that Lord Grey also saw a ghost at Howick, which upset him considerably, but of this I have never heard any particulars as he will not mention the subject. The story has been taken up by the opposite party in politics and has been utilised in more than one caricature, which may account for his reluctance to say anything further on the subject.

[In connection with the passing of the Reform Bill and the administration of Lord Grey, Sir

William Hotham tells the following amusing incident. Sir William Horne, who was Solicitor-General in 1830 and Attorney-General in 1832, was as violent an advocate of Reform as Sir William Hotham was opposed to it. The latter relates :—]

I first became acquainted with this gentleman when he was Solicitor-General. We were dining together at a house in Harley Street, and we not only sat opposite each other but also soon discovered we were very opposite in our political ways of thinking. The Reform Bill had not then passed and I was not very mincing in my expressions of detestation against it (*sic*). My unknown friend opposite at length asked me how I would vote if I was in Parliament, considering the existing state of the public mind ; I replied warmly : “ Perhaps I might be intimidated, or I might yield my own judgment, as others have done, to the clamours of my constituents, but if I *did* vote for the Bill, I should have to hope that God had forgiven me, to the latest day I have to live.” This rejoinder, with the warmth that existed on both sides, amused the company very much, for they saw what was the fact that I had not the slightest idea who my antagonist was either in name or situation !

We, however, got up into the Drawing-room very good friends, and I had the pleasure of meeting him several times afterwards. He subsequently was elected for Marylebone in 1833. He does not seem firm in his seat, or to be much considered by the very Ministers who placed him there, nor is it likely he will be re-elected. It is said that he has not been

steady in his politics, or so conducted himself in regard to them as to be much relied on. His doctrine always seemed to be upon the "laissez aller" principle, and that by leaving things alone, and allowing people to write and say what they pleased, difficulties would wear themselves out. The present administration have certainly given this doctrine the length of its tether, and have put its merit and efficacy pretty smartly to the test.¹

The Attorney-General seems in private life a very good-natured and amiable man. His manners and countenance, however, are neither of them very prepossessing.

1831. *Admiral Sir Joseph Sidney Yorke*,² K.C.B., M.P. This old friend and brother officer lost his life this year. He was the son of Charles Yorke, the Lord Chancellor, and grandson of Philip Yorke, 1st Earl of Hardwicke. He was considered a very zealous and efficient officer; and I had for many years the pleasure of his delightful acquaintance. He was nearly the whole of his life, after coming of age, in Parliament; and latterly, though it was occasionally ill-timed, very facetious and amusing. Many a long and stupid hour in the House did he give relief to by his sallies of drollery and good-humour. He could easily be provoked into intemperance, but had a strong natural talent, and was very convivial and entertaining in Society.

¹ This might have been written in 1814.

² Sir Joseph Yorke was Member for Reigate and was in the sixty-fourth year of his age at the date of his death.

The story of his death is mysterious. On May 5th of this year he was in a half-decked boat belonging to his friend, Captain Bradby, sailing at the mouth of the Southampton River. The weather was blowing and squally. By some accident, for it was never known how, the boat filled and went down, and everybody perished. My brother-in-law, Captain Young, was with him, also a man and a boy ; the man had still life in him when he was picked up but could not utter. The bodies were soon found, and it was imagined the lightning struck the vessel, while several circumstances in the appearance of Sir Joseph's body tended to confirm this supposition.

I was at Spithead at the time and saw the lightning playing very sharply in that direction ; I was going on shore from the ' St. Vincent ' and was obliged to request the young Officer of the boat to be careful, for it was blowing in very sudden and heavy squalls.

Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P. (1770-1844.)
I was at School with this gentleman at Westminster and boarded in the same house with him and his two brothers, Sedley and Jones ; the former of whom lost his life with Lord Montague at Rheinfelden between Schaffhausen and Basle.

Francis was exceedingly liked at School as an open, cheerful, good-natured boy, and was then fond of horses and dogs, and not very much inclined to anything like application. His decided political opinions are said to have been formed by Horne Tooke, and he could not, the temper of the times

considered, have had a worse tutor. The excess to which they were carried marked him, at a very early period of life, as a Leader of the People, and a sort of natural shyness prevented him from associating much with those who would have tempered the impetuosity of youth, and guided the errors of inexperience. The French Revolution occurred just when his time of life made him the most susceptible of any violent impressions, and he accordingly gave way to the stream by which so many were hurried along. This led him into difficulties, and some very serious ones with the Government.

I remember dining at Admiral Nugent's the day he was sent to the Tower, and amongst the company was Miranda, the South American Patriot, who had served in a distinguished manner under the banners of the Revolution. In response to something that had been said of Sir Francis being formidable as a public character, Miranda remarked: "The courage Sir Francis possesses is not of that desperate sort that need create positive alarm; though I am perfectly persuaded there is no deficiency of that quality in him as a man, I think that, as a leader of the people, he lacks that feeling which is one 'sui generis' indispensably necessary in this situation. I assure you you will find, when the term of his imprisonment is expired, that he will quietly return to his home." This, from whatever cause it proceeded, was certainly the case.

His behaviour on the above-mentioned occasion to my friend, General Colman, who had been newly



SIR FRANCIS BURDETT

From a lithograph

appointed Sergeant-at-Arms after his father, was not quite in accord with the accustomed frankness and sincerity that usually marked Sir Francis, and the former gentleman, from whom I had a statement of the circumstance, nearly lost a very important and honourable situation, by the unsuspecting confidence he placed in his prisoner.

General O'Lochlin told me he was on duty that day, and that in going to the Tower, a man in the mob forcibly got hold of the bridle of one of the horses of the carriage in which Sir Francis was seated, whereupon one of the soldiers, without inflicting any injury, struck the fellow with the flat part of his sword, and obliged him to quit his hold. Immediately Sir Francis sprang up and harangued from the carriage window, asking loudly, "If that was the way British Subjects were to be treated," etc. The Officer quietly told him to be cautious and advised him to be silent, for that, if anything unfortunate happened, he would probably be the first to suffer by it.

I have had frequent occasion to meet with Sir Francis in after-life, and have always found him in every way the gentleman, and little disposed to enter into any political conversation. I remember going to visit him in the King's Bench Prison, and I walked up and down with him for a long time and found him very cheerful.

He was in the habit of dining very often with old Mr. Bosville of Welbeck Street,¹ who kept open

¹ Godfrey Bosville, Esq., of Gunthwaite and Thorpe Hall in Yorkshire, a great friend of Horne Tooke, Wilkes, etc. Sir Francis

house for his friends, but was remarkably punctual and very put out if his visitors were not so. Sir Francis told me that one day, finding himself behind his time, after he had knocked at the door he went away again without going in. In meeting Mr. Bosville next day he was about to make some apology, but his friend stopped him by saying: "Sir Francis, there is an adage that says, 'better late than never,' mine is 'better never than late.'"

Had the ardour of his political enthusiasm been more under the control of fine talent assiduously cultivated, Sir Francis might have been the leader of the landed interest in the House of Commons, and an effectual barrier against Ministerial influence. With a fine figure, commanding eloquence, and thorough knowledge of the History and Constitution of his Country, he would have been looked up to by those who were most jealous of the liberties of the people, without losing sight of the security of the Throne; but he plunged at once into the vortex of that whirlpool whose foaming eddies threatened destruction, but which were at length evaporated and lost in the good sense and understanding of the people.

His conduct, indiscreet as it may have been, has at least been the result of principle; and the imperious necessity he occasionally lay under, from the nature of his opinions, of associating with men every way infinitely below and unworthy of him, never affected

Burdett and he used to share the expenses of the dinners given by Horne Tooke to his friends every Sunday at Wimbledon. Mr. Bosville himself was noted for his hospitality, but many anecdotes are related respecting his rigid punctuality.

his manners or his honour as a gentleman of ancient family and extensive property. In private society he is very amiable and his manners are particularly mild and gentlemanlike. He has refused a Peerage, and in this instance acted with good sense and consistency. He still (1831) appears busy on the stage of politics, and has yet perhaps an important and different card to play. He is about 62 or 63.

[In July of this same year Hotham heard of the death at an advanced age of William Roscoe, whose acquaintance he had made when in command of the Sea Fencibles at Liverpool. After expatiating at some length on the virtues of the deceased historian in private life in contrast to his regrettable Whig proclivities in politics, Hotham adds : " His poetry is beautiful ; but I have heard a strange thing—that he never sent any MS. to press without first submitting it to the revision of Mrs. Roscoe ; and this appears remarkable to those who were acquainted with the family, for, with every appearance of domestic kindness and virtue which she possessed in a very eminent degree, I never saw anyone whose forte seemed to lie less in the way of literature ! " The recollection of Roscoe, however, recalled to Hotham another friend belonging to the years spent by him in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. This was Colonel Bolton, then one of the chief residents and merchant Princes of the place, a man whom we are told was " deservedly of note and mark " in his day, and who was influential, not merely locally, but in the politics of the entire country.

A native of Ulverstone, he had been educated in a charity school there, and as a penniless youth went out to the West Indies, whence he returned in the course of years the owner of a considerable fortune. About 1782 he settled in Liverpool at 84 Duke Street, and later purchased the country seat of Storrs, beautifully situated on the banks of Lake Windermere. A great friend and adherent of Canning, he also upheld Pitt and his successors ; and when invasion from Napoleon appeared imminent, he raised a corps of volunteers, of which he became Colonel, likewise heading a fund in aid of the Government with a subscription of £500. Such, indeed, were his public services, that it is said that the Regent offered him any title which he liked to choose ; but Colonel Bolton had no heir, he was a man who prized the material comforts which wealth could supply far more than any shallow grandeur which would rather detract from, than enhance, the position he had achieved for himself, and he firmly declined the proffered honour. Hotham relates :—]

Another man whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making while in Liverpool was John Bolton, from whom, upon every occasion, I received the most attentive and liberal hospitality. This gentleman, who afterwards died at the age of 81, was one of those who demonstrate what industry and perseverance will do. His place at Storrs upon the Lake of Windermere, which he bought of Sir John Legard for £12,000 and which he told me had subsequently cost him £67,000, was one of the most

complete gentleman's houses I ever saw, and both the Host and Hostess were always most hospitably inclined. Mr. Bolton was a very warm and effective supporter of Mr. Canning, and that great statesman used to enjoy an occasional retreat to the house at Storrs and the beautiful scenery by which it is surrounded.

In sailing one day in a fine schooner which Mr. Bolton owned, he was carrying so much sail that I was not sorry when my request of being landed was granted, but told him before I disembarked, what was very true, that I never saw a landsman manage a boat in so seamanlike and skilful a manner. He smiled and told me it was what he had been brought up to, and that there was a time of his life when he had charge of a small vessel which went to sell produce from one West India Island to another. At that date, he added, he had scarcely shoes to his feet, and his remuneration was trifling indeed, but that now "he thanked God he was tolerably comfortable." (He was supposed to be worth half a million.)¹ These confessions may well make a man proud, both of the conduct which has given rise to them, and of the principle which prompts him to the relation.

When St. Lucia suffered so much from one of the most dreadful hurricanes that ever afflicted that country, Mr. Bolton appropriated a victualler that came out to him for the use—at very small cost and in many instances as a gift—of those of the inhabitants who had principally suffered; and when

¹ He died worth £700,000.

subsequently that island fell under the hands of the French, commanded by the Marquis de Bouilli, that high-minded and generous Frenchman gave orders that every store and building on which Mr. Bolton's name was inscribed should be considered as secure from any interference or examination.

Mr. Bolton during the War for some years commanded a Volunteer Corps he raised, and which was one of the best appointed of that nature in the kingdom. During that period, however, he had the misfortune to have some altercation with Mr. Brooks, one of the officers in it, who was most specially under his patronage and friendship.

[The story is as follows :—

Edward Brooks, who was a Major in the Lancashire Militia, in 1803, entirely through the powerful influence of Colonel Bolton, was given the post of customs jerquer, which at that time fell vacant. Shortly after, however, Major Brooks, becoming dissatisfied with his good fortune, applied for an increase of salary—an application which, for some unexplained reason, was referred to the West Indian Association, and was decidedly refused. This refusal, rightly or wrongly, the Major attributed to his erstwhile benefactor Colonel Bolton who, it was reported, had said that “£700 a year was enough for any young unmarried man.” Brooks being by temperament irascible and impulsive, was extremely angry at what he considered an ill-natured action on the part of his quondam friend, and in retaliation took the first opportunity to insult the Colonel openly in the street. In those days there was but

one sequel possible to such an incident. A meeting between the two men was promptly arranged ; but news of it got abroad ; the would-be combatants were arrested by the local magistrates, and were bound over to keep the peace for twelve months.

Subsequently, Hotham states, as the weeks passed, the quarrel was satisfactorily made up by the officers of the Corps, and all seemed to have blown over happily, when a remark made by the Commanding Officer of the District to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester (who was at the head of the forces in the neighbourhood), made Colonel Bolton feel it imperative in defence of his honour to renew his challenge to Mr. Brooks.

On the very day, therefore, when the twelve months' bond expired, December 20th, 1805, a meeting was once more arranged between the two men. The place selected this time was a field near Fairclough Lane, a quiet, unfrequented road where the duel was not likely again to be interrupted. There, at the time appointed, the former friends, accompanied by their seconds, appeared upon the ground, Colonel Bolton having further taken the precaution to bring with him a surgeon whose services would presumably be required.

The short December afternoon was drawing to a close, and it was already so dark that the combatants could not see to load their pistols. Candles were therefore brought by the seconds and held aloft in the gusty air, so that a flickering, uncertain light was cast upon the strange scene—upon these two men who were heavy of heart, the respectable,

kindly merchant and the man he had befriended, both met in deference to a chimera, each sworn to do the other to death.

What followed occupied but the space of a few seconds. Major Brooks fired first—and missed. The Colonel fired next and his opponent fell. The surgeon hastened to the assistance of the wounded man, but Major Brooks was already dead—the shot had killed him instantaneously.]

“ Mr. Brooks,” writes Hotham, “ was a remarkably tall and handsome young man, and the ball went through the upper part of his head. Colonel Bolton during one of my visits to Storrs related to me coolly and very like a gentleman this melancholy interruption to his happiness ; but assured me of a curious fact. He had never, he said, *fired a pistol before that occaston*, and he candidly confessed that, although he did not experience actual fear, he was at least (from many circumstances and particularly from his real friendship and affection for Mr. Brooks) in such a state of agitation at the moment as to make the accuracy of his shot as much a matter of intense surprise to himself as it was one of deep and indelible regret.

I was once at a Regatta at Storrs, and whilst we were upon the lake, a very severe thunderstorm came on, and the lightning appeared very vivid at Fell Foot—the extremity of the lake. A lady present said she was very much alarmed for her school which was there, but that, as she recollected she had ordered the children a holiday, it was only for the building she felt this unaccountable apprehension.

Strange to relate, on her return home the next day to Fell Foot she found the building totally destroyed ! This lady was a Mrs. Dickson, the daughter of Smeaton, the great Engineer, whose talent she inherited, besides having a great deal of her own ; and particularly that of Painting, in which she excelled in an extraordinary degree.

Mr. Bolton took me all over his extensive and well-stocked farm one day, situated about a mile from the house, and I remember his telling me that during the many years he had resided there, he had not, either in his house, his gardens, or his farm ever been robbed of the most trifling article. For some considerable portion of this time, too, there were workmen in every direction, for he was always enlarging and improving, and employing the poor. I am afraid he could not have said this had Storrs been further south.

Mr. Bolton had a great deal of influence at Liverpool and was always a staunch Conservative. He seems to have been a charitable man to the poor, and much respected even by those who differed with him upon political subjects. I had a very high respect for him and feel a gratification in speaking well of one from whom I always received—without having the least claim upon him whatever—the most marked kindness and hospitality.

CHAPTER XIV

PORTRAITS UNDER WILLIAM IV (*continued*)

1832-1837

[THE winter of 1832-3 was spent by Hotham at Hastings, and he subsequently wrote :—]

*H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland.*¹ During my residence at this place I was constantly in the society of the Duke of Cumberland, of whom through life I had seen less than of any of his brothers.

He had gone to Hastings in order to be near his friend Sir Watkin Walne, whose former practice in life as an Oculist having gained him a great and merited reputation made it likely that if anything could be done for Prince George of Cumberland,² who was losing his sight, it would be accomplished by him. It is, however, a forlorn hope, there being

¹ (1771-1851) Ernest Augustus, fifth son of George III; was created Earl of Armagh in Ireland and Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale in Great Britain 31st April, 1799; he succeeded to the Crown of Hanover on the death of his brother William IV 20th June, 1837.

² George, second Duke of Cumberland, son of the above, was born at Berlin May 27th, 1819, he married in 1843 Princess Mary Alexandrina, eldest daughter of Joseph, Duke of Saxe Altenburg, and had issue one son and two daughters.

a decided opinion amongst the able men in that line that this amiable and unfortunate young man is likely to be totally deprived of vision.

I dined several times with the Duke of Cumberland, whose health was complaining and whose mind did not appear at ease. There were several circumstances that must have interfered with His Royal Highness's feelings, if he had any, during his life; and the close of it was damped by the unfortunate affliction of his son.

The Duke is very attentive and well bred, and has the appearance of one subdued. His voice is comparatively weak and he has none of that excitement and energy which marks his family. His public opinions are at a low ebb, and his domestic history is not an enviable one.

I met one day with Lord Beresford at his table, and, with the exception of Mr. Planta, we were by ourselves. I had first met Lord Beresford when he served as a Marine officer on board the 'Britannia,' on which ship Lord Hotham's flag was flying, and at the subsequent reduction of Bastia. In his person his Lordship has become heavy and his manners are somewhat abrupt, while his countenance is not particularly pleasing. But he is still strong and in every way fit for active service; and he has been as steady with the Duke of Wellington in politics as he was obedient to him in the field.

When dining with the Duke in this confidential party, Lord Beresford did what he was well able to do—entered into the history of our conduct as connected with Portugal; and, as my opinion was

asked respecting the state of discipline and feeling that there is in the Navy, as compared with what existed some years ago, I gave it. It was not very favourable. I hope I have too much liberality to be merely a *laudator temporis acti* ! but I am conscientiously persuaded I am right when I say that the discipline, public spirit, and obedience of the British Navy have passed the Meridian.

I had not known the Duchess of Cumberland before I had the honour of dining with her at Hastings. Her Royal Highness's manners are quite perfect, and very like those of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, which they perpetually reminded me of.

In her figure she is very large with the remains of a fine woman, and her countenance animated and expressive. Her attention is very equally divided between those who are invited, but her spirits are broken about Prince George and his impending calamity of blindness.

H.R.H. herself is obliged to be very careful about candlelight and has shades before the candles at dinner and in the evening. I sat next her once or twice, and I was a good deal struck and pained by the pathetic manner in which she said, " You will have no *objection* to drink the health of my Prince George ? "

This interesting and unfortunate young man asked that I might be presented to him, and said something flattering and kind upon the occasion. Mr. Jelf, whose family I knew formerly well, told me that nothing could be imagined more amiable than the conduct or disposition of this young man, in-

dependent of the natural partiality he felt for him. Hopes of his recovery were slight and he could see little at this time. He remained in the Drawing-room till dinner was announced and he then retired. He played a good deal on the grand pianoforte, and composed. Mrs. Planta, a very fine performer herself, used to run over his compositions for him. His person and manners are both very much in his favour, and please God the most necessary faculty is restored to him, he promises to be an ornament to his family and his country.¹

[Each member of this melancholy family appears to have been suffering from deficient sight at this date, for the Duke himself had lost an eye in the battle of Tournay in 1794 ; while further cause for depression still existed in the recollection of an attempt subsequently made upon his life under mysterious circumstances, and to which there had been an unpleasant sequel. On the last day of May in the year 1810, the Duke had dined at Greenwich and had afterwards returned to St. James's Palace in order to be present at a concert to be given the following morning for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. He retired to rest about one o'clock, his sleeping apartment, which was a very large one, being dimly lit by a lamp which stood in a corner shaded by a screen. In a small ante-chamber adjacent slept his valet or page in attendance, whose name was Neale. On a sofa, not far from the bed,

¹ He succeeded to the Crown of Hanover on the death of his father in 1851 and died June 12th, 1878. In 1833 he went totally blind for life.

the Duke when undressing had laid his military sword, which had recently been repaired and sharpened at the suggestion of his favourite valet, Sellis, a Piedmontese.

After having slumbered for little over an hour, the Duke was awakened by a blow accompanied by a stinging sensation. His first impression was that a bat had got into his room and was beating about his head ; but a second blow soon roused him effectually, and in the dim light he perceived the gleam of his own sabre raised against him. He sprang from bed and tried to make his escape, but before he could do so he received a cut on the arm, and, in all about half a dozen wounds. In response to his cries Neale rushed to his assistance while, in the darkness of the passages, his unknown assailant made his escape. A subsequent visit to the room of the valet Sellis disclosed the latter seated upon his bed, partly undressed and with a smile upon his face, but stone dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

So far the facts of the case seemed sufficiently clear. Sellis, it was discovered, in order to be enabled to quit his own family that night and to sleep near the Royal apartments, had made a false excuse that the Duke was leaving for Windsor early the following morning. Having failed in his murderous design, the would-be assassin had apparently committed suicide. At the inquest upon his body the jury therefore brought in a verdict of *felo-de-se* and he was buried in the " cross-roads " at Scotland Yard.

But certain inexplicable circumstances connected with the occurrence gave rise to disagreeable com-

ment, and were eagerly seized upon by the democratic section of the public. Sellis was a left-handed man, and the evidence pointed to his throat having been cut by a right-handed person, also the razor with which the deed had been done was found upon the chest of drawers, where it was stated Sellis could not have placed it after having cut his throat. The absence of motive, too, constituted another mystery. True, Sellis had been anxious to quit service, in order to secure some appointment which would bring him in a maintenance for life, and the Duke had refused to ask any favour for him ; but H.R.H. had nevertheless treated both him and his family with great liberality, had given him apartments for his wife and children, and had even been godfather to his youngest child. Place, a tailor and a pronounced democrat, who was upon the jury at the inquest, indeed asserted boldly that he believed the Duke was too intimate with Mrs. Sellis, and on that account would not ask for any situation for Sellis which might have enabled the valet to remove his wife to safer quarters ; the scandal was whispered abroad with many additions insinuating that the Duke himself was responsible for the death of Sellis ; and two years later Henry White was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment and a fine of £200 for publishing the rumour.

There was, however, probably little foundation for a slander which had been eagerly seized upon by the disaffected followers of Sir Francis Burdett. Sellis appears to have been a discontented and foul-mouthed man, who abused his master behind his

back, and whose antecedents were not above suspicion. It seems probable that some fancied grievance or unrecognised taint of insanity made the ill-conditioned fellow brood over a scheme of vengeance which culminated in the attempt that cost his own life while it spared that of his intended victim.

Hotham's description of the Duke, however, is of interest in that he depicts him as a somewhat pathetic figure, gentle, well-bred, and subdued both in voice and manner. This scarcely coincides with the verdict of his own family. "Ernest," his brother William IV used to remark, "is not a bad fellow, but if anyone *has* a corn he is sure to tread on it!" The Duchess of Cumberland was a niece of the Duke's mother, and her character, as Hotham hints, was not above suspicion. Queen Charlotte, with her rigid but somewhat perverse notion of propriety, flatly refused to receive the Duchess at Court, and in answer to the representations of the Prince Regent that she would treat his sister-in-law with greater civility, she responded with unusual logic, "If I receive Ernest's wife there is no reason why I should not receive yours!"—an argument which did not fail to end the discussion. The Duke, however, of all the sons of George III is stated to have had "the strongest will, the best intellect and the greatest courage,"¹ but that he resembled his brothers in much may be inferred from the following anecdote which Hotham appends :—]

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography.*

Sir John Dyer, who had been at Nice for his health and had returned still an invalid, was dining one day at Carlton House and sitting opposite to the Duke of Cumberland, who asked him to drink a glass of wine with him. Sir John, of course, made his assenting bow, but shortly afterwards H.R.H. again asked him to drink a glass of champagne. Sir John upon this occasion begged leave to decline drinking more wine, explaining he was under medical régime and was unable to indulge. The Duke got angry, and handing the glass over the table insisted, with unbecoming importunity, that Sir John could not refuse to take it from his hands. Sir John assured the Duke that he would not have excused himself at first without strong reasons. H.R.H. still persevering, Sir John at length said, "Come, come, Sir, put by that glass and give it to the servant, and show for *once* at least in your life that you can behave yourself like a gentleman!"

Sir John was in the First Regiment of the Guards and very highly respected. He eventually destroyed himself.

[Hotham appears to have wintered again at Hastings the following year when he writes:—]

*H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent.*¹ I paid my respects to Her Royal Highness at St. Leonard's, in the winter of '34, and received from her whilst I re-

¹ Victoria-Maria-Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg and widow of the Prince of Leiningen. Born in 1786, she married H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, the 2nd November, 1818; and their only child the Princess Victoria was born 24th May, 1819. The Duchess of Kent died in 1861.

mained at Hastings marked and kind attention, having the honour of dining with her, and attending her evening parties several times. Her person and countenance are both pleasing, and her manners dignified but easy. She is exceedingly particular in dividing her attention and making everybody go away satisfied with the share they have had of it. Her Royal Highness seems, and with reason, to have made herself popular wherever she has gone, and her general prudence and uninterrupted attention to her daughter is in every way most gratifying and praiseworthy. In her figure H.R.H. is of the middling size, with the remains of a fine woman.

*H.R.H. The Princess Victoria.*¹ This young Princess is very like her father and the rest of the Royal Family. Her figure is inclined to be stout, and she will not probably be tall. Her manners are very pleasing, and when she speaks upon any subject it is with quickness and intelligence, more than would be expected from her fixed countenance, which is rather serious and heavy. H.R.H. appears much beloved by those who are immediately about her, and though she does not carry the appearance of strong health there is nothing to apprehend from constitution. No child ever had a more indefatigably anxious and attentive mother.

[At the table of the Duchess of Kent and at her card-parties Hotham constantly met Lord Mont-

¹ Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Born 24th May, 1819, crowned 28th June, 1838; married 12th February, 1840, H.R.H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and died 1901.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA
From a drawing by Sir George Hayter

eagle,¹ "a very agreeable, gentlemanlike and well-informed man," albeit a Whig; also Shuttleworth, Bishop of Chichester, who had been Warden of New College, Oxford, when Hotham's son, Edwin, was entered as a Gentleman Commoner. "He was a very eloquent writer," Hotham mentions, "and seemed as amiable a man. His political opinions, however, must have been Whig ones or the Administration of the day would never have given him a Mitre. He was not far advanced in life, and his appearance was very much in his favour." Dr. Davys, too, now Dean of Chester and obviously on the road to a Mitre, again figured among the Royal guests, and doubtless discussed with Hotham the strange disappearance abroad of their former agreeable friend George Wainewright. The Duchess, however, did not entertain much at this date, for she was in mourning for a nephew of her husband, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who had died after a painful illness of fifteen days, at Bagshot, on November 20th, 1834, aged fifty-nine. He was the son of William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, by his wife the Countess of Waldegrave, an illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and was known to his contemporaries by the nicknames of "Silly Billy" and "Slice of Gloucester," being more remarkable for amiability than for any superfluity

¹ The Hon. Thomas Spring Rice (1790-1866). He was an able politician and represented Limerick 1820-32, and Cambridge 1832-9. He was successively Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Chancellor of the Exchequer and Comptroller-General of the Exchequer. He was created Baron Monteagle of Brandon in 1829.

of brains ; “ but,” relates Raikes, “ he was a quiet inoffensive character, rather tenacious of the respect due to his rank, and strongly attached to the ultra-Tory party.” In regard to him Hotham writes :—]

I was presented to H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester when I commanded the ‘ Adamant ’ of 50 guns, laying in Yarmouth Roads, just before the mutiny at the Nore. He was commanding the Eastern district and had his head-quarters at Norwich. Word was brought that he intended to visit the ‘ Adamant ’ with the officers of his suite, but she was painting, and he was received instead on board the ‘ Brilliant,’ Captain Blackwood. I attended him afloat and dined with him, and he created a general good impression by his quiet good sense and the condescension of his manners. I afterwards saw him at Liverpool, and had the honour of meeting him at Mr. Blackburn’s, the County Member, and at the houses of other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. I again met him several years afterwards at the house of Mr. Pearce, the member for Devizes, at Chilton, and visited, in company with him, Tottenham Park and General Popham’s. I have been occasionally in His Royal Highness’s company lately.

He seems not to have enjoyed much of the friendship or affection of his illustrious relatives or to have been generally very popular. He has been mostly in opposition to, and is supposed to have given great offence to, the King (George IV) for the very marked manner in which he espoused the interests of Queen Caroline.



J. W. Chandler, pinxt.

J. B. A. script.

PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

I speak of people as I find them, and I have always found him very gentlemanlike and good-natured. He was more punctilious in everything relating to etiquette than the rest of the Royal Family, from the very circumstance of his being so little upheld by it. He carried this sometimes in domestic circles to a very unnecessary length. He kept people standing much longer than the Duke of York would have done, and was much more observant about ceremony.

I remember H.R.H. on one occasion asking the lady of the house where he was a guest if she would drink a glass of wine with him, and upon inquiring of her what wine she drank, she, on purpose, replied that she would take a glass out of his own decanter. He, however, at once ordered another bottle of the same wine to be brought by the attendants, but would not help her from his own bottle.

He had the reputation, for the short time he served, of being a very gallant and zealous officer, and upon several occasions he distinguished himself. A breach very soon occurred between the Commander-in-Chief (the Duke of York) and himself; but H.R.H. appears to have been treated by his uncle George III with uniform kindness.

I have heard a story on one occasion that, in consequence of the troops being young and raw, and disposed to fire before it was proper they should, the Duke deliberately rode up and down the rank, in order that they should be afraid, if any firing took place, they might perhaps hit him—hoping by this stratagem to induce them to reserve their fire.

In his person and manners he was very like his family ; was tall, but not a good figure, and seems all his life to have been subject to, at least, a delicate state of health. He married his cousin Princess Mary, and this seems to have done away with the coolness that had heretofore subsisted between George IV and himself. His style was altered too, having previously been addressed as His Highness only, upon this occasion he was publicly ordered to be called His Royal Highness.

H.R.H. died in December '34 after a short illness. He was aware of his situation and died in an exemplary manner. The poor of Bagshot and its neighbourhood have lost a kind and benevolent benefactor. Mr. Spring Rice told me he knew what a loss H.R.H. would be to the neighbourhood, and told me also that the Duke had no hope of himself and died with much resignation and firmness.

*4th April, 1835. H.R.H. The Princess Augusta.*¹ Since my early years I have never had the honour of being in the Society of H.R.H. except at dinner at His Majesty's at Brighton, and finding her at home at Frogmore one day when I called. Upon both these occasions she was very kind, and, like the rest of her illustrious relations, repeated to me the names and circumstances of all my family with perfect correctness of memory. H.R.H. has been through life generally beloved by those who were near her, but latterly her health has not been so good. She

¹ Augusta Sophia, second daughter of George III, born 1768, died unmarried September 22nd, 1840.

is very stout and very strong in her likeness to all the Royal Family. She lives a great deal, and on terms of perfect harmony, with His Majesty (William IV).

I put my name in H.R.H.'s book to-day who was complaining. The answer was that she was not quite so well again.

The same day I put my name in the book of H.R.H. the *Landgravine of Hesse Homburg*,¹ and was reminded of old times. She was at the Duke of Cumberland's apartments, and complaining. Even in early life H.R.H. was always inclined to be very stout, and her figure is now very large and short, but her kindness and good-humour wherever she went made her universally beloved. Like the rest of the Royal Family her memory is retentive, and she still, I understand, preserves the gaiety of spirit and benevolence of disposition for which she was always so remarked. H.R.H. was very attentive to her mother and seems to possess every conciliating virtue that can create esteem. When the King went down to dissolve the Parliament previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, she declined going to the ceremony, and did so from a feeling that became a Princess of England and a daughter of George III.

[Early the following year Hotham learnt of the death of another officer whose name revived many

¹ Elizabeth, third daughter of George III, married the 7th April, 1818, her cousin His Serene Highness Frederick, Landgrave and Prince of Hesse Homburg, who died in 1829.

recollections of the past. In January, 1833, he wrote :—]

Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth. (1757-1833.) I first remember this Officer in the 'Nymph' Frigate, but was never fortunate enough in any way to serve with him, though I have the pleasure of knowing him very well in society.

He told me once that when the 'Flora' engaged 'La Nymphe' early in the French-American War, Mr. Pellew was Second Lieutenant of her. The action was hard fought, and the 'Nymphe' surrendered. Many years afterwards Mr. Pellew, by this time promoted to the rank of Post Captain, was appointed Commander of 'La Nymphe'; he soon, off the Start, fell in with 'La Cléopâtre,' a ship of every way equal force, and after a hard fought and desperate action 'La Cléopâtre' surrendered. Her Captain was amongst the slain, and Captain Pellew, on going to view the dead body *found that his antagonist had been the former Second Lieutenant of 'La Nymphe' when she had surrendered to the 'Flora'!* Captain Pellew buried his fallen enemy at his own expense at Portsmouth, with the honours of war. Every acknowledgment was afterwards made by the dead man's relations and the expense repaid.

Captain Pellew was very justly considered as one of the most active and zealous officers in the British Navy, and was in consequence, even in the earlier part of his career, generally employed in detached commands, where vigilance and enterprise and a thorough knowledge of his profession were required.

He fulfilled, upon every occasion, the expectations that were formed; and the concluding scene of his professional drama at Algiers was perfectly consistent with the prompt and energetic courage which marked him whenever he was upon the stage, and obtained him—and deservedly too—the unanimous applause of civilised mankind.

In his person Lord Exmouth was below the middle size and thick-set, with remarkable strength and activity of body—his countenance was not, any more than his manner, very prepossessing, and he was said occasionally to be intemperate and violent, but this in a great measure might be the consequence of an ardent but impatient zeal. His popularity, however, was not in consequence so general as it otherwise would have been, though there was but one universal opinion as to his professional talent.

His Lordship seems to have gone very early to sea [at the age of thirteen], but his natural understanding is very strong, and if his education has been necessarily confined, he never betrays it either in writing or conversation, both of which are very good.

I remember hearing that his late Majesty (George IV), who certainly was, as Lord Byron says—

“ All for the land Service

Forgetting Nelson, Duncan, Howe and Jervis,”

and not particularly partial to the blunt manners of a sea life, said that His Lordship was a very brave and meritorious officer, but that he (the King) did not feel himself quite at home with the Admiral, and was as much afraid of him as the Bey of Algiers was!

His irritability appears to have been excited in the House of Lords as well as on board ship and he was the only one who seems to have checked the insulting and disrespectful language of the Queen's Counsel at her trial. Perhaps His Lordship may not have managed it with quite the address many lords would have done, but the feeling upon that occasion did *him* credit and *them* shame.

I once, whilst we were riding together, suggested how appropriate the domain Minehead, at that time to be sold, would be to his Lordship, in whom the honours to descend to his posterity first originated. An intrinsically fine and commanding situation, it looks down upon the entrance of the Exe and the town of Exmouth. He told me he quite entered into my idea and that he would have embarked upon a negotiation about it if he had not already purchased an estate in Devonshire, and if they had not required a price very much beyond either his means or inclination to pay.

Lord Exmouth died the latter end of January, 1833, at Teignmouth.

[Three months later Hotham heard of a loss which affected him more closely—the death of his cousin Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, who had been primarily instrumental in capturing Napoleon in 1815. Born the 19th of February, 1777, Sir Henry died unexpectedly at Malta, after a life of brilliant service, on April 19th, 1833. Hotham relates:—]



VICE-ADMIRAL THE HONOURABLE SIR HENRY HOTHAM, G.C.M.G.,
K.C.B. BORN 19TH FEBRUARY, 1777; DIED 19TH APRIL, 1833
AT MALTA, WHILE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE MEDITERRANEAN



On the 12th of April of that year he had to take his place as one of the Judges of the Court of Admiralty upon a trial of Piracy, and he remained in the closest attendance, expressing himself in his usual clear and able manner daily, till 10 o'clock on Wednesday night the 17th, although he felt unwell from headache. That day, having had occasion to reprove one of the Counsel at a trial for disrespect and insult to the Court, he returned home more indisposed, and sent his Captain to take his place the following morning. He said what with the heat of the Court, and the vexation he felt at the unpleasant part of his duty alluded to, he was far from well. Leeches were applied, but they did not relieve him. On Friday he was better and went to bed early, but woke after a short sleep and said he would take the other half of a composing draught that was left. After reaching it himself and swallowing it, he sank upon his pillow and expired. A Post-mortem examination found the brain generally in a diseased state, and latterly some of the smaller blood-vessels broken. The medical gentlemen reported that Sir Henry's life could not have lasted much longer, and that if it had, paralysis, imbecility, and derangement might have supervened. In the meanwhile no person near him, any more than himself, had the least idea of anything like danger.

In his person Sir Henry was rather above the middle height and thin, with a fine countenance. In his manners he was rather formal, but upon every occasion maintained the bearing of a high-bred gentleman. In the transaction of business he was

always very attentive to the subject, and cool and deliberate in his decisions. His judgment was strong, and was formed upon the basis of the most punctilious impartiality; while in the various relations of life he approached as near perfection as the weakness of human nature will admit of. Admiral Hugon, the French Commander in the Mediterranean, when he learnt the sad news of Sir Henry's death said, "Until I was acquainted with Sir Henry Hotham, I never knew the perfection to which human nature could attain."

[The full particulars of Sir Henry's career, as recorded by Sir William, are known to history,¹ and need not here be recapitulated; but a few characteristic anecdotes respecting him which have survived in the family are worth mentioning.

Admiral Hugon was apparently not the only Frenchman who could admire the bold, seamanlike qualities of the English Commander. On one occasion after hostilities with France had ceased, some officers of both nationalities were discussing different incidents of the past campaign when a French Admiral who was present recounted what he considered to be the most gallant feat of arms on the part of a naval commander which he had ever witnessed, concluding his narrative by an expression of sincere regret that the name of the British officer in question had remained unknown to him. One of the company promptly informed him that the brave and successful Commander to whom he alluded and

¹ They will be found briefly enumerated in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

who had only been a Captain at the date referred to, was now none other than Sir Henry Hotham, whose ship the 'St. Vincent' could be seen at that moment at but a short distance.

"Is that so?" exclaimed the excitable Frenchman, springing up; "then not an instant shall be lost before I at last pay my homage to the noblest man that ever lived!"

Ordering a boat at once to convey him, he promptly boarded the 'St. Vincent,' and, rushing up to Sir Henry, flung his arms round the neck of the astonished Admiral, and embraced him repeatedly. "Permettez, Monsieur," he cried, "que je fais l'hommage le plus profond et respectueux au plus grand homme que le monde ait jamais vu!" The cause of such enthusiasm certainly justified the vehemence of its expression; but the feelings of Sir Henry during the ordeal were fortunately unsuspected by his admirer!

Despite the vexation of that final court martial which so fretted his kindly spirit and is said to have hastened his death, Sir Henry had the reputation of being, when occasion demanded, an unflinching martinet. At a date when disaffection prevailed in the Navy, and when all in authority were alarmed at the rapid spread of sedition, Sir Henry discovered on board his own flagship grave tokens of insubordination. Recognising that this must be crushed in the outset, he instantly arrested the two ringleaders and condemned them to death. His cousin, Mr. Frederick Hotham, afterwards Prebendary of Rochester, arriving on board to pay him a visit at

this juncture, was advised by Sir Henry to remain below, as justice was about to be executed upon the offenders. Mr. Hotham, however, unable to curb his curiosity, returned on deck in time to witness the following scene.

The two unfortunate scapegoats were suspended from the yard-arm, and the men who had so recently shared their opinions were drawn up on deck, sombre spectators of the painful sight. As the death-agonies of the culprits came to a close, Sir Henry, turning to the crew, addressed them with remarkable brevity :—

“ You see those two men hanging there ? ”

A sullen growl of assent was the rejoinder.

“ You know why they are there ? ”

Again a sullen assent passed like a murmur from mouth to mouth.

“ Then,” quoth Sir Henry, “ if you do as they did you will immediately join them. Return to your quarters ! ”

The order was obeyed ; and no disaffection subsequently occurred on the ships commanded by Sir Henry.

Sir Henry himself, however, at an early stage in his career, used to relate how he once suffered from the discipline of an older seaman. He went to spend a night with his uncle, Admiral, afterwards Lord, Hotham, and having but recently entered the Navy, he was full of youthful anxiety respecting the responsibilities of his new profession. He was to join his ship the next day, and being very weary with travelling, he became nervous lest he should over-

sleep himself, and so miss the coach by which he was to travel ; he therefore implored his uncle to be sure that he was called at an unusually early hour. He in fact reminded the older seaman of this request so often during the evening that the latter at length begged his youthful guest to be less importunate upon this point. "Have no fear, my lad," he announced, "*I* never sleep late, and I will call you myself ! "

Somewhat reassured by this promise, the young officer retired to rest, and was in the profound slumber engendered by intense weariness when he was roused by a thundering knock at the door of his room. He started up and inquired sleepily if it were already time to get up ? "No, no, my lad," called the voice of his uncle at the door, "it is only two o'clock, but I thought you would just like to know that I have not forgotten you ! " The youth murmured suitable expressions of a gratitude which he was far from feeling, and composed himself to sleep once more. It seemed to him that he had slumbered for but a few moments when he was once more roused by repeated knocking. Again he started up, and again the same performance was repeated. "Is it time to get up ? " he inquired anxiously ; and again the voice of his uncle replied cheerfully : "No, no, my lad, this is only to let you know that I have not forgotten you ! " At intervals during the ensuing hours of darkness the same farce was repeated, till at length the wretched youth, little refreshed by his broken slumbers, descended to take his departure, and the old man bade him farewell

with a somewhat sardonic smile. "You see, my lad," he observed complacently, "I did not forget you!" and Sir Henry used to add that never again did he ask his uncle to call him!

A curious incident in Sir Henry's career is now but little known. In May, 1808, while still a Captain, he was in command of a squadron off the north coast of Spain when the Spaniards first rose *en masse* against the French, and he received and landed Sir Arthur Wellesley on the first appearance of that General on the shores of the peninsula. The following year Captain Hotham left England with a number of troops ostensibly to occupy Capetown, but in reality his objective was Buenos Ayres, which was then thick in the throes of its war of revolution against the Spanish rule. The Captain went to the Cape and, after refitting, made a descent on the great River Plate port. Troops were landed under the command of General Whitelocke and the city was occupied. Then an unexpected reverse occurred; General Whitelocke treacherously sold his troops to the enemy and they were terribly cut up. Captain Hotham took the survivors into his ships and made all speed home, where his action in proceeding against Buenos Ayres was, in the interests of diplomacy, disowned.

This unfortunate event is commemorated to this day in the names of certain of the streets of Buenos Ayres; Calle Reconquista (Reconquered Street) is a narrow street in which the British troops were caught in a trap and experienced their first reverse; Calle Venite Cinco de Mayo (14th of May Street),



THE MONUMENT TO VICE-ADMIRAL THE HONOURABLE SIR HENRY HOTHAM,
G.C.M.G., K.C.B., AT MALTA

recalls the date of the last-mentioned disaster ; and Plaza Victoria was the scene of the final victory of the Argentines.

In one of the churches of the city there are a number of regimental colours which once belonged to British regiments, and which were captured at the time mentioned. They are very carefully preserved, but tradition records that on one occasion some bluejackets ashore on leave from one of our gun-boats appropriated the colours and took them on board. The next day the commander of the vessel was compelled to send the flags on shore again with a guard of honour and an elaborate apology to the Governor. The tale may or may not be true, but some of the colours are those of Highland regiments.

Other curious relics of those troublous times were brought to light about 1890. On one occasion in that year the water in the river receded some two or three miles below the ordinary low-water mark for one tide only. During this time several ships' guns of a pattern belonging to the early part of the century were picked up on the hard sandy bottom of the river, and it was considered to be beyond a doubt that they were guns thrown overboard by Captain, afterwards Sir Henry, Hotham in 1809 to lighten his ships and thus enable him to get out of the shallows quickly.^{1]}

¹ See also account in the *Morning Post*, January 7th, 1902.

1834. *The Earl Spencer*,¹ K.G. This venerable and respected Nobleman, after having been for some time declining, died this year regretted by everybody to whom he was known. He was at the head of the Board of Admiralty during, in every way, the most eventful period of our times, for the Flag was triumphant in every direction, and the name of the British Navy exalted to its highest pitch. In the midst of this a terrible convulsion, the Mutiny at the Nore, shook the security of the Empire to its foundation, but fortunately the storm blew over. In everything connected with this alarming appearance Lord Spencer seems to have acted with firmness and spirit.

It is not generally known that Lord Spencer during the mutiny, proposed to go out to St. Helens in the yacht with the Admiralty flag flying, and from thence negotiate with the misguided seamen of the fleet, declaring the crew of any ship or vessel which passed the flag in a state of rebellion. This very spirited intention on his part was overruled.

Lord Spencer's administration has been a very successful one, and the Naval glory had perhaps attained to its meridian under it. No man was ever more popular in the profession to which he was attached; he received officers with kindness, and his personal conduct to those who came to him on

¹ George John, 2nd Earl, K.G. (1758-1834). He was High-Steward of St. Albans, a Governor of the Charter House, and elder brother of the Trinity House, F.R.S. and F.S.A. His son, Lord Althorpe, was, previous to his accession to the peerage, a distinguished Member of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1830 to 1834.

business was easy and dignified. I had the good fortune of being known to him and dined with him frequently both in town and at Ryde. He was a bold and eager boat-sailer, and was very fond of being afloat in all weathers.

Upon his death the Whig Administration, losing Lord Althorpe in the House of Commons, soon crumbled to pieces. In his person Lord Spencer had much the natural air and appearance of a man of rank, and his countenance and manners were particularly mild and pleasing.

February 28th, 1835. William, Earl Nelson. This Nobleman, the only brother of the Naval Hero, died this month at his house in Portman Square, after a short illness ; I had seen him coming in his carriage to Town from Canterbury, and thought him looking in a bad way. He was in his 78th year. I used occasionally to dine with him, but his manners were boisterous, his own voice very loud, and he exceedingly and impatiently deaf. He was always adding to his stock of trumpets, and the scene must have been rather ludicrous to the company when we conversed with each other, for he spoke too loud for me and I could never speak loud enough for him.

He was very kind and indulgent to Lady Nelson, who had become familiarised to manners which to strangers were unpleasant. He bore no resemblance whatever to his brother, who was as thin and spare as he was large and heavy ; there was not either the least likeness in their features or their manners. He was always very kind to me and was gratified

when his brother and his friends were the subject of conversation.

1835. *Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale*,¹ Bart., G.C.B. (1765-1840.) I first knew this much-respected Officer when he commanded 'L'Aimable,' 32, in the Mediterranean, and was sent with him from Leghorn with homeward bound convoy as far as Gibraltar. His name always stood high in the Navy from the earliest years of his professional life, and no man was ever more deservedly and universally esteemed. He was variously and constantly employed, was for a time one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and Groom of the Bedchamber to George III. He commanded in the Mediterranean during the peace. He had been offered the Portsmouth command in the fall of 32 by Sir James Graham,² when Sir Thomas Foley's time, April, '33, should be up. In January, however, that respected Officer died, and Sir Harry Neale then received a letter from the First Lord of the Admiralty to say that the command was still at his service, *but conditionally that he should resign his seat in Parliament.* To this unexpected and strange proposition Sir Harry Neale sent the following reply:—

¹ Sir Harry Burrard Neale was originally named Burrard, but he succeeded his uncle as Bart. in 1791 and assumed his wife's name Neale in 1795. He was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1804, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean 1823-6, Admiral 1830. He was M.P. for Leamington for forty years.

² Private Secretary to the British Minister in Sicily in 1813, and entered Parliament representing Carlisle in the Whig interest in 1826. Earl Grey in 1830 made him First Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1841 he was Home Secretary under Peel. In 1852-5 he was First Lord of the Admiralty in the Coalition Ministry.

Brighton, January 15th, '33.

SIR,

I have no honourable alternative left but unhesitatingly to say that I would rather sacrifice the Commission I hold in His Majesty's Navy than thus compromise my own professional character, and with it, in the present instance, the honour and respectability of the Service I venerate and would gladly support.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

To the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart.

The answer made in the House of Commons to questions put on this subject to Sir James Graham, amounted to nothing else than the *sic volo, sic jubeo stat pro ratione voluntas* of a Whig Minister. I met Sir H. Neale at Sir Byam Martin's some short time after and wished him joy. He asked, "*Of the Portsmouth Command?*" I replied, "No, of what reflects the highest credit upon you, your letter declining it."

Sir Harry Neale must be near 70, rather heavily made and a Saturnine countenance, but everything that is kind in his nature, and everything in his conduct that can constitute an honourable man.

Sir James Graham, on the contrary, is a very handsome man, with conciliating manners. He dined with Lord Melville (whose health he proposed) at our Club at the Thatched House; and took occasion, which appeared to me ill-timed, to mention the subject of his withholding the Portsmouth command from Sir H. B. Neale in consequence of his retaining his seat in Parliament. Sir H. Neale got up and firmly but temperately repeated the

substance of his letter upon this subject to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Sir James disappointed my expectations as a Speaker, yet upon Lord John Russell's Factories motion in March, '35, he made one of the finest speeches for many years heard in the House of Commons.

*Earl Amherst.*¹ I went from the Under Second to the Upper Fourth Form at Westminster School with this Nobleman, and was generally next boy to him, but never above him. He was very much looked up to at School and seemed to possess talents that promised future distinction. For several years, however, he was scarcely heard of and lived retired upon a very confined income. He lodged in Town at the house of an old servant of my father's, my brother in the Guards was on the next floor, and when I was at home I was above them. In early life His Lordship was always esteemed and respected for the honourable manner in which he supported, with very slender means, his situation. At length he was appointed, some years after Lord Macartney's Mission, to go to China. This does not appear to have gone off very satisfactorily or to have been attended with any beneficial consequences to the Trade, Lord A. having objected to go through some

¹ William Pitt Amherst (1773-1857) succeeded his uncle as 2nd Baron Amherst in 1797. His embassy to China in 1816 failed for the reason given by Sir William Hotham. In 1823 he became Governor-General of India and for the successful first Burmese war and the capture of Bhurtpore he was given an earldom in 1826. He died at Knole Park.

forms expected from the Chinese Court, and considered derogatory by him as the British Monarch's representative. On his return in the 'Alceste,' Frigate, that ship, commanded by Sir Murray Maxwell, was shipwrecked, the crew very nearly perishing.

The ship struck on a sunken rock and was lost. The whole of those on board, however, were able to scramble through the surf to an adjacent island, where, leaving some of their number to guard the baggage, the ambassador and the rest of the embassy rowed with great difficulty and discomfort towards Batavia. There, to their relief, they were able to take refuge on an English ship which happened to be in the roads; but their troubles were not yet at an end, for when the vessel on which they embarked had arrived within 150 miles of the Mauritius, a second calamity ensued in the shape of a fire.

As previously related, I attended the Court martial on my friend, Sir Murray Maxwell, on account of the loss of the 'Alceste'; and Lord Amherst, who was principal evidence, and Lord Colchester, the late Speaker, who had had a son on board, did the same thing. Whilst the Court was cleared previous to the sentence being passed, Lord Colchester enquired of me the forms upon these occasions, which I explained to him. Captain Maxwell was honourably acquitted. Lord Amherst gave his evidence with a great deal of clearness, and asked permission to mention another circumstance connected with the behaviour of Captain Murray though irrelevant to the immediate business before

the Court, which was that he owed his life a second time to the Prisoner, whose personal and cool conduct saved the ship they eventually returned home in from being burnt, and the lives of all the passengers and Ship's Company. Sir Archibald Dickson was President of the Court Martial, and after it was over Lord Colchester told me we had indeed reason to be proud of our forms, and the nature of our Court Martial. Lord Colchester and Sir Murray Maxwell are both dead. (1835.)

There appeared a mutual wish for an interview at St. Helena between Napoleon and Lord Amherst, and it accordingly took place. I have mentioned elsewhere Lord Amherst's opinion of Napoleon.¹ Some time after this, His Lordship was appointed Governor-General of India, and, like all other Governors-General, had his friends and his opponents. I saw him previous to his leaving England and he was very kind and like an old schoolfellow. In this year, 1835, he had a commission to examine, and to take under his direction, various subjects of complaint made by the Canadians, and trumpeted, with some additional exaggerations and falsehoods, by Messrs. Hume and Roebuck. Government could not have sent out a person more calculated for this sort of duty. The manners of Lord Amherst are mild and conciliating, and his sense of honour and integrity delicate. If his talents are not brilliant, they are sound and to be depended upon, and it is to be hoped he will be able to prove how detestable the conduct of Messrs. Hume and Roebuck is, and

¹ See page 12.

how anxious the British Government is, and has been, to forward the real interests of the Colony.

Lord Amherst is very pleasing both in his person and manners, and wherever he is known, is respected and esteemed.

I met with a remarkable instance of memory in another old schoolfellow of mine, Mr. Brandling, of Newcastle. We met in the year '27 at Malvern, and upon my asking him if he remembered our being at Parson's Green School together, he said he perfectly did, and he recollected my fighting and quarrelling with another boy, young Paget, and that a gentleman who was riding past got off his horse and scolded me, and threatened to tell the Master, Mr. Hockley. This gentleman was George III, who was perpetually in the habit of riding upon what was, and is, even now, called the King's Road, for no public carriages went that way.

This Parson's Green was an admirable school, and most respectably conducted. As before mentioned, Lord Liverpool, the Tufton family, the Clintons, and several others were there, and, if I recollect, the Burdetts, Brudenells, &c., &c. The old Duke of Montagu was interested in the welfare of the Master, and at his instance, my father sent my elder brother and myself there. Mr. Hockley had two ushers, a Mr. Waring, who afterwards took the School, and a Mr. Caird, a Scotchman.

In the year '36, I had the honour of an audience of the King, and whilst waiting to be introduced I saw in the room Sir Arthur Paget, who had not any

recollection of me. I made myself known, and as we had never met in a room ever since our school-days it was a pretty good instance of my own memory that I recollected him immediately, after an interval of 52 years, passed widely apart and in very different circumstances and occupations.

“*Post varios casus, post tot discrimina rerum!*”

Another remarkable instance of memory was the following. On July 16th, 1831, I went to Blackwall with Captain Reade and my son. A man in the coach was holding forth about a ship he had belonged to as Midshipman in India, in 1793. Captain Reade listened, and at length turning to the man observed quietly: “I think, Sir, you must be mistaken, for I was the only midshipman on board that ship who survived sickness!” Captain Reade and the man instantly recognised each other although it was eight-and-twenty years since they had met. The man had been Carpenter’s boy and not midshipman on board the ship in question. It was a singular circumstance that they should happen to meet again after such an interval of years, at such a moment.

[Another man whose memory, if remarkable, does not appear to have struck Hotham as wholly laudable is mentioned first by him, with considerable appreciation in 1831, and again in 1836 with a distinct change of opinion.

Nathaniel Wraxall was born in Bristol and was for three years in the East India Company’s service; he travelled extensively, and was sent with a con-

fidential mission from Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark to her brother, George III. He entered Parliament in 1780 as a follower of Lord North, but went over to Pitt and was made a Baronet in 1813. He published various books which attracted considerable attention, but is best known to posterity by his *Memoirs of My Own Time* (1772-84). Violent attacks on his veracity were made by contemporary reviewers, but his defence of his assertions was on the whole considered satisfactory. Hotham, however, took an opposite view. He first, in 1831, wrote :—]

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, Bart. I was introduced early in life, in 1791, to this very gentlemanlike and amiable man, and Sir Charles Hotham, my uncle, who was an excellent judge of men, advised me to cultivate his acquaintance if I wanted general information and entertaining anecdote as connected with the times. I accordingly did so, and upon every occasion found him all that I had expected.

His principal work is the *History of the Race of Valois*, and his travels are very entertaining and full of interesting and domestic circumstances concerning the different reigning families whose Courts he visited.

At times perhaps he relied a little too much upon slight authority and ventured further than he was justified in doing in his relation of supposed facts ; but this must in a degree be generally the case with those who are not only eager to procure intelligence but as much so to impart it. What he has published is very entertaining and in his manners and conversa-

tion he was well bred and enlivening. His appearance was in his favour, and he had been continually in good society. He died, at the age of 82, at Dover, Nov., 1831.

Added in 1836. I am obliged to alter this opinion I had some years ago formed, for he seems in his posthumous works to have done himself no credit and others all the harm that thoughtlessness and very often malevolence can have accomplished. He has been guilty, in several very glaring instances, of wilful falsehood, and even where good name and general character were at stake he never seems to have thought it worth while to have made enquiries as to his authority. He appears richly to have deserved the punishment he met with at the close of his life (for a libel on Count Woronzo, Russian envoy to England, he was fined £500 and sentenced to six months' imprisonment).

[On the 11th of October, 1835, the anniversary of Camperdown, the King and Queen went in state to the Chapel at Greenwich to return thanks for that victory of thirty-eight years before. Sir William Hotham was present, and subsequently, he relates: "Lord Camperdown, Sir John Wells and myself had the honour of dining at St. James's." This, he adds, was thought an excellent occasion to solicit the honour of a baronetcy for Colonel Fairfax, whose father, Admiral Fairfax, had fought with Duncan at Camperdown, and been promised by both Melville and Pitt a baronetcy and pension, neither of which he ever received, possibly from an

erroneous impression which got abroad that he and Lord Duncan had been at variance. Hotham, as one of the survivors of Camperdown, was called upon to furnish "a sort of testimonial" concerning the qualifications of the deceased officer who, he states, "was a quiet, rather than a bustling man, and much liked in the service at large." The application was successful, and Colonel, became Sir William, Fairfax; while Hotham by a natural transference of ideas jotted down among his "Characters" a few notes on Mrs. Somerville, the famous sister of the new baronet.]

Mrs. Somerville. (1780-1872.) This extraordinary person is a daughter of my old friend and brother-officer, Admiral Sir William Fairfax, who fought with me at Camperdown and died in 1813. She was born at Jedburgh in the Manse of her uncle and future father-in-law, Thomas Somerville, D.D. In 1804 she married a cousin, Captain Greig, who died two years later, and in 1812 she married another cousin, Dr. William Somerville, inspector of the army medical board.

She has acquired a celebrity for her wonderful and extensive science in Astronomy, unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by any female of these times. This wonderful pre-eminence has not in any way interfered with those mild and unpretending virtues that so decidedly adorn domestic life; and it requires time, and that some scientific subject of conversation should be entered upon, to find out a superiority as demonstrative over general society as it is delicate in displaying itself.

Her father took particular pains in her education, though not himself a scientific man, and it would have been the most delightful gratification he could have experienced to have observed that deference and respect now paid to her highly cultivated talents as well as her amiable private character. Sir Robert Peel, with that attention to the interests of Science and literature which mark his discriminating judgment and enlightened mind, has given her a pension of £300 for the valuable services she has rendered. Her husband, Dr. Somerville, is a very old acquaintance of mine. He was formerly at the head of the Surgical Department at the Cape of Good Hope, afterwards employed upon the Continent, and subsequently (where he is at present) appointed a physician to the Hospital at Chelsea. He told me that no person knew better how to boil a leg of mutton or make her own gown than his wife! This, under existing circumstances, was as high a compliment as he could well have paid.

In her person, as well as in her manner, Mrs. Somerville is pleasing; and appears yet to have reason to hope that she may long live to continue to be an ornament to her sex from her virtues and to her country from her Science.

[This hope was gratified. Mrs. Somerville died at Naples in 1872, having nearly completed her ninety-second year. Meanwhile, Hotham's pen was next engaged in depicting a woman of a very different type and calibre from that rarity of her age, the learned Mrs. Somerville.

After the death of his first wife, Thomas Coutts, the famous banker, married Miss Harriet Mellon, the actress. Both Mr. Coutts and his bride were subsequently made the butt of many a witticism by the wags of their day, to which they, however, showed themselves placidly indifferent. Mr. Coutts died in 1821, having made a will by which he left the whole of his fortune, amounting to some £900,000, to his second wife, to the exclusion of his daughters by his first wife, who had respectively married the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Guildford, and Sir Francis Burdett. Mrs. Coutts in 1827 married as her second husband the Duke of St. Albans, who was half her age, and she eventually left her vast fortune to the favourite granddaughter of Mr. Coutts, Miss Angela Burdett, afterwards the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Hotham relates:—]

The Duchess of St. Albans. In August 1837, this lady died after not a very long illness.

Miss Mellon left the stage, where she was only a second-rate actress, upon her marriage with Mr. Coutts, who led her to the altar rather soon after the first Mrs. Coutts's death, on account of his own precarious life from his great age.

She was unremitting in her devotion and attentions to him, and her conduct as his wife was dutiful and exemplary; but she should, with her natural understanding (and it was a very strong one) have saved her husband in his dotage from committing any act derogatory to that character which during a long life he had preserved. His property was

bequeathed in a manner that either showed he had outlived his faculties or told against his principles and feelings towards a family with whom he previously had lived on terms of tenderness and affection, and also laid the noble families with whom his daughters had married, under the unnecessary and painful influence of an utter stranger—and that stranger a decidedly intruding and objectionable one. She owed Mr. Coutts a great deal ; and had she accepted only £400,000 or £500,000 she might have induced him so to have disposed of the rest of his immense wealth as to have satisfied his surviving relatives, and left behind him a respected name. Curiously enough, Mr. Coutts, in complimenting me once upon the impartial and honourable manner in which my uncle, Lord Hotham, had disposed of a considerable property, said how gratified he was to find such conduct in so old a friend, for that it behoved men of principle to have an eye upon posthumous character !

In transacting some delicate business relative to a sum of money that stood in my name as the representative of my father belonging either to H.R.H. the late Duke of Kent, or the Treasury, I fancied it was better not to talk upon this subject unreservedly, till Mrs. Coutts should retire ; he saw my object, but said very gravely that he hoped I would proceed, for that there was nothing in any business whatever connected with him to which she was a stranger. I soon anticipated what has since been the result in regard to his own affairs.

The late Lord Glenbervie, who, having married

one of Lord Guildford's sisters, was well acquainted with the family, told me he had *seen the rough draft of the Will in its original state written by Mrs. Coutts* ; and his Lordship seems to have thought pretty much as I did.

I met her occasionally, but was by accident under the necessity of declining three successive invitations I received from her ; and this, I have been told, generally closed the door against any future ones.

It is said, and I believe it, that she performed many charitable actions, and that all the vulgar abuse of the Sunday papers was the result of disappointed venality.

She was large in her person and dark, and had been in youth a fine woman with great natural talent and shrewd observation ; but, as is always the case, she could never conceal the defects of her origin and education.

Her subsequent marriage with a boy solely on account of his Dukedom was perhaps pardonable, situated as she was ; but even in these times it could not answer the purpose of securing for her that position in society which was probably her chief object.

She constantly attended the business of the house, and for some years the head clerk, Mr. Dickie, whose salary was greatly increased in consequence, was her Agent in the concern. She has also left Sir F. Burdett's daughter a very fine fortune.¹

I remember Mr. Coutts being particularly anxious I should see his daughter Lady Bute at Naples ;

¹ Afterwards the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

and as she was in a very ill state of health, and travelling by land was deemed fatiguing, he sent a yacht, for the purpose of bringing her home, the whole way to the Mediterranean.

I have elsewhere mentioned that it was owing to his generally standing up for Mr. Coutts as a banker that my father lost his several situations under the late King (George IV), when Prince of Wales. From Mr. Coutts I always received the most kind and marked attention, and he always talked to me of my father and his brothers, whom he had remembered at Westminster School.

Sir Edmund Antrobus, who has now been dead some years, was also another partner in the house, and a most active and efficient one. He had immense wealth, but was a diffident and unassuming man, and never thought anything connected with his profession, however trifling, troublesome. He entertained hospitably and elegantly. He told me he had a right, from purchase, to the Barony of Rutherford.

He bought a house from Mr. Crawford in Piccadilly on the following strange terms, that he agreed to pay his friend an annual sum for this so long as the latter should live. This quaint arrangement answered, for he told me that Mr. Crawford lived just long enough to make the price of the house a very fair one!

On the death of the Duchess of St. Albans, Sir Coutts Trotter became head of the House of Coutts. He was particularly pleasing and gentlemanlike; kept a very hospitable table, and the Society was select.

CHAPTER XV

THE DAYS OF VICTORIA

1837-1848

[**W**ITH the death of King William—that affable, complacent, but withal kindly monarch—the crown descended to Hotham's former acquaintance at Hastings, the little Princess Victoria. "She ascended the throne," he relates, "on June 21st, 1837, just as she had attained and was receiving the congratulations from different parts of the kingdom upon her majority." But of the impression which the young Queen created upon him, of her subsequent coronation, or of any of the incidents of her early reign he gives no further account. The subject was either too familiar or too sacred to discuss. A chivalrous obituary would have been permissible ; but only in rare instances did Sir William permit himself to analyse the merits or the shortcomings of the living.

Only once does he touch on any topic connected with the new Sovereign. In reference to Sir Herbert Taylor, who held the unusual record of having been secretary in succession to George III, the Duke of York, Queen Charlotte, George IV and William IV, he remarks :—]

It were very much to be wished that he had

retained his situation in these days ; her Majesty would have been assisted by long experience, perfect knowledge, conciliatory manners, and unblemished character. A great deal has been said about the private secretaryship to the Sovereign being unconstitutional, and something might be placed to the account of the objection individually as to the sex and age of the Queen—but in neither one instance nor the other do these objections seem to be valid, for the Prime Minister being so domesticated as the present is, in itself invites in a strong degree their existence.

[Sir Herbert Taylor, however, was already in declining health and died in Rome in 1839, having, as one result of his extensive knowledge of the world, thus amusingly epitomised his opinion of the inhabitants of Great Britain. “The English,” he was wont to say, “are never so happy as when they are discontented ; the Irish never in such good-humour as when they are breaking heads ; and the Scotch never so much at home as when they are living upon others.”

The young Queen had been on the throne barely seven months when Hotham records the death of a man who had once played a conspicuous part in the life of her ill-fated cousin, Princess Charlotte. This was the aged Lord Eldon who, twenty-four years earlier, on a memorable night in July, had persuaded that unhappy Princess to return to the official captivity from which, in desperation, she had fled. “To think that my grandfather’s granddaughter should be spoken to like that by the son of

a collier ! ” the Princess had exclaimed indignantly in reference to her mentor, and the bluntness of Lord Eldon’s speech condoned the retort.

The son of a small Newcastle coal-shipper who had married the daughter of a local publican, John Scott and his brother William achieved for themselves positions all the more remarkable in view of that humble origin. The elder, William, created Baron Stowell, became a Judge and Privy Councillor, having both in the ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts won high distinction, and being considered the first English authority on the law of nations. John Scott, the younger, became successively Solicitor - General, Attorney - General, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, till, in 1801, he ascended the woolsack, when he remained Chancellor almost continuously till 1827, having meanwhile, in 1821, been raised to the peerage as Earl of Eldon, and become possessed of a fortune of £700,000.

He survived to take the oaths upon the accession of the young Queen ; and was to the last recognised by his contemporaries as a great lawyer, though deliberate to exasperation. Indeed the dogged determination which had enabled him to make his way in life despite a lack of worldly knowledge and every social handicap remained conspicuous in his attitude towards most of the prominent questions of his day. He was a politician of limited capacity, conservative without discrimination. For forty years he systematically opposed Reform, religious liberty, and every species of innovation ; while the possession of wealth failed altogether to alter the

habits of parsimony which he had once fostered as a necessity (*vide* the verses page 164).

The Honourable Amelia Murray relates that, being at school with the daughter of the Lord Chancellor, that young lady mentioned how she and her mother possessed only one bonnet between them! Unfortunately the narrator throws no light on the question which naturally arises how this precious headgear was bestowed when the daughter was absent from the mother for many months at school. Upon another occasion, Miss Murray remarks, when there was Court mourning the Lord Chancellor sent his daughter a piece of red tape enclosed in a letter, giving her paternal instructions to measure most carefully the length of the petticoat which she would require in order that there might be no wasteful superfluity in the bombazine he would be forced to send her !]

The Earl of Eldon. (1751-1838.)

January 13th, 1838. The venerable Earl of Eldon died, not of any particular disease, but sinking gradually without struggle or pain, at the advanced age (particularly considering his profession and the very busy and exalted part he took in it for so great a portion of human life) of eighty-seven. No man perhaps was ever more universally respected, in either public or private life, than he was. A firm, unflinching opponent to the inroads of Democracy; a patient, able, and impartial judge; and a man who could never be intimidated by the clamours of the mob or seduced by the temptations of ambition or

Power from the rectilineal path of integrity and honour.

I never had the honour of being introduced to him, and was unfortunate enough upon two occasions, when I was invited by Lord Encombe (the present Earl) to meet him, to be disappointed from being unable to come. Alas for England ! she is losing fast those men whose talents, principles, and courage would have shielded her against her domestic enemies ; and the legislature is rapidly filling with men who possess none of these qualities ; whose abandoned principles or vulgar ignorance are prompting them to attempt the overthrow of the Throne, the Altar, and the Constitution.

The Earl of Eldon has left behind him a *clarum et venerabile nomen*. He attempted to the last in his place in the House of Peers to revive the dying embers of patriotism and public virtue, and to exert the influence of his talent and the unsubdued courage of his principle in endeavours to “ prop the reeling glories of his Country.” He was some few years younger than his brother the late Lord Stowell. Had these two brothers, arrived at the summit of their professions, and approaching in their public and domestic characters as near perfection as it is the lot of human nature to attain, lived in the age of the Bard he might indeed have exclaimed :—

“ Fortunati Ambo ! Si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aevo ”——

The characters of these ornaments to their country and their names are justly praised in that extra-

ordinary production, *The Pursuits of Literature*. Lord Eldon's countenance and manners were both pleasing. He had large and dark eyebrows, and became very much the situation he represented. He was not so much the man of the world as his brother, and though there was not much resemblance in countenance, they were very like each other in their walk, which was a slow and rolling one.

He was with George III, and as much so with his successor, though for many years their politics had been so opposite. I saw an elegant small edition of the Classics given by George IV to the present Earl, which he showed me. Lord Eldon's birthday, like his former Sovereign's, was on the 4th of June.

I append the following notes relating to him and his brother, written some years earlier:—

The present Lord Chancellor Eldon is very fond of shooting, and even at his advanced period of life avails himself of the little his uncle has, and follows his favourite amusement despite the fact that he has always been a very bad shot. His brother Lord Stowell indeed was in the habit of rallying him upon this, and declared that he could kill nothing but time! He was out one day in Dorsetshire with a clergyman who was curate of a place close by, and begged that he might have the two first shots. He missed both, whereupon the dogs pointing a third time, the curate, anxious not to waste *his* turn, jumped off his horse hurriedly, and unceremoniously desired Lord Eldon to hold the latter whilst



After Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., pinxit

Engraved by George T. Dee, 1828

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELDON

he fired. Lord Eldon did so, but, after it was over, he said pompously : “ I believe that you are the first country curate that ever had his pony held by the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain ! ” He presented the curate with a small living soon afterwards.

His Lordship was not considered very partial to Mr. Canning, and quite adverse to his being admitted into the Administration. When somebody said that Mr. Canning was going to India, Lord Eldon replied with *double entendre* : “ Ah, I must say he is an able, clever man—*let him go where he will !* ”

I passed some time at Scarborough many years ago, when Lord Stowell was staying there and had the good fortune occasionally to be in the society of this learned and amiable man, and I was always flattered by the kind and gentlemanlike manner in which, during his daily rides, he would join in conversation with a person of so different an age and situation of life and in every way so inferior as myself.

His first wife was a Miss Baynall, with whom he afterwards got the place near Reading of Maiden Earley. She was, it was understood, more learned and accomplished than agreeable. I met him one day, not long after her death, in the Park, and his daughter a day or two before had been married. I warmly wished him joy *of the alteration that had taken place in his family*, but when I recollected the domestic bereavement I allude to, I wished that I had worded my congratulations in a less equivocal manner !

In his person Lord Stowell is rather below the middle size, and heavy in his look, with a rolling walk, but his countenance is very pleasing and his manners equally so. He was much noticed by Doctor Johnson, and has perhaps in his manner of speaking something of the form and solemnity said to have been peculiar to that great man.

Sir William Scott's name stood for many years, and for many years may it yet stand, high in the estimation of every man of learning and virtue. His different habits and consequently the different society he has frequented have given him a much greater knowledge of the world than his brother Lord Eldon, and he is therefore probably much the pleasanter companion of the two. But they are both ornaments to their profession and their country.

A relation of His Lordship's told me some years ago, that, having gone to Leith in one of the Scotch smacks which had met with much blowing weather, Lord Stowell was asked what sort of a passage he had had, and how he had passed his time. His Lordship replied that he was free to confess that his days were not days of pleasure, or his nights nights of voluptuousness.

The Duchess of Gordon asked him once rather jeeringly who would try *him*, as he did others, if he got into any Crim. Con. Scrape. "I have been thinking a good deal upon that subject," said His Lordship, "since I have had the honour of knowing your Grace!"

*Baron Carrington of Upton, Notts.*¹ In August, 1838, died Lord Carrington at a very advanced age. I had for many years the pleasure of his acquaintance, having been introduced to him in 1804 by Mr. Pitt at Walmer Castle whilst I was Captain of the 'Raisonnable' and he was Captain of 'Deal Castle.' He had been called to the Upper House by that Minister. . . . He was a very good classical scholar and had a great deal of conversation and anecdote, and seemed very amiable in his family.

It is understood that when the claims upon Mr. Pitt were laid before a Committee to examine them, Lord Carrington, though a very serious creditor, withdrew anything like claim. I do not think, however, that latterly the friendship between them was so strong as it had been, for shortly after Mr. Pitt's death I met Lord Carrington, who asked me to go down to Wycombe with him. Upon my expressing my private and public regret for the loss of Mr. Pitt, I thought he answered very coldly, and soon after turned the conversation. I have elsewhere mentioned the sort of creditor Mr. Pitt had in Bishop Tomline.

At the close of his life Lord Carrington met at Bath (which he visited annually) the widow of the Vicar of Henbury, Mr. Trevelyan, and married her. A circumstance occurred in the spring of this year which interrupted the harmony which seemed hitherto to have existed. One of his unmarried daughters

¹ Robert Smith, Esq., born in 1752 and created Baron Carrington of Upton, Notts. He married as his second wife 19th January, 1836, Charlotte, third daughter of John Hudson, Esq., and widow of the late Rev. Walter Trevelyan. He died 18th September, 1838.

had died on the day Lord Carrington and the family were to go to some ball ; it was purposely kept from him till the next day, and the newspapers getting hold of this, Lord Carrington was not spared. He naturally felt very much offended that the intelligence had been concealed from him, and a difference took place between Lady Carrington and himself upon the subject, which probably never would effectually have been made up and was a source of vexation to him during the short remainder of his life. Lord Carrington must in youth have been good-looking and his manners were pleasing. Towards the close of his life he for a time was almost blind, and his sight remained very imperfect, but he bore his misfortune, as do most men similarly affected, with a great deal of resignation and good-humour.

At Wycombe Abbey I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Isaac D'Israeli. His appearance and manners are both in his favour and his countenance is pleasing. His conversation must necessarily be so if we are to judge from his works and the many interesting anecdotes they contain.

We conversed a good deal upon the time of the Civil war, and I related to him the account of Sir John Hotham's execution, and several circumstances connected with his late and his surviving sons' conduct. Mr. D'Israeli said he was afraid he had not mentioned my ancestor in very flattering terms,¹ but that Sir John's conduct appeared to him

¹ In his *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I* (1828-30), which won him an Oxford D.C.L. The ancestor referred to was

to have been made up of perpetual doubt and irresolution.

At Wycombe I also met both Mr. Chantrey and Walter Savage Landor. The former I had first been introduced to at Lady Sitwell's conversaziones in Manchester Square. His manners and his person and countenance are all in his favour, he seems modest and unassuming in conversation, and he appears deservedly esteemed by those who know him. I have seen many of his works, but the children in Lichfield Cathedral appear to be his *chef d'œuvre*. He has been happy in his likeness of the Dean of Christ Church, Cyril Jackson, considering he never saw him. The attitude has been well chosen and is quite natural, and the whole is a production of great merit, rendered interesting as well by the character of the person it represents as by the skill of the artist who has executed it.

I was disappointed that there was not something upon a par with this of Sir W. Jones at his College (University).

In regard to Mr. Savage Landor the wish to improve his acquaintance gained upon me, and I saw a good deal of this talented man at Bath during the winter. He has a very nervous, strong way of expressing either what he says or what he writes, and has an unusual flow of eloquent language. He is full of anecdote and has the manners of a well-bred man much accustomed to the best society. Unfor-

Sir John Hotham, Governor of Hull, who was beheaded by the Parliament in 1645, his son Captain Hotham having suffered the day previously.

tunately for those who know him he has great reluctance to going into society and does not dine out.

He does not seem, as far as politics are concerned, to be of any particular party, but is guided by the impulse of his own feelings. He does not appear, however, to be a very warm supporter of crowned heads, and I should fancy the general bent of his political inclination was more against thrones and courts than for them.

1839. *The Lady Hester Stanhope* died this year, *ætat.* 63. In 1803 Lady Hester went on board the 'Diana' for a few hours in the Downs, when a heavy gale from the eastward suddenly coming on drove that ship out, and passing Dungeness, where I was then lying in the 'Raisonné,' 64, Captain Maling, who was under orders for Foreign Service, asked me to take Lady Hester and General Phipps on board. In consequence of the continuance of the gale they remained all night and the next day; and my acquaintance with this extraordinary woman began in this way.

She had a fine person and countenance, with strong natural talent, but disposed, when she was not pleased, to be satirical and severe. From the death of her uncle, William Pitt, she began gradually to retire from Society, and finally withdrew from it altogether and went into voluntary exile in Syria. I saw her not long before she quitted England, at her house in Montague Square.

Several English travellers on their return from

Egypt, many from curiosity, and some from real attention, have in vain endeavoured to see her. Captain Light, who published his *Travels in Upper Egypt*, told me that he had heard her voice but had not seen her. A late traveller who seems to have been more fortunate, has related a supposed conversation that took place, improbable from its length, as well as from the opinions he makes Lady Hester give—at all events to be cautiously received, as anything of that sort deserves to be when it is sought solely for the purpose of being made public. It seems in this instance, where the lady particularly avoided the Society of her countrymen whom she thought were actuated by motives of curiosity, to have been a decided breach of delicacy and decorum.

It was said, I know not with what truth, that she was attached to General Sir John Moore ; and some time before that to Mr. Canning ; both these circumstances were probable enough. The latter part of her life has been singular in the extreme ; but, after the novelty of the thing was over, probably monotonous and devoid of interest.

I always found her cheerful and entertaining, but was never quite free from a feeling of something like distrust. She reminded me of the maxim which, however true, we few of us like to put in practice, that we must always remember our best friends may one day become our enemies.

She died in embarrassed circumstances, and the prestige of her first impression in the country worn off.

My nephew, Captain William Hotham, told me a remarkable story of her. Captain Swinburne, with whom he was one day visiting her, happened to say he wished her Ladyship would tell his fortune. After going through some short preliminary forms, Lady Hester assured him he would be generally fortunate in circumstances. Captain Swinburne remarked : " If you mean pecuniary circumstances, it is more than I am at present ! " Lady Hester replied : " I mean *generally* ; good fortune will soon come to you from three points." A very short time afterwards Captain Swinburne was promoted to the rank of post Captain ; next, he had most unexpectedly £50,000 left to him ; and he has since married in high life and where he has every prospect of happiness. These are curious coincidences.

My nephew said that Lady Hester's ménage was not very elegant, but that she had a great many attendants. She talked very much, though at the time when he saw her she had been cupped and had lost a great deal of blood. On their retiring to rest, she committed them ceremoniously to the care of her Arabs.

Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, Bart., G.C.B. (1769-1839.) This respected Officer and I were Midshipmen together, 1790, in the 'Hebe,' with Captain Alexander Hood, who was afterwards killed in the 'Mars,' 74, off Brest, and was very much liked, both by his Superior Officers and his Mess-mates, even then. His being attached to Lord Nelson and his Captain when he was killed brought

him into that Public notice he has ever since possessed, and to those honours he has so deservedly obtained. Upon Lord Grey's administration coming in he was appointed to succeed Sir George Cockburn, Sir Henry Hotham having the option of remaining, if he would serve under him ; this he, from several causes, decidedly declined. Sir Thomas then made an offer of serving under Sir Henry, which the Government would not consent to.

A more zealous, gallant, or amiable man does not exist in the Service, but the desk was not his forte ; and the *éclat* of the thing and the remembrance of Nelson had as much to do with it as anything. In the appointments of the Junior Lords, the feelings of the Navy do not appear to have been the paramount consideration on the part of the Government, as such young officers were placed there. Sir Thomas was appointed to Greenwich Hospital upon the death of Sir Richard Keats, in the Spring of 1834. I attended the funeral, and his successor was also there. I was to have borne the Pall, but the King wished that six full Admirals should do so, and Lord Amelius Beauclerk was put in my room.

[On Saturday, November 2nd, 1839, Hotham wrote a "Character" of his old acquaintance, Admiral Sir Henry Trollope, G.C.B., who had then attained the age of 85. The short account is, in much, a repetition of facts previously mentioned, and need not be here recapitulated ; but the following day Hotham added :—]

Sunday, November 3rd. On leaving home after church-time, I met in Gay Street Captain Muttelbury, who asked me if I had heard the melancholy account of Sir Henry Trollope's death, and I learnt from him that Trollope had destroyed himself yesterday. It is somewhat extraordinary that I should, *for the first time for forty years*, have been thinking of adding this officer to the list of those I have mentioned as old friends and acquaintances in this book, and was writing of him at the very moment he died. It is to be hoped that he was quite insane, since the "rushing unlicensed on Eternity" is always awful, and at such an advanced age it is particularly distressing. I have not yet heard the circumstances, but it is said that, having been long troubled by gout and in much pain, he blew his brains out.

Admiral Sir W. Sidney Smith,¹ G.C.B., K.G. It was at a very early period of life that I first remember this distinguished officer. My brother having been with him, for some years, Page of Honour to the Queen, brought us sometimes together, but I scarcely ever served with him, excepting a very

¹ Born at Westminster 1764, he early became distinguished for his bravery on entering the Navy, and was made Lieutenant at Cape St. Vincent. He became Captain in 1782 and was knighted in 1792. He was sent as plenipotentiary to Constantinople. Hence he hastened to St. Jean d'Acre on hearing of Napoleon's threatened attack. He captured the enemy's vessels and held the town heroically till the siege was raised May 20th, 1799. He received the thanks of Parliament and a pension of £1000. He became Vice-Admiral of the Blue in 1810, K.C.B. in 1815, and Admiral in 1821. He died in Paris in 1840.

short time off Helvoetsluys in the summer of 1804, and he then only accidentally ranged along the Coast, and *pro tempore* became the Commanding Officer.

His professional character is well known, but there was an evident eccentricity about him which perhaps stood in the way of his being employed in the ordinary routine of Service. He was too fond of abiding by his own judgment, supported as it was by an intrepid spirit, to make it perhaps an advisable thing to give up too much to him.

His knowledge was very general and he had an exceedingly active mind. He had travelled much and to great purpose, and was perhaps the best English-Frenchman that ever lived. He was spare in his figure, but his countenance was fine and intelligent, and his manners and conversation were those of a man accustomed to good society. He was remarkably temperate in his habits every way, and his time and thoughts appeared to be always taken up with the public business that was going forward, or with some schemes and plans connected with it of his own.

He was fond of displaying the pomp and circumstance of the "Porte Feuille," and if he was found without being surrounded by papers he was taken by surprise. He told me once that he always dictated in the dark, that no external object might serve to abstract him from the immediate reflections it was necessary he should attend to.

He aided Hood at Toulon, and in 1796 he was captured off Havre by the French revolutionaries, but escaped two years later.

The history of his flight from the Temple at Paris is, and always perhaps will be, a mysterious one, and there is a little something about him that will help perhaps to keep it so, for his ideas and his conduct are alike chivalrous and romantic.

[When Sir Sidney Smith was taken at sea he was accompanied by his Secretary and a French émigré, Monsieur T., who at once determined to pass as a servant in the hope of some opportunity arising which he could utilise to effect the escape of the whole party. He therefore pretended to be an English jockey, talked broken French, fraternised with the turnkeys, and made love to the jailer's daughter, while Sir Sidney for his part addressed him as "John," and on occasions scolded him soundly.

At first in the prison of the Abbaye Sir Sidney was treated with the greatest rigour, besides being in imminent danger of being tried and shot as a spy. The window of his prison, however, commanded a view of the street, and this circumstance gave him some hope of eventually effecting his escape. After a time, three ladies who lived opposite, filled with compassion at his plight, contrived to establish some communication with him, and tried every means in their power to enable him to regain his liberty. Their efforts, however, proved unsuccessful; and although later, when Sir Sidney was removed to the Temple, he might have taken advantage of a scheme for his escape, he generously refused to do this, since it would have involved leaving his supposed servant "John" in captivity.



Maria Cosway, sculpt., 1797
SIR SIDNEY SMITH IN PRISON
From original drawing made by Hennequin in the Temple Prison

During this period Mrs. Cosway contrived to obtain a sight of him, and made a sketch of him as he sat by the bars of his prison. The head is a profile, but the haggardness of the features and the extraordinary thinness of the figure afford eloquent testimony to the sufferings he had endured. At length, however, hope revived of attempting an escape. The wife of his faithful French friend, the supposed jockey John, arrived in Paris, and with the aid of another lady and of a young Royalist officer of her acquaintance a fresh plan was formulated for the liberation of the prisoners. With elaborate precautions a hole was bored in the wall of the prison, while clothes were provided ready for the projected flight ; but at the very moment when the scheme was about to be put into execution the last stone fell and rolled into the garden of the Temple. A sentinel perceived it, the alarm was given and the whole plot was frustrated.

Meanwhile Sir Sidney had established a complete understanding with his jailer, who appears to have been a man of remarkable character. " Though he was of unparalleled severity," Sir Sidney afterwards related, " yet he never departed from the rules of civility and politeness. He treated all the prisoners with kindness and even piqued himself upon his generosity." " Commodore," he said to Sir Sidney one day, " your friends are desirous of liberating you, and they only do their duty ; I also am doing mine in watching you still more narrowly." None the less he recognised that his prisoner's parole when given was a far safer bond than any bolts

and bars. "If you were under sentence of death," he assured Sir Sidney, "I would permit you to go out on your parole. An officer, and especially an officer of distinction, holds his honour dearer than his life." So the strange code was established between the two men that when Sir Sidney was on his parole he was allowed comparative freedom of action, a privilege which never, even in thought, did he abuse; but when the truce was withdrawn his jailer guarded him with the greatest vigilance, and he on his part was then held justified in attempting by any means conceivable to make his escape.

At length, however, an opportunity offered for effecting the exchange of the faithful "John" with some French prisoners who were repatriated; he reached England in safety, and subsequently an ingenious plan was adopted to achieve the same happy result for Sir Sidney.

Two French gentlemen, who agreed at the risk of their lives to make the attempt, came to the Temple, the one in the dress of an adjutant and the other in that of an officer, and produced a warrant for the removal of the prisoner to which the real stamp of the Minister's signature had been affixed by means of a bribe. In view of such official orders the jailer could not refuse his sanction to the departure of Sir Sidney, but he suggested, as a precautionary measure, that six men from the guard must accompany him.

Fortunately at this proposition, which at first appeared fatal to the scheme actually in view, the



Painted by Maria Cosway

MRS. COSWAY

Mezzotint engraved by N. Green

supposed adjutant, with prompt presence of mind, pretended to acquiesce readily in the jailer's opinion, and gave orders that the proposed guard should be immediately summoned. Apparently on second thoughts, however, as if remembering the laws of chivalry and honour, he addressed the prisoner solemnly. "Commodore," he said, "you are an officer, I am an officer also; your parole will be enough. Give me that and I have no need of an escort." "Sir," replied Sir Sidney, with all the gravity he could assume, "if that is sufficient, *I swear on the faith of an officer to accompany you wherever you choose to conduct me.*" The jailer thus hoist with his own petard, allowed his prisoner to depart; and Sir Sidney, after many hair-breadth escapes succeeded in effecting his escape from France.]

"I was Senior Officer of a small squadron off Havre," relates Hotham, "when he came off in a fishing boat from Honfleur, and he got on board the 'Argo,' one of the ships under my orders. The Captain of her designedly for a time kept the circumstance from me, but at last begged that I would go to breakfast with him. I did so, and I was some minutes sitting next to Sir Sidney at breakfast without at all knowing who he was, he was so completely disguised and was such a perfect Frenchman.

He had a great dislike to, and contempt for, Napoleon's general character, and certainly had a decided advantage over him at Acre.

I observed a trait of his coolness during the few hours I was under his orders which was striking.

We had been instructed to look out for the 'Brutus,' a Dutch 74, bearing the flag of the Vice-Admiral de Winter; and whilst I was receiving some orders from Sir Sidney on board his ship, a young officer came down into the cabin with all the eagerness of exultation, to say that the 'Brutus' was in sight, and the Vice-Admiral's flag clearly perceptible. Sir Sidney replied he was glad of it; but went on with a long detailed account of his orders as if nothing had happened.

The officer came down a second time with more haste and importunity than ever; but the Admiral promptly sent him back upon the deck with a few trenchant remarks upon the necessity of never giving way to hurry and confusion. Having at length finished his rather prolix history with me, he said quietly, "Now, Hotham, let us go and see about the 'Brutus'!"

I was just as nervous as was the young lieutenant, for my ship was some way off and I had to make the signal for a boat.

The supposed 'Brutus' turned out to be a large Danish East Indiaman with a flag up at the front top-mast head for a pilot!

Many years afterwards, at Naples, my friend, Admiral Fremantle, allowed me to have the tender to go to Castel-à-Mare, and Sir Sidney volunteered to attend me the next morning. He was, wherever he went, unpunctual, and after waiting some time and almost giving him up, I saw him coming off in the Marine Minister's barge with his uniform and decorations upon it. He felt that I noticed this, and

told me that he always went thus when he wished to see or ascertain anything ; and as at Castel-à-Mare he wished to get every information he could respecting the Neapolitan Marine, he should be very happy (smilingly), he said, to take me *in his suite*. I saw the good sense of this and availed myself of it, for we were received with a great deal of State and Ceremony when we landed, and we saw everything that the dockyard at Castel-à-Mare could tempt us with. We had a delightful sail back across that beautiful bay, for he was in high spirits and full of anecdote.

His utter inattention to domestic affairs threw them into a very confused state, and he was proverbially casual in his actions.

I remember hearing that, at the Installation of the Garter at Windsor, the old King observing that someone had left some collar of an order in the Stall by way of keeping his place, made enquiries about it, and finding that it was Sir Sidney Smith who had done this, expressed some disapprobation at his being there at all, and still more at his leaving the collar of any order in the stall of that of the Garter. He seems from his general service to have been entitled to the Grand Cross of the Bath, but he never got it, and appears indeed upon most occasions to have held the officers employing him rather too cheap to expect anything from their influence.

Yet he seems to have been universally liked by everybody who had to deal with him, and if he was vain, his vanity did no harm to anybody, for he never appeared to say or do an ill-natured thing.

He was a great favourite of the ex-King of Sweden, who delighted in his entertaining conversation. The King, when he was in this country, declined any offers respecting Royal carriages, etc., and I saw him get into a Hack Chaise once in Cleveland Row from a visit he had been paying to his friend, Sir Sidney Smith.

[During the years which followed, many and varied portraits continued to flow from the active pen of Sir William Hotham, while still, as of yore, the reticence imposed upon him by his genuine kindness of heart, and by the obligations of a personal friendship with the men described, is perhaps to be regretted by the more callous historian of to-day. A number of these characters, however, as before pointed out, would be of but little interest to the present generation: others contain facts which, although novel at the date when they were set down by the writer would, to the modern reader, have the staleness of long familiarity. Of some a passing glimpse will suffice:—

Of Lord de Grey Hotham remarks: "He had perfect manners and was one of the handsomest men I ever saw." Of Vice-Admiral Sir John Sutton he relates how "a brother Officer seeing him pass up the street in Plymouth one day exclaimed: 'There goes the Point of Honour!'—this was a just compliment in every way." Of Vice-Admiral Sir William Johnstone Hope, who died at Bath in the sixty-fourth year of his age, he tells how "he complained latterly of deafness, and I dined with him in Port-

man Square on one occasion when five out of the seven gentlemen present were afflicted with this misfortune ! The noise must have been somewhat disconcerting for the remaining two."

Of Lord de Saumarez he says : " In his person his Lordship is tall and has the remains of a handsome man, he is formal and ceremonious in his manner, very popular with those who serve under him, and modest to a degree of himself. His behaviour to his inferiors marks him the gentleman, and though accustomed to command, and a strenuous advocate for discipline, he is a perfect stranger to anything like oppression." Of Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, he writes how " his person and countenance have nothing of dignity in them, but his manners are very pleasing." Of Charles, Lord Manvers, he tells how his " hospitality was such that he always offered to send his horses for his guests to the nearest stage, and observed the same ceremony when they left him."

Of Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, who died in 1832, he relates the following story :—

" He stood very high in his profession and his opinions were final. He was firm in those opinions and had that complete confidence in his own judgment and that consciousness of his own integrity that kept him where he was at the top of everything that was estimable and respected in his profession. He was a curiously silent man. I have heard an amusing anecdote of his being asked to dine with Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville, and that a bet was laid that he would not speak more than two words during

the evening. At length a gentleman present, anxious to defeat this wager, put to him a direct question which forced an answer. Sir William replied in exactly *two words*, and, ignoring the subsequent toasts, drank his wine very quietly without any further interference in the conversation! He appeared to be naturally taciturn; yet he was a man of pleasing manners and very prepossessing countenance, and I have passed many hours at a time in his society *tête-à-tête* and always found that conversation delightful!"

[Of anecdotes culled promiscuously from friends or books Hotham had doubtless an inexhaustible store, and here and there they creep irrelevantly into the midst of his pen portraits.]

Story of Aurungzebe.

A story runs that in the time of Aurungzebe (the most magnificent of the Mogul Emperors of India), two men were discovered wandering in the gardens of his palace. Being seized, they confessed that they had been admitted by the orders of the favourite Sultana, who had secreted them for several days, and at last, when weary of them, had ordered certain of her women who were privy to this intrigue to send them away. These fancying themselves discovered, and fearing to be implicated, fled and abandoned their prisoners, who could find no exit by which they could escape capture.

They were dragged in turn before the Emperor, who, without putting other questions, inquired from

the first how he had effected an entry. The man replied that he had come over the walls. Then said the Prince : " Let him leave by the same route ! " and the Eunuchs promptly executed this order and precipitated the unfortunate captive headlong from the high walls. The other man, questioned in like manner, admitted frankly that he had entered by the door. " Very well," said the Emperor indifferently. " Let him depart by the door ! "

Anecdote of Casimir II, King of Poland.

While Casimir was Prince of Sandomir he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who, incensed at this ill-fortune, struck the Prince a blow on the ear in the heat of passion. The culprit fled immediately from justice ; but being pursued and overtaken, was condemned to lose his head. The generous Casimir, however, determined otherwise. " I am not surprised," said he, " at the gentleman's conduct ; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on Fortune, no wonder he should attack her favourite ! " After which he revoked the sentence, returning the nobleman his money, and declared that he personally alone was faulty, as he had encouraged by his example a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of people.

Of James, the second Lord Craven, it is related that among other of his foibles, which were not a few, one was to seem intimate with rising men, and that by the most insidious whispering of politics

in their ear. This tiresome habit greatly annoyed some of the principal men at Court, who named him "the ear-wig." The King (James II) seeing the Lord Dorset, a prime wit of his time, standing seriously under the infliction of Lord Craven's whispering for a considerable time one day, at length, when they parted, asked him very gravely what profound matter it was which my Lord Craven had been imparting to him. "Sire," replied the Duke with equal gravity, "as my Lord was pleased to whisper, I did not think it manners to hearken!"

Once at a *couchée* a courtier was pleased to say that his Lordship, Lord North, was no lawyer. The King looked sourly over his shoulder and said, "Whoever says so, does not know the Lord Chief Justice North."

Two of the French men-of-war taken by Lord Anson from Mons. Jonquière were called *l'Invincible* et *La Gloire*. On going on board Mr. Anson's ship and delivering his sword, the French Admiral said, "*Mon Général, vous avez vaincu l'Invincible, et la Gloire vous suit!*"

Some Sepoys, when Sir Hector Monro commanded in India, having been condemned to death, by the sentence of a Court Martial, for mutiny, four who were Grenadiers, when the fatal moment approached, requested the General that, having on every service of danger been the first to lead their comrades, they might upon this solemn occasion do

so, and be the first to make their submission and atonement.

Sir Hugh Palliser was suspected of being a Catholic. In coming off the coast of Sardinia as commanding officer of a light squadron, Captain Lambert, one of the officers under his command, was told one day by the Viceroy of Sardinia at Cagliari that his Commodore was a Catholic ; and upon Captain L. expressing his surprise, and naturally appearing to doubt the fact, the Viceroy gave as his authority his own Confessor, who had been with Sir Hugh. The subject was not again referred to, but many years afterwards, Captain Lambert going into the north with the Duke of Northumberland, they stopped *en route* at the house of an old lady in Knaresborough, where they were very hospitably entertained for the night. The next morning, when they pursued their journey, Captain Lambert remarked to his noble friend that he did not know who their hostess was, but he had observed that she was a Roman Catholic by the several insignia of that religion in his room. The Duke apologised for not having introduced him in form, and told him that the lady in question was a sister of the late Sir Hugh Palliser, who, whatever he was in after years, was also formerly a Catholic. The circumstance many years before at Cagliari at once flashed across Captain Lambert's recollection.

An old Monk once implored an audience of Benedict XIV, and having been granted this, burst

into heart-breaking sobs over—so he announced—a terrible calamity which threatened the Church. The Pope urged him to lose no time in explaining the subject of his tears. “It has been revealed to me,” said the Monk, redoubling his sobs, “that the Anti-Christ has been born!” “Indeed!” replied the Holy Father briskly, “tell me what is his present age?” “About three or four years!” replied the visionary. “Ah, that is well,” exclaimed the Pope with immense satisfaction. “Then he will be the affair of my successor.”

The force of habit was never more strongly exemplified than in an anecdote related of the Lord Chancellor Northington, who had the bad habit of swearing upon every trivial occasion. When at the point of death, he exclaimed: “I’ll be d——d if I ain’t dying”—turned himself round and expired.

The following epigram was written by a young gentleman of Westminster School:—

“Said Richard to Tim, ‘I can’t think what you’re after,
 You drunkards can ne’er keep your head above water.’
 ‘You’re out in your logic, for once,’ replied Tim,
 ‘For the reason I drink is to make my head swim!’”

The famous Peg Woffington had ordered her coachman to go to the Market for something, which he declined doing, as being an employment rather beneath him. She pretended to put up with this, but ordering the coach and six at her own time she drove immediately to the Market, and descending

among the common crowd, she made her own purchases which the coachman had to drive home. The man, as may well be imagined, was ashamed of himself.

Lord Chesterfield had occasion to go upon a visit to Bulstrode, and he rode. In those days Noblemen wore their orders more generally. A groom, who had only lately come to the establishment, was heartily tired of the saddlebags he had the charge of, and when they got to Uxbridge to bait the horses, suggested, after many roundabout hints, that the saddlebags had better be sent by the coach, for that they chafed the horse. His master vouchsafed no rejoinder, but privately sent for the Hostler, and, giving the latter his cue and a tip of a crown, desired him, unknown to the groom, to put the saddlebags upon his Lordship's horse, taking care to keep the groom in the Taproom whilst he once more started upon the journey. The fellow soon found out his master was gone, and galloped up in great distress and contrition, begging he might have the saddlebags again. Lord Chesterfield, however, wearing his orders, rode solemnly on, and kept them for the rest of the journey ; while the groom got laughed at by everybody he met.¹

I was once asked by a gentleman at Bath whether I would part with a pony I had to Lord Forrester,

¹ A similar story is told of Lord Lonsdale, with whose character it seems more in accordance. See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, Vol. I, p. 000.

who was anxious to purchase him, and that I should name my price. The horse I really was anxious to get rid of, but recollecting that my old school-fellow was very infirm, I declined negotiating any more about it. I was told that, after such behaviour, I was not likely to jockey any horsedealer ! Lord Forrester afterwards did lose his life in consequence of his horse falling with him.

On another occasion I had a horse I gave ninety guineas for in a straw yard near Langley Park, and he was so ill taken care of there that he was quite ruined. Captain Garth of the Navy (whom I never had the pleasure of seeing) wished to purchase it and sent to know the price. I wrote him a note to say he might have the horse for £20. I received a reply telling me that he could not close with my proposals ; but that, as the horse had certainly been ill-used, he would only offer me £45, and he sent me his cheque ! Neither Captain Garth nor I are likely to make any distinguished figures in the Jockey Club !

I have previously mentioned the strange premonition of her death exhibited by Lady Sykes. Some years before she was at Sledmere, the family seat upon the wolds of Yorkshire, and Sir Christopher had had a party of friends to dine with him. He perceived her very much out of spirits, and unable at all to account for it he at length hinted that she had better retire, and went with her to her boudoir. He here questioned her more strictly as to the cause of this depression of spirits, and after

much persuasion she acknowledged that it proceeded from the uneasiness she had felt about Mrs. Egerton, her sister-in-law.¹ Sir Christopher replied that there was not the least excuse for this, as the last accounts of Mrs. Egerton were of the most favourable nature. Lady Sykes then burst into tears and said that she hoped Sir Christopher would forgive her if it was weakness on her part, but she solemnly asserted that she believed she had seen her sister-in-law at such and such a time, shortly before dinner. Sir Christopher was displeased, reproved her for giving way to such morbid feeling, and, thinking she would better recover her self-control by herself, left her. An express arrived in the night from Tatton Park with an account of Mrs. Egerton's death at the exact time Lady Sykes had mentioned.

Among the several stories connected with supernatural appearances this one always struck me as most extraordinary, because I was upon terms of the most intimate friendship with the person concerned, whose good sense would have guarded her against the weakness of credulity, and whose principles were too strong to allow of her diversity from truth.

January, 1846. Forty-seven years ago I served in the same ship with a gentleman named Dr. Rowlands. To-day I felt myself dwelling upon his remembrance in an unaccountable way from the

¹ Hester, daughter of John Egerton of Tatton, and eventually heiress of her brother Samuel Egerton. Her husband William Tatton, Esq., assumed the name of Egerton. She died the 9th July, 1780.

time I got up till my paper came in. I opened the paper and there read of his death. I had not known that he had been at all indisposed. This is one of the serious incidents which sometimes occur but are never sufficiently noticed.

[This was written two years before Sir William's own death. Gradually into the Characters which he wrote during that last phase of his life there crept a note of permanent melancholy—a sense of abiding loss. “Death and the sun,” he observes, “are not to be looked at steadily.” One by one his old friends were departing, and each bereavement brought more vividly before him his own increasing age, and the shortness of the time which now lay before him. So early as 1839 he remarked, “My old friends and contemporaries have—a very great proportion of them—already left the stage. This of all other warnings is the most solemn and gives us sufficient reason for preparing in our turn to go too—the time allotted, alas! for the repentance proportioned to the sins and negligences and ignorances of which we have been guilty is short.” On another occasion he remarks wearily: “The things most desired in life usually never come to us; if they come it is at a time and under circumstances which make them no longer desirable.” Yet again he quotes with unwonted cynicism: “Il faut rire avant d’être heureux de peur de mourir avant que vous avez rit.”

Of the incidents of his own existence during those later years, Sir William meanwhile tells us nothing.

His three surviving sons, and his only daughter were all married. One son was in the Army, one was in the Church, one was in the Navy, and another, the youngest, had died in 1831, at the age of nineteen, on his way to India. It is hinted by Lady Charlotte Bury that Sir William's second marriage, which was childless, was less happy than his first, and that his last days were saddened by loneliness ; be that as it may, that old acquaintance of his happy wanderings in Switzerland was destined to survive him for thirteen years. On May 31st, 1848, Sir William laid aside his pen for ever, ending a long and honourable career at the age of seventy-six ; and since every life, however well-spent and however happy, must perforce close in a minor key, this collection of his writings may fittingly conclude with some verses which he wrote in a fleeting mood of sadness.]

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF HOPE

Thus at the close of summer's sultry day,
We view slow-moving down the western sky
The floating clouds those various forms display
Which catch prolific fancy's wand'ring eye.

Here temples, groves and palaces appear—
There some rude mountain lifts his awful brow ;
These far aloft their tow'ring summits rear—
And this hangs frowning o'er the vale below.

Till fainter grown midst evening's twilight shades—
And slow departing with departing day,
Each air-born scene, each fairy vision fades,
And melts in empty nothingness away !

W. H.

INDEX

A

- Acton, Sir John, Minister of Ferdinand IV of Naples, 141
 Amherst, William Pitt, Lord, 12, 270-273
 Anson, Lord, 310
 Augusta, Princess, 254, 255

B

- Barham, Lord, 193
 Barrington, Admiral, 54, 112
 Barrington, George, pickpocket, 112
 Bathurst, Henry, 3rd Earl, 162
 Bernis, Cardinal François, 69-72
 Berri, Charles Ferdinand, Duc de 100-102
 Berry, Rear-Admiral Sir Edward, 216, 217
 Bertrand, Marshal, 4-6, 14, 18-20, 22-24, 29
 Bertrand, Mme., 4, 9, 13, 20, 22, 23
 Best, Sir William Draper, 189, 190
 Betty, Master, 122
 Bexley, Nicholas Vansittart, 1st Baron, 163
 Bickerton, Admiral Sir Richard, 215, 216
 Bligh, Rear-Admiral William, 56-59
 Bolton, Colonel, 235-241
 Bonaparte, Emperor Napoleon I—
 reappearance in France of, 1
 final overthrow of, in Battle of Waterloo, 1
 abdication of, 1
 attempted flight of, 1, 7

- Bonaparte, Emperor Napoleon I (*cont.*)—
 embarks on 'Bellerophon,' 2, 3
 dines with Sir H. Hotham, 2, 5, 6, 11
 letter to George IV, 3
 description of, by Sir H. F. Senhouse, 4, 5, 9-11
 breakfasts with Sir H. Hotham, 8-11
 admits superiority of British Navy, 8
 Sir Henry Hotham's opinion of, 11
 Lord Amherst's opinion of, 12
 his unkindness to Mme. Bertrand, 13
 his forbearance with Comte de Rapp, 13, 14
 bestows lavish gratuities when crossing Line, 14
 his interview with Capt. G. Hotham, 14
 justifies assassination of Duc d'Enghien, 15
 embarks for St. Helena, 17-25
 Sir Wm. Hotham's verdict upon, 25, 26
 and Sir Hudson Lowe, 28-31
 his interview with Lord Amherst, 272
 disliked by Sir Sidney Smith, 303
 Bonaparte, Louis, ex-King of Holland, 35, 36
 Bonaparte, Lucien, Prince de Canino, 34-36
 Bonaparte, Joseph, Comte de Surveilliers, 34-36

320 PAGES AND PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST

Borgo, Pozzo di, 148-150
 Boscawen, Admiral, 215, 216
 Bosville, Godfrey, 233, 234
 Brooks, Major Edward, 238-240
 Bruce, General, 81
 Bruce, Lord, 89, 92, 202
 Brymer, Mr. Alex, 117, 118
 Bunbury, Sir Henry, 17
 Burdett, Sir Francis, 109, 110,
 183, 214, 231-235
 Bury, Lady Charlotte, 37, 41,
 105, 109, 160, 220, 317
 Byron, Lord, 144-147

C

Cambridge, Mr. Owen, 125, 127
 Campbell, Lady Charlotte, *see*
 Bury
 Campbell, Sir George, 46
 Campbell, Thomas, poet, 220
 Canning, George, Prime Minis-
 ter, 161, 163, 183, 237, 289
 Canova, Antonio, Marquis of
 Ischia, 72, 73
 Caroline, Queen, wife of George
 IV, 105-110
 Carrington, Baron, 291, 292
 Casimir II, King of Poland, 309
 Chantrey, Mr., 293
 Charles X, King of France, 197-
 201
 Charlotte, Queen, wife of George
 III, 73-75, 174
 Charlotte, Princess, 59-62, 200,
 213, 284
 Chesterfield, Lord, 313
 Chevert, M. de, 72
 Christian, Admiral Sir Hugh, 46
 Christie, leader of mutiny on
 'Bounty,' 57
 Clarence, Duke of, *see* William
 IV
 Clarke, Mrs., 155, 156
 Cockburn, Admiral Sir George,
 18-21, 22, 31, 32
 Coffin, Sir Isaac, 103
 Colchester, Lord, 271, 272
 Colman, General, 232

Colpoys, Admiral Sir John, 111,
 112
 Conzalvi, Cardinal, 66-68, 71
 Cornwallis, Admiral, 179
 Coutts, Mr., 180, 181, 279-282
 Craven, James, 2nd Lord, 309,
 310
 Cremorne, Viscountess, 190-195
 Crillon, Duc de, 69
 Cumberland, Duke of, 242-249
 Cumberland, Prince George of,
 242-245
 Curtis, Admiral Sir Roger, 46-
 50, 116

D

D'Enghien, Duc, 15, 25
 Derry, Bishop of, Earl of Bess-
 borough, 142
 D'Israeli, Mr. Isaac, 292
 Duncan, Admiral Lord, 53, 218
 Dundas, General, 44, 49, 116,
 166
 Dundonald, Lord, 185-187
 Durham, Bishop of, 191-193

E

Eardley, Sampson Gideon, Lord,
 128-131
 Egerton, Mrs., 315
 Eldon, Lord, 161, 162, 164, 183,
 284-289
 Ellenborough, Anne, Lady, *née*
 Towry, 75
 Ellenborough, Edward, Lord,
 75-77
 Elphinstone, the Hon. Margaret
 Keith (Mme. de Flahault),
 33
 Erskine, Lord, Lord Chancellor,
 173
 Exmouth, Admiral Viscount,
 256-258

F

Fairfax, Colonel Sir William,
 276, 277
 Ferdinand IV, King of Naples,
 139-142
 Flahault, Comte de, 33

Forrester, Lord, 314
 Fox, Charles James, 91, 92
 Francis I, Emperor of Austria,
 62, 67

G

Gambier, Admiral James, 1st
 Baron, 184-188
 Gardiner, Admiral, 81
 Gardiner, Sir Robert, 61
 George III—

and Sir Richard Onslow, 54,
 55
 insanity of, 73, 74, 94, 95
 his retentive memory, 75, 94,
 95
 personal characteristics of, 83-
 99
 his commendation of Earl
 Grey, 225
 rebukes (Sir) Wm. Hotham
 for fighting, 273
 his displeasure with Sir Sidney
 Smith, 305

George IV—

his admiration for his father's
 coolness during riots, 87
 visits his father during his
 insanity, 98
 his troubles with his wife,
 Queen Caroline, 105-107
 laughs at Duke of York, 161
 sketch of, 201-208
 reprimands Duke of Clarence,
 215
 his animosity to Duke of
 Gloucester, 252
 commends Lord Exmouth, 257
 his gift to Lord Eldon, 288

George, Sir Rupert, 115

Gibbs, Sir Vicary, 77

Gibson, Mr. Patrick, centen-
 arian, 194-196

Glenbervie, Sylvester Douglas,
 Lord, 125-127, 280, 281

Gloucester, Duke of, 239, 251-254

Glover, Mr., 12

Gordon, Duchess of, 38, 290

Gourgaud, General, 22

Graham, Sir James, 268-270
 Grant, Sir William, Master of
 Rolls, 307
 Grey, Lord de, 306
 Grey, Charles, 2nd Earl, 225-228
 Grey, General, 122
 Grey, Sir Charles, 226
 Grey, Lieut., 117, 118

H

Hamilton, Sir Wm., 140, 141
 Hardy, Rear - Admiral Sir
 Thomas, 296, 297
 Harvey, Sir John, 78
 Hastings, Francis Rawdon, 1st
 Marquis of, 150, 151
 Hesse-Homburg, Elizabeth, Land-
 gravine of, 255
 Hobhouse, Sir John, 219, 220
 Holland, Lord, 182, 183
 Holroyd, Mrs., 41
 Hood, Admiral Lord, 42-46,
 107, 108, 113
 Hope, Vice-Admiral Sir Wm.
 Johnstone, 306
 Horne, Sir Wm., 229, 230
 Hotham, Wm., Admiral, 1st
 Lord, uncle of Sir W.
 Hotham, 123, 262-264
 Hotham, Beaumont, 2nd Baron,
 uncle to Sir Wm. Hotham,
 86, 116
 Hotham, Brigadier-General Sir
 Charles, 8th Baronet, uncle
 to Sir Wm. Hotham, 55, 88,
 89, 93, 94, 119, 275
 Hotham, Lady Dorothy, wife
 of Sir Charles, 93
 Hotham, General George, father
 of Sir Wm. Hotham, 74, 85,
 89-91, 95, 96, 158, 159, 180,
 181
 Hotham, Admiral Sir William,
 G.C.B.—
 attends court martial on Sir
 Murray Maxwell, 11, 12
 his verdict upon Napoleon
 Bonaparte, 16, 25, 26

Hotham, Admiral (*cont.*)—

- letters to Lady Charlotte Bury, 37-42
 at Florence, 62
 visits Rome, 63-68
 his interview with Pius VII, 64, 65
 presented to King and Queen of Naples, 141
 waits upon Duke of York, 160
 settles money affairs connected with Duke of Kent, 180-182, 279-282
 his contretemps with Bishop of London, 191, 192
 is rebuked by George III for fighting with Sir Arthur Paget, 273
 closing years of, 316, 317
 Hotham, Anne, Lady, 1st wife of Sir Wm. Hotham, 74, 173, 175
 Hotham, George, Lieut. - Col., brother to Sir Wm. Hotham, 74
 Hotham, Montagu, Major, brother to Sir Wm. Hotham, 159
 Hotham, Admiral Sir Henry, cousin to Sir Wm. Hotham, 1-4, 6-8, 11, 113, 222, 258-265, 297
 Hotham, Capt. Wm., nephew to Sir Wm. Hotham, 296
 Hotham, Capt. George, nephew to Sir Wm. Hotham, 14
 Hotham, Sir John, Governor of Hull, 292
 Howe, Admiral Earl, 52, 54, 93, 94
 Hugon, French Admiral, 260, 261
 Hulse, General Sir Samuel, 214, 215
 J
 Jack the Painter, 94, 95
 Jervis, Sir John, *see* Lord St. Vincent

K

- Kean, Edmund, 120, 121
 Keith, Admiral Viscount, 17-24, 32, 33
 Kemble, John Philip, 118-121
 Kent, Edward, Duke of, 103-105, 180
 Kenyon, 1st Baron, Lord Chief Justice, 86, 87
 Knight, Miss Cornelia, 200, 201

L

- Lallemand, General, 6, 19, 20, 22
 Lambert, Capt., 311
 Landor, Walter Savage, 293, 294
 Las Casas, Count, 6, 16, 29
 Leeds, George, 6th Duke of, 143
 Lennox, Col., *see* Duke of Richmond
 Lennox, Lady Louisa, 77, 98
 Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg, 59, 60
 Lindsay, Rear-Admiral Sir John, 115, 116
 Liverpool, Robert Banks, 2nd Earl of, 179-184
 London, Dr. Porteous, Bishop of, 191-193
 Louis XV, 71
 Louis XVIII, 127
 Louis Philippe, Emperor of the French, 199
 Louvel, assassin of Duc de Berri, 100
 Lowe, Sir Hudson, 16, 28-31
 Lowther, Lord, 17, 23, 24
 Lyttelton, Hon. Mr., M.P., 17, 23, 24

M

- Maitland, Capt., 1, 3-5, 11, footnote p. 21
 Malcolm, Admiral Sir Pulteney, 29, 30
 Malcolm, Lady, 30
 Mansel, General, 153, 154
 Mansel, Rear-Admiral, 153
 Manvers, Charles, Lord, 307
 Markham, Archbishop of York, 75

Maxwell, Sir Murray, 11, footnote p. 12, 271, 272
 Melville, Robert, 2nd Viscount, 164-166, 183, 307
 Mercer, William, 33
 Molloy, Capt., 49, 54
 Montagu, John, Duke of, 202
 Montholon, Count de, 4, 6, 8, 16, 20, 22, 23, 29
 Montholon, Countess de, 4, 20, 22, 23
 Montrose, James, 3rd Duke of, 162
 Moore, General Sir John, 295
 Mount Edgcumbe, Lord, 92, 93
 Murray, Vice-Admiral Sir George, 80-82
 Murray, Hon. Miss Amelia, 286

N

Neale, Admiral Sir Harry Burrard, 268, 269
 Nelson, Admiral Earl, 217, 218, 222
 Nelson, Lady, 217, 218
 Nelson, William, Earl, brother of Admiral Nelson, 267
 Northesk, Admiral Earl of, 221, 222
 Northington, Lord Chancellor, 312

O

O'Brien, the Hon. Edward (afterwards Lord), 192
 O'Bryen, Rear-Admiral Edward, 53-55
 O'Hara, General, Governor of Gibraltar, 77
 O'Lochlin, General, 102, 233
 O'Meara, Mr., surgeon, footnote p. 28, 29
 Onslow, Arthur, Speaker, 55, 56
 Onslow, Vice - Admiral Sir Richard, 52-57
 Osnaburgh, Bishop of, *see* Duke of York

P

Paget, Sir Arthur, 273, 274
 Pakenham, Capt., 188

Palliser, Sir Hugh, 311
 Peel, Sir Robert, 163, 209
 Pellew, Capt., 256, 257
 Pembroke, George, 11th Earl of, 170, 171
 Peterborough, Davys, Bishop of, 175
 Piozzi, Mrs., 35, 110, 111
 Pistowski, Col., 18
 Pitt, William, the younger, 44, 91, 196, 197, 224, 291, 306
 Pius VII, Pope, Gregorio Chiaramonti, 63-69, 71
 Porteous, Dr., Bishop of London, 192

R

Ramsay, Dr. James, 191
 Rannes, Mr. W., 96, 97
 Rapp, Jean, Comte de, 13, 14
 Reade, Capt., 274
 Richelieu, Duc de, 45, 72
 Richmond, Charles, 4th Duke of, Governor - General of Canada, 77-99
 Rohan, Princesse de, 69, 70
 Roscoe, Wm., historian, 235
 Ross, Rear-Admiral Sir John Lockhart, 115, 116
 Rovigo, Duke of, 4, 6
 Rowlands, Dr., 315, 316
 Russell, Mr., anecdote of, 94, 95

S

St. Albans, Duchess of, 279-282
 St. Vincent, John, Earl, 32, 122-124
 Salisbury, Marquis of, 87, 88
 Saumarez, Lord de, 307
 Savary, 19, 20, 22
 Sawyer, Admiral Herbert, 53
 Saxe, Maréchal de, 72
 Saxe-Coburg, Prince Leopold of, 59-61
 Scott, Sir Walter, 99
 Schomburg, Capt. Isaac, 211
 Senhouse, Vice - Admiral Sir H. F., 2-11
 Shepherd, Mr. John, 144-147

324 PAGES AND PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 50-52
 Siddons, Mrs., 119
 Sidmouth, Viscount, 222-224
 Sismondi, Charles Simonde de, 40, 41
 Smith, Admiral Sir W. Sidney, 298-306
 Somerville, Mrs., 277, 278
 Souza, Madame de, 33
 Spencer, George John, 2nd Earl, 44, 266, 267
 Staël, Mme. de, 34, 40, 41
 Stanhope, Lady Hester, 294-296
 Stowell, Lord, 285, 287-290
 Strachan, Admiral Sir Richard, 177-179
 Stuart, Commodore Keith, 95
 Sussex, Duke of, 50
 Sutton, Vice-Admiral Sir John, 306
 Swinburne, Capt., 296
 Sykes, Sir Christopher, 314, 315
 Sykes, Lady, 314, 315

T

Talleyrand, Prince de, 9, 33, 36
 Taylor, Sir Herbert, 160
 Thrale, Henry, 33
 Thrale, Mrs., *see* Piozzi
 Tierney, George, 196, 197
 Townshend, Lord Charles, 131-134
 Townshend, Lord Frederick, 131-134
 Townshend, Lord James, 131
 Trollope, Admiral Sir Henry, 56, 297, 298
 Trollope, Mrs., 34

V

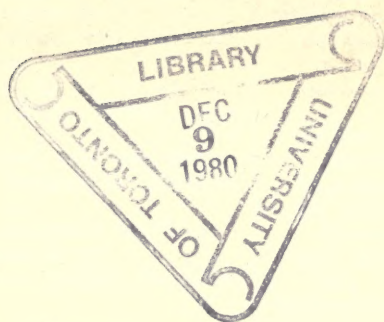
Vansittart, Mr. Henry, 117
 Vansittart, Nicholas, *see* Bexley
 Victoria, Queen, 175, 283-285

W

Wainwright, poisoner, 175-177
 Waldegrave, Lord, 89, 90
 Walker, Sir Hovenden, 172
 Wallace, Sir James, 40
 Wardle, Col., 155-157
 Warre, Rear-Admiral, 135-137
 Warren, Admiral Sir John Borlase, 113-115
 Wellington, 1st Duke of—
 his opinion of Napoleon Bonaparte, 26
 flattering reception in Paris, 39
 refuses office under Canning, 161, 183
 lines upon, 163
 his difference with Duke of Clarence, 214
 and Cato Street Conspiracy, 223
 Westmorland, Earl of, 162
 Whitelocke, General, 264
 Wilberforce, William, 168-170, 193
 William IV, 124, 154, 165, 174, 183, 210-216, 255, 276, 283
 Wilson, Sir Griffin, 189
 Winter, Vice-Admiral de, 304
 Woffington, Peg, 312
 Wolfenbittel, Duke of Brunswick, 105
 Wraxall, Sir Nathaniel, 274-276
 Wright, Capt., 26
 Wurtemberg, Queen of, Princess Royal of England, 173-175
 Wurtemberg, Prince Paul of, 40

Y

York, Frederick Augustus, Duke of, 50, 78, 88, 103, 151-161, 202, 211
 Yorke, Admiral Sir Joseph, 230, 231
 Young, Capt., 231



**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
